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March

1919

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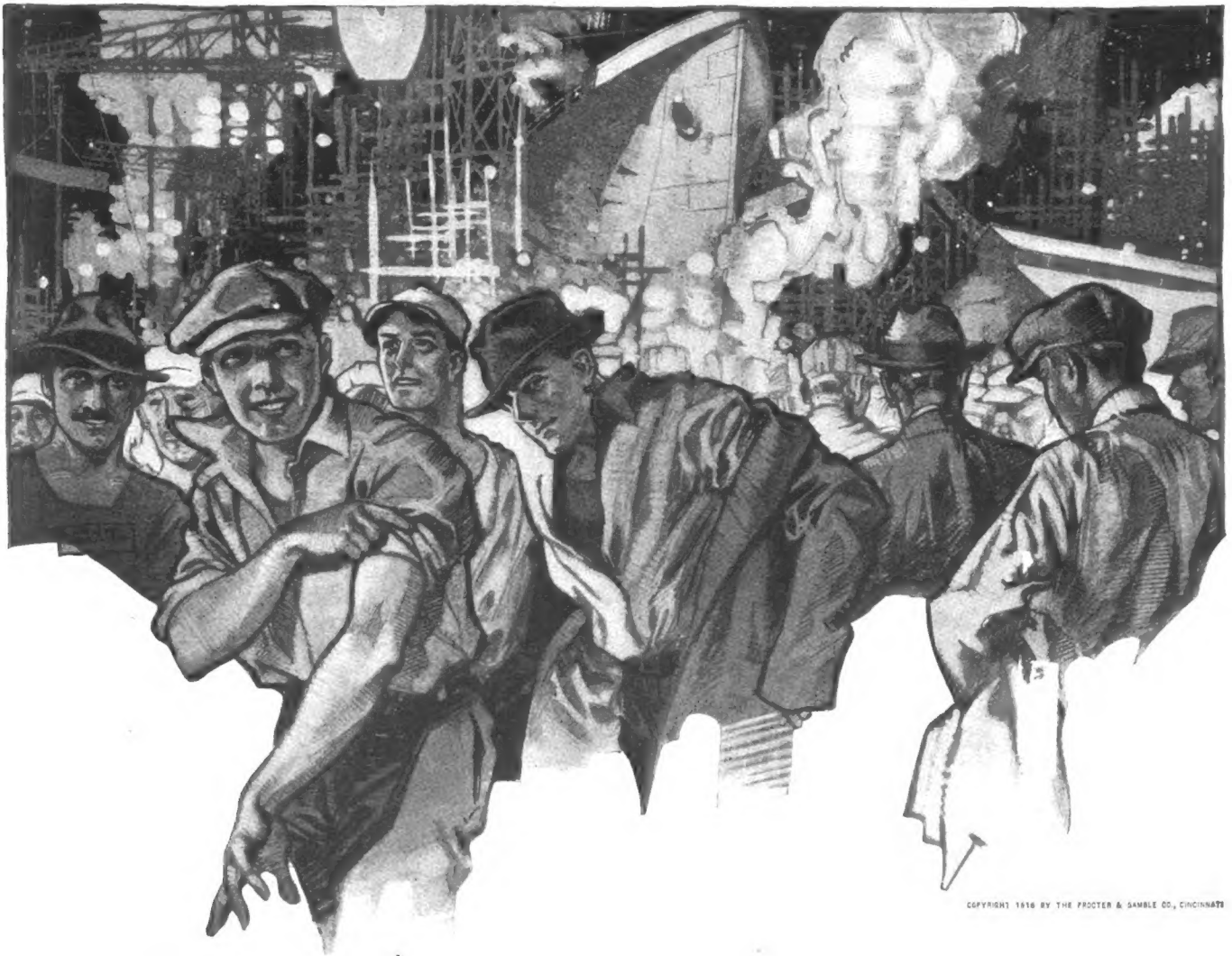
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OMAR
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On the Watch at Dawn

Drawn at the front by Captain Wallace Morgan, A. E. F.



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THE grimeiest, greasiest, most obstinate dirt vanishes quickly under Ivory's thick, cleansing lather.

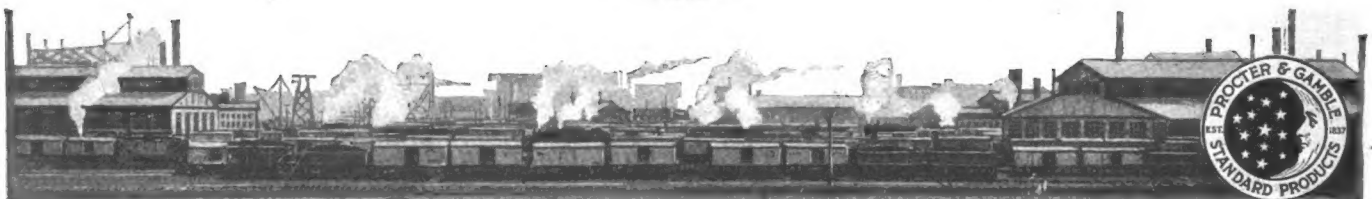
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IT FLOATS



The SECOND DIVISION *at* CHÂTEAU-THIERRY

By
Major-General Omar Bundy, U. S. A.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

THE man to write the story of the forty days of American fighting that stopped the German drive on Paris was the General in command—Major-General Omar Bundy. It is here published as General Bundy wrote it—carefully, clearly, with full credit to his splendid fighting men and with a soldierly reticence as to himself. However—here is his portrait; and here are the words of an American present in Paris during that crisis, Mr. Otto H. Kahn:

"It is the general impression that the tide of victory set in with Marshal Foch's splendid movement against the German flank on July 18th. That movement, it is true, started the irresistible sweep of the wave which was destined to engulf and destroy the hideous power of Prussianism. But the tide which gathered and drove forward the waters out of which



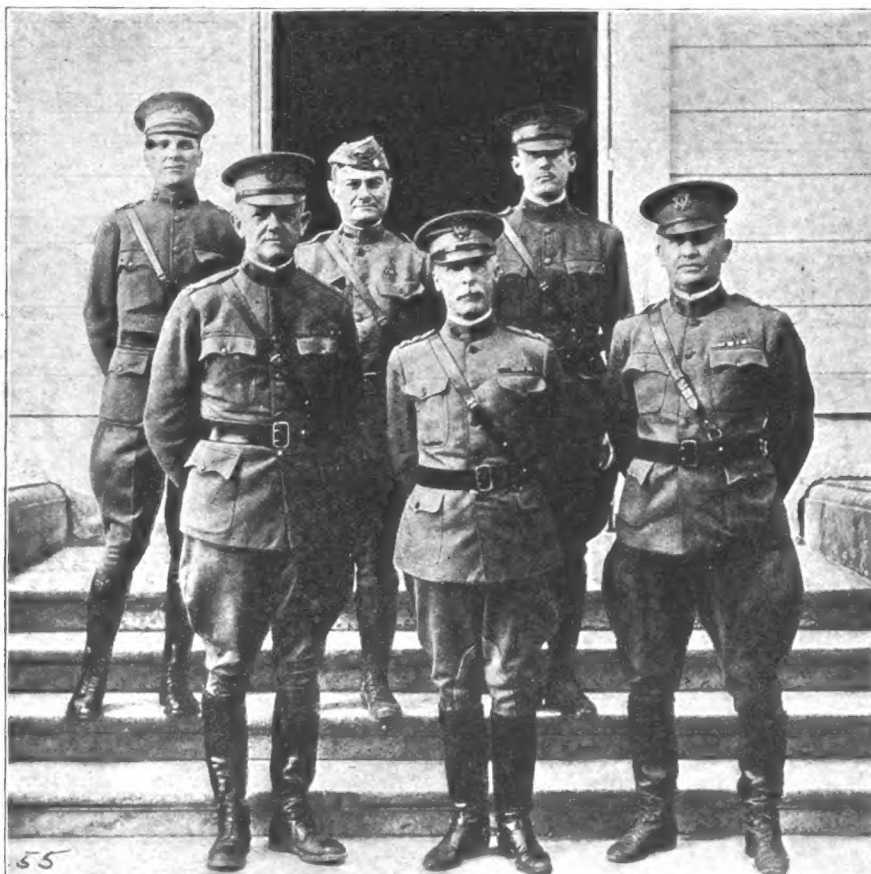
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Major-General Omar Bundy, U. S. A.

that wave arose had turned before. It turned with and through the supreme valor of our Marines and other American troops in the first battle at Château-Thierry and at Belleau Wood, in the first week of June. . . . I am not speaking from hearsay. I was in France during the week preceding that battle, the most anxious and gloomy period, probably, of the entire war."

With the story go hitherto unpublished documents of extraordinary value—the information bulletin prepared by American Intelligence officers preliminary to the assault of Vaux, and a working map of the first "all-American" barrage—at Vaux—as well as drawings made actually on the battle-ground by

three of the eight American artists who had been sent for by General Pershing and commissioned captains in the American Expeditionary Forces.



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General Bundy and his staff at Chaumont-en-Vexin.

Major Prichard.

Colonel Herbert.

Captain Kerr.

Colonel Brown.

Major-General Bundy.

Colonel Bridges.

ON MAY 30, 1918, the Second Division was in a training area north of Paris. After seven weeks of trench warfare in a sector of the front just south of Verdun, the division had been withdrawn for a period of open warfare training prior to taking part in the great battle that was then being waged by the Allies in Picardy to prevent the Germans from making a farther advance toward the coast, and to thwart their attempt to drive a wedge between the British and French armies. Our own excellent First Division had already entered this great struggle and was playing an important part in the battle-line near Montdidier.

The Second Division had left the Verdun sector by marching, and had assembled in an intermediate area west of Bar le Duc. Here it prepared for the summer's campaign by divesting itself of every pound of surplus baggage. Mobility was a prime requisite. Every article of clothing and equipment that would interfere with it was turned in to the salvage officers. The soldier carried on his back all of his belongings, and, by daily practise, he was so trained as to bear with comparative ease on long marches this rather heavy burden. The week spent in the intermediate area was of great value in improving his physical strength, which had suffered somewhat from the inactivity of trench warfare.

During this week we were honored by the presence of the Commander-in-Chief, General Pershing, who made a minute inspection of the division, both on the march and in its new billets.

Composition of Second Division at Château-Thierry

Major-General Omar Bundy, Commanding
Chief of Staff, Col. Preston Brown

Infantry

Third Brigade Brig.-Gen. Edward M. Lewis
9th Infantry Col. Leroy S. Upton
23rd Infantry Col. Paul B. Malone
5th Machine Gun Batt. Major d'Alary Foché
Fourth Brigade Brig.-Gen. James G. Harbord
5th Marines Col. W. C. Neville
6th Marines Col. A. W. Catlin
6th Machine Gun Batt. Major Edward B. Cole

Artillery

Second Artillery Brigade
Brig.-Gen. William Chamberlaine
12th Field-Artillery Col. McManus McCloskey
15th Field-Artillery Lt.-Col. Jos. R. Davis
17th Field-Artillery Col. A. J. Bowley
4th Machine Gun Batt. Major Edward L. Zane

Engineers

2nd Regt. Engineers Col. J. F. McIndoe

Signal

1st Field-Signal Batt. Major Frank K. Chapin

Then began the movement to the area north of Paris on the military trains of the French railways. The experience of four years of war has made the French very adept in the movement of troops by rail. Their military trains are of a standard type of fifty cars each. There is one passenger car; all of the others are either flat or box freight-cars. Each box car is marked with its capacity of horses or men, and the distinction made between them depends only on which it is desired to carry. A car used for horses to-day may be used for men tomorrow. In our own country of luxurious railroad travel there would perhaps have

been objections to the use of such transportation, but this was war time in France, and is one of the many instances in which discomfort was accepted by our splendid men as a matter of course and without a murmur of discontent.

So, as I have stated, the last week in May found the division assembled in a training area north of Paris. Division headquarters were at Chaumont-en-Vexin. The various units were billeted in a number of small towns and covered an area of perhaps two hundred square miles. The composition of the division was as follows: The Third Brigade, commanded by Brigadier-General Edward M. Lewis, consisted of the Ninth Infantry, Colonel Le Roy S. Upton, and the Twenty-third Infantry, Colonel Paul B. Malone; the Fourth Brigade, commanded by Brigadier-General James G. Harbord, consisted of the Fifth Marines, Colonel W. C. Neville, and the Sixth Marines, Colonel A. W. Catlin; the Second Artillery Brigade, commanded by Brigadier-General William Chamberlaine, consisted of the Twelfth Field-Artillery, Colonel McManus McCloskey, the Fifteenth Field-Artillery, Lieutenant-Colonel Joseph R. Davis, and the Seventeenth Field-Artillery, Colonel A. J. Bowley; the Second Engineers, Colonel J. F. McIndoe; and the other units, trains, etc., that make each of our divisions a great self-contained fighting-machine of nearly thirty thousand men and seven thousand animals. In the exercise of command I was assisted by a well-trained and hard-working staff,

*All of the officers named have since reached higher rank, many of them for gallantry in action.



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Brig.-Gen. Edward M. Lewis,
3rd Brigade, Infantry.



Photograph by Harris & Ewing. From Paul Thompson.

Brig.-Gen. James G. Harbord,
4th Brigade, Infantry. (Marines)



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Brig.-Gen. William Chamberlaine,
2nd Brigade, Artillery.



Col. Leroy S. Upton,
9th Infantry.



Committee on Public Information.

Col. Paul B. Malone,
23rd Infantry.



Col. W. C. Neville,
5th Marines.



Copyright by Harris & Ewing. From Paul Thompson.

Col. A. W. Catlin,
6th Marines.



Col. McManus McCloskey,
12th Field-Artillery.



Lt.-Col. Joseph R. Davis,
15th Field-Artillery.



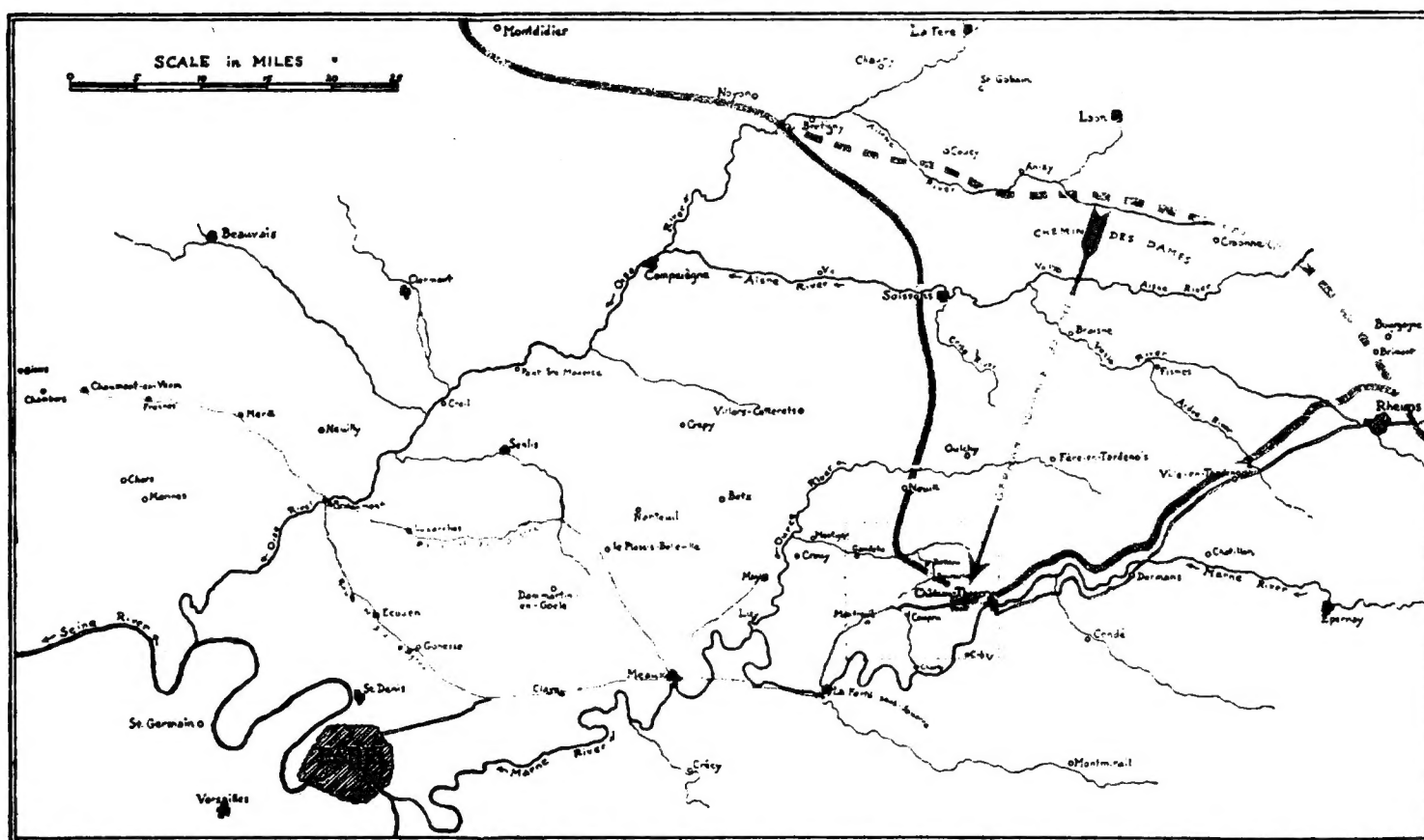
Col. A. J. Bowley,
17th Field-Artillery.



Copyright, Harris & Ewing.

Col. J. F. McIndoe,
2nd Engineers.

GENERAL BUNDY'S BRIGADE AND REGIMENTAL COMMANDERS AT CHÂTEAU-THIERRY.



The German advance of May 27-June 1, 1918, and the route of the American 2nd Division, May 31-June 1. The dotted rectangle, the Château-Thierry battle-field, is shown enlarged on opposite page.

each member of which devoted all of his energy toward the great goal of success in battle. The chief of staff was Colonel Preston Brown, one of our ablest officers, who has since risen to the command of a division.

The last days of May were occupied in continuing our training in open warfare, preparatory to the great ordeal of battle which we expected to enter in a few days by taking our place alongside our First Division near Montdidier. So that we might be in a better position to carry out this purpose, orders were given on May 29th by the French higher command, under which we were then serving, directing the division to proceed by marching to the Beauvais area, about one day's march to the north. This movement was scheduled to begin at six o'clock on the morning of May 31st. Orders for its accomplishment had been given in minute detail to every unit of the division. Billeting parties had been sent ahead and every arrangement made, except the actual putting of the command in motion.

In the meantime, the attention of the whole world had been drawn to the new German offensive of May 27th, by which they had broken through the French line between Soissons and Rheims, and were advancing at a rapid rate toward the Marne and Paris. At about five o'clock on the evening of May 30th, a French staff officer appeared at division headquarters with an order countermanding that given for the northward movement, and directing that the infantry of the division be ready to be loaded into motor-trucks at five o'clock on the following morning and to proceed to the vicinity of Meaux (about twenty miles east of Paris, and fifty miles from our location at Chaumont-en-Vexin). The motor-trucks of the supply and ammunition trains were

to follow the infantry. All other elements, including the artillery and the machine-gun units, were to proceed by rail as fast as trains could be provided.

This meant a sleepless night for all staff officers, as the units of the division were widely scattered, and the communication and execution of a change of orders in such a short time required every available moment. The places of rendezvous where the different units could most conveniently reach the motor-trucks, and the routes of march, had to be carefully worked out. It meant a sleepless night for the troops, since many of them must be en route several hours from their billets to these assembly points. It also meant that the infantry companies would be separated from their rolling kitchens, and that each man must live on the reserve rations which he carried with him as a part of his equipment. It is worthy of mention that the long lines of French motor-trucks, covering miles of road space, bearing 13,000 American infantrymen, started on time, and without confusion, for their new destination. This is a tribute to the genius of the French staff for directing movements of motor transport, and to the prompt execution by our own infantry commanders of the orderly arrangements made by the division staff.

So the great adventure began. We knew that we were going to Meaux, but what would happen after our arrival there was a sealed book. Colonel Brown, the chief of staff, and Colonel Bessell, the adjutant, with some of their assistants, had preceded me to Meaux.

The city was in a state of great excitement. The streets were filled with refugees who, with such of their worldly goods as they could hastily gather together, had fled before the German advance. Here it was learned that General Duchesne, command-

ing the 6th French Army, had established his headquarters at Trilport, a near-by town. With my aids, Captains Prichard and Kerr, I reported to him there at about three o'clock in the afternoon. Pointing to a large map on the wall, he directed me to take up a position between Gandelu and Montigny, northeast of Meaux. Little information was given of the positions of the French and German forces in our front, for the reason, no doubt, that the scene was changing so rapidly that definite information could not be obtained. We hoped, however, to increase our knowledge by questioning French officers whom we might meet en route.

The main highway lay through May-en-Multien. Progress beyond that point was slow, as the road was filled with long columns of motor-trucks going both ways, and with animal-drawn vehicles of all kinds, carrying the household goods of refugees. Women and children, many of them afoot, plodded along on their weary way, driven from their homes by the rigors of the war. The journey of only a few miles by automobile took several hours, and it was late in the evening before we were able to make a hurried reconnaissance of the position that we were to occupy.

On the return journey to May-en-Multien I met Generals Lewis and Harbord, the brigade commanders. They were bringing forward their brigades in motor-trucks in accordance with orders transmitted to them by the chief of staff after their arrival at Meaux. After a short conference, it was decided to put the two brigades in the designated position as fast as they could be unloaded from the arriving motor-trucks and assembled for the march. The last of the trucks arrived about 11 P.M.

When I reached May-en-Multien at midnight, I found that our orders had again

been changed and that now the division was to be concentrated in an area near Château-Thierry. Orders were sent to all commanding officers to put their commands in march at once for their new destinations. They marched all night and much of the following day.

On the morning of June 1st, Colonel Brown and I reported to General Degoutte, commanding the French 21st Army Corps. He had his headquarters at Couprou, a short distance west of Château-Thierry. Colonel Upton, of the 9th Infantry, was there also. The change of orders had reached him in time to divert his regiment to its new destination before it was too far on its way to the old one.

General Degoutte is of the highest type of the French officer. With fine courage his corps had fought against greatly superior numbers for five days. He had retreated, it is true, but the retreat had been an orderly one. He had saved his artillery and his transport. He briefly explained the present situation. The Germans held Château-Thierry and Hill 204, which gave them command of the Paris road and of the Marne valley to the south and west.

Their first line ran through Vaux and along the railroad to Bourèsches, thence through the Belleau Wood, Torcy, Bussiares, and Chézy. The German advance toward Meaux was being opposed, in the front of General Degoutte's corps, by two depleted French divisions, worn out after five days of battle. He had no infantry reserves, but his artillery was keeping up the fight with fine spirit. The 38th French Army Corps was on his right, with one division north of the Marne. The 7th French Army Corps was on his left. He indicated the line which he desired the Americans to hold, and ordered me to put my division on that line as rapidly as possible. This line lay through la Nouette, the southern edge of the Bois de la Marette, le Thiolet, Bois de Clérembaults, Lucy-le-Bocage and Hill 142, north of Champillon. The 3rd Brigade was ordered to hold the right of this line, south of the Paris road, the 4th Brigade, that part north of the Paris road.

By noon of June 1st, the greater part of the two brigades was in line. The 23rd Infantry did not arrive until toward evening. Division headquarters were established in the town hall at Montreuil-aux-

Lions. The headquarters of the 3rd Brigade were placed at Ventelet Farm, a short distance south of the Paris road; those of the 4th Brigade were first at Pyramide, but were later moved to La Loge, north of the Paris road.

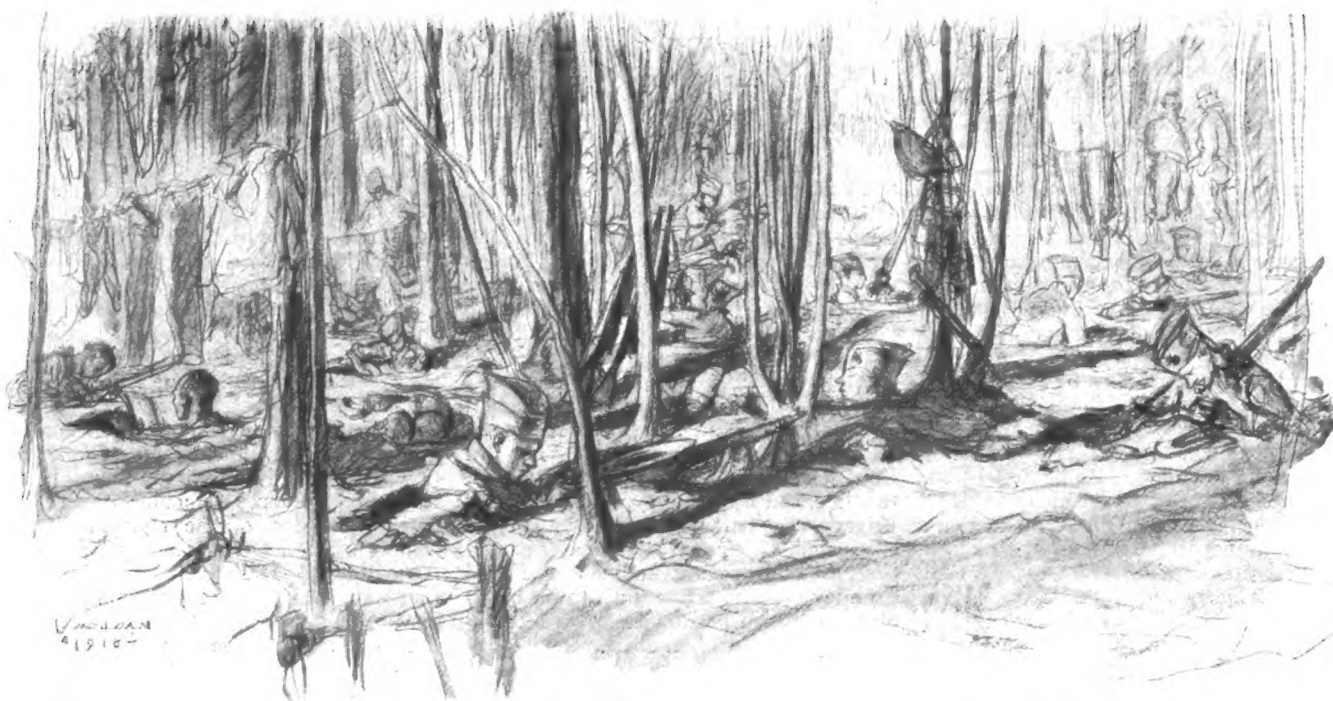
On the night of June 1st, the 23rd Infantry, reinforced by a battalion of Marines, Companies C and D, 5th Machine-Gun Battalion, and Company C, 2nd Engineers, all under the command of Colonel Malone, was sent in great haste to fill a gap of several kilometers reported to exist between Gandelu and Montigny, on the front of the 7th French Corps.

This was the third night movement for the troops of Colonel Malone's detachment. This movement caused a very great extension of our line, which now occupied a front of nearly twenty kilometers. The question of the supply of ammunition and rations became more difficult of solution. The field-trains of the regiments were coming by rail, but had not yet arrived. Animal-drawn transportation was not, therefore, available to carry supplies from distributing points to the troops in the battle-line. The problem was solved,



The battle-field at Château-Thierry, where the 2nd Division turned back the great German drive.

A. Temporary Division Headquarters. B. Permanent Division Headquarters. C. 3rd Brigade Headquarters. D. 4th Brigade Headquarters. E. 23d Infantry Headquarters. F. 9th Infantry Headquarters. G. 5th Marines Headquarters. H. 6th Marines Headquarters. K. Rolling kitchens. The shaded areas indicate woods. The colored lines show the American front on June 5th and on July 7th.



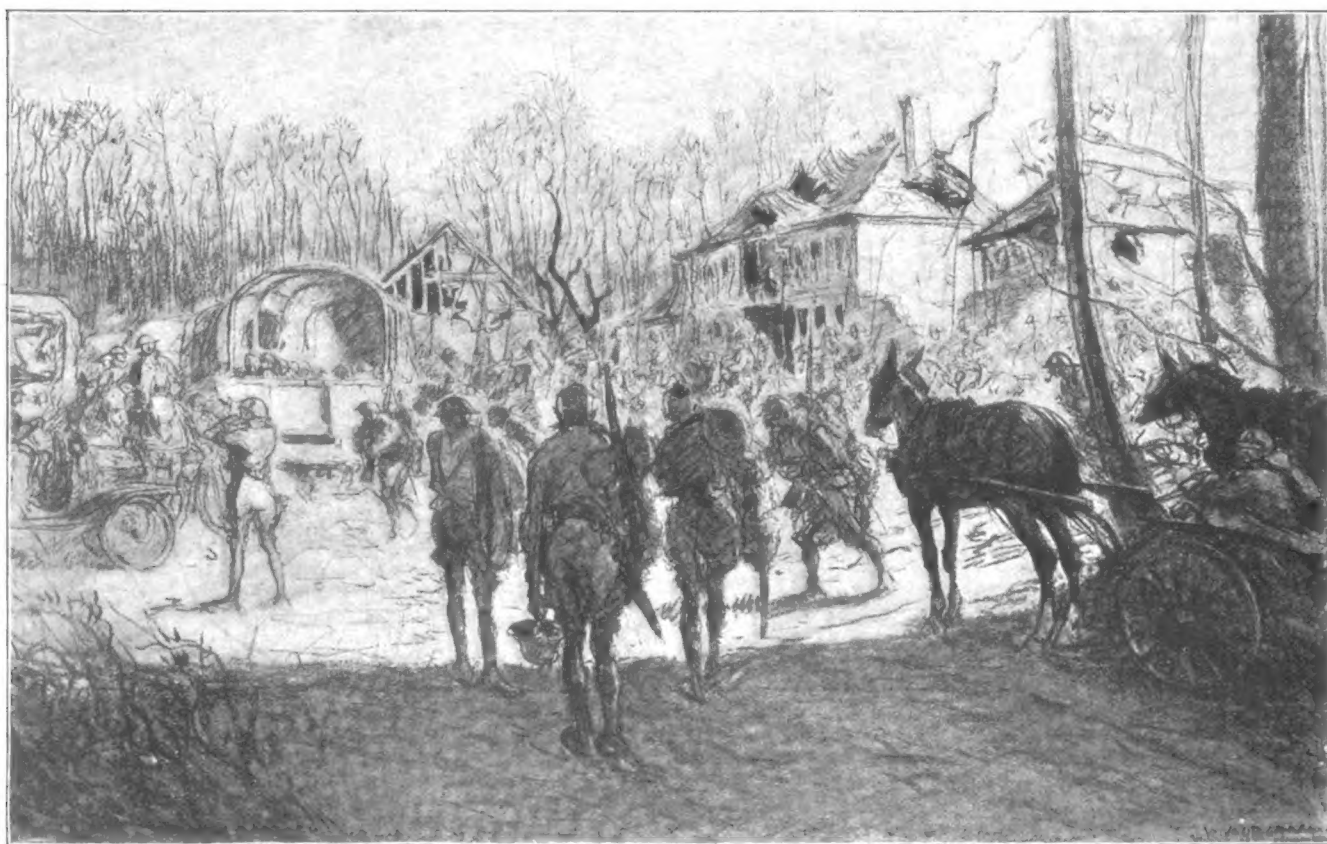
5th Marines in reserve at Montreuil, showing individual dugouts into which men could disappear when under shell fire.
The four drawings on this and the next page were made on the spot by Captain Wallace Morgan, A. E. F.

however, by the efficient organization of the division motor-transport service, with the aid of the excellent French roads. Reserve rations, consisting of hard bread and canned meat, were sent forward in motor-trucks and were distributed from them to the men on the fighting-line. By the same means, one-half million rounds of small-arms ammunition were quickly dumped behind each brigade.

The buoyant effect on our French comrades in arms of the timely arrival of 13,000 American infantry, and of their active participation in the battle at this critical period was immediate and widespread. The news was carried rapidly along the French lines that *les Américains* had entered the line in large force. Wherever they had met the enemy, word of their excellent fighting qualities

was passed from one French soldier to another. It gave them renewed hope. It added strength to their own gallant efforts to resist the invader. The line held. The German advance on Paris had been checked, and, as will appear later, permanently checked.

The Germans subsequently pushed forward detachments with machine guns in front of the line which they now held, but



American soldiers on the march.

they did not advance beyond the line occupied by the Americans on that eventful first day of June. Our own forward movement was soon to begin. It should be noted that elements of our Third Division (Major-General Joseph T. Dickman) had also entered the fight south of the Marne, near Château-Thierry, where they played an important part in preventing the Germans from crossing the river. One battalion of the 30th Infantry of this division later went into the battle with the French division on our right, taking the place of a battalion of the 9th Infantry. A few days later part of the 28th Division joined the battle-line with the French in their attack on Hill 204.

The units of the Second Division that were to follow by rail from Chaumont-en-Vexin began to arrive. The 5th Machine-Gun Battalion, weary and dusty, but eager for the battle, had made a wonderfully quick march and was already at the front. The prompt coming of the artillery was most fortunate. As the batteries reached the detraining points, far in the rear, they were hurried forward to reinforce the six groups of French artillery, which still maintained their positions. The 2nd Engineers, with its train, was assigned to duty with the infantry brigades, one battalion to each brigade. I recall the fine appearance that this regiment made as it marched by my headquarters. Their duty was to dig trenches, but, on occasion,



A German machine-gun position in Belleau Wood.

they also fought as infantry and fought exceedingly well. The battalion of the Signal Corps at once began the work of laying telephone lines, connecting division headquarters with those of subordinate units.

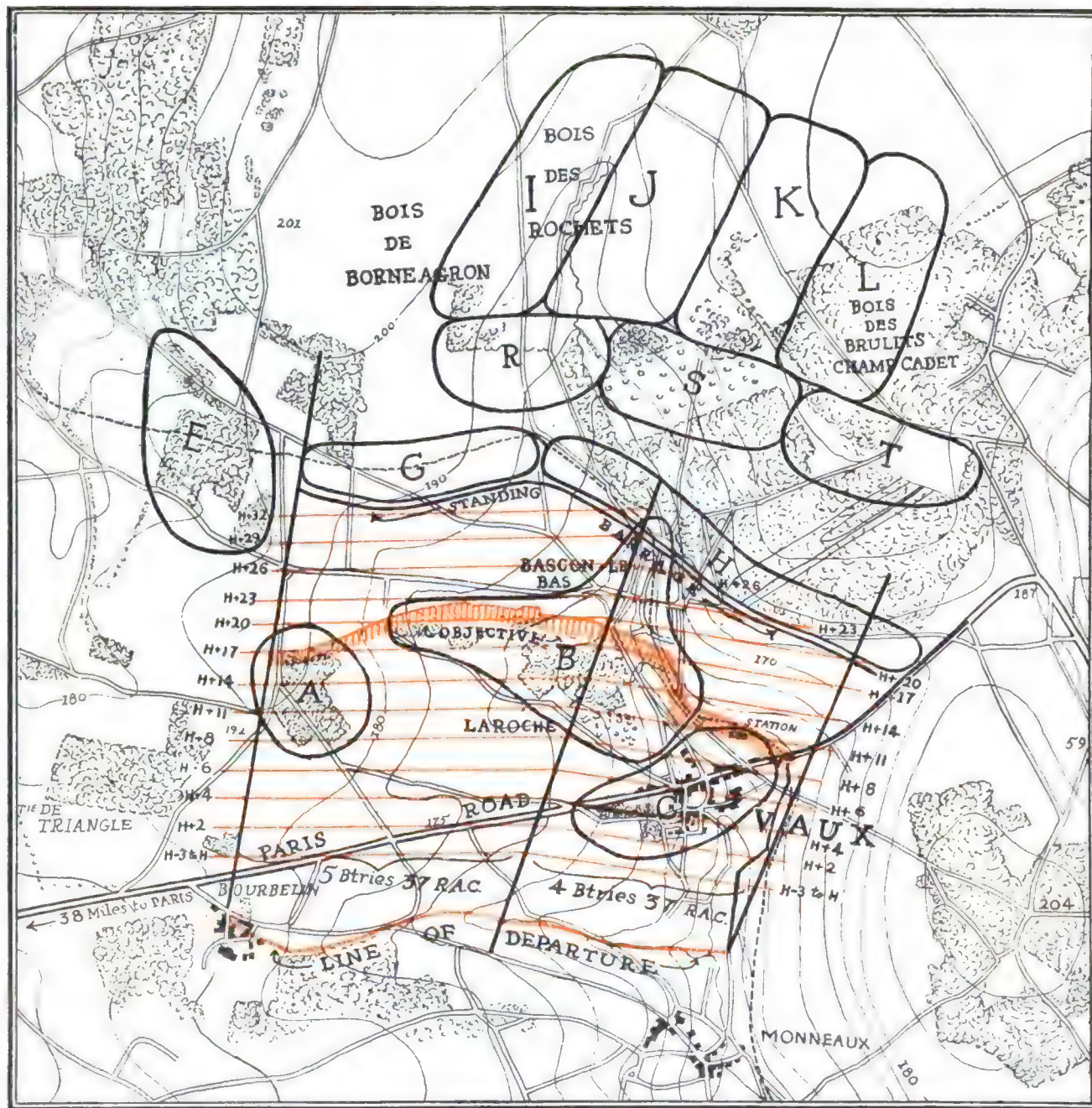
A French staff officer had come from Chaumont-en-Vexin with word that the schedules of the last eighteen trains that were a part of the rail transport of the

division had been canceled, and that the units assigned to these trains were coming overland by a forced march of seventy miles. Among these were most of the machine-gun units. As the need of machine guns was most urgent, the motor-trucks of the supply train were emptied and sent to transport the guns and personnel to the front.

On the night of June 3rd what remained



Dugouts of the 5th Marines in Belleau Wood.



OPERATION ON VAUX DAY J. HOUR H.

HEADQUARTERS 2nd F.A. BRIGADE
OPERATIONS SECTION
29 JUNE, 1918.

-G-2-C-

SECOND DIVISION
29, JUNE, 18.
Map enlarged from 1/20,000-
plan director: Wood lines
(incomplete) revised from photos
dated 6-18, June

-LEGEND

Woods Scrub & Scattered trees
Good roads

Scale 1/10,000
Meter Scale

Contour Intervals 10 Meters

62

Barrage map of the battle of Vaux.

Reproduced from the original working map in possession of General Bundy; showing (in color) the successive steps, at intervals of two to five minutes, by which the American troops advanced, protected by the moving curtain of fire technically known as creeping barrage. The intervals are marked H+2, H+4, etc., denoting Hour + 2 minutes, Hour + 4 minutes, etc.

of the two depleted divisions of French infantry that were in our front passed through our lines and were withdrawn from the battle for reorganization. The 23rd Infantry and the rest of the detachment under Colonel Malone, which had been sent to fill the gap between Gandelu and Montigny, were returned to their respective brigades, the 23rd Infantry taking position on the left of the 9th Infantry. On June 4th, almost as soon as they were in the front line, the

Marines came into contact with the enemy and successfully resisted his attack. On June 5th, the division, complete in all its elements, took over the sector with a front of about twelve kilometers, extending from the southeast corner of the Bois de la Marette to a point on the Champillon-Bussieres road, about 800 meters north of Champillon. The Third Brigade, on the right, extended from the Bois de la Marette to Triangle; the Fourth (Marine) Brigade

from Triangle to the left extremity. The 12th Field-Artillery supported the 4th Brigade, the 15th Field-Artillery, the 3rd Brigade. The 17th Field-Artillery supported both infantry brigades. The six groups of French artillery remained on duty with the division.

The terrain is hilly, with many small woods that at this season afforded excellent concealment for the troops of the contending armies. Good roads run in every

direction, connecting the numerous villages, the main highway being the Château-Thierry-Paris road. On the German side, our front was occupied by two divisions and part of a third. They had the advantage of position. From Hill 204, the crest of which they held, the Paris road could be observed for a long distance. To the northwest, near Etrépilly, is a high ridge which overlooks much of the ground that we occupied. They also had control of the air, and watched our movements from "sausage" balloons and airplanes, whose duty it was to inform the German artillery. This made concealment during the day-

large cans, loaded on the mule-drawn ration carts. Only one hot meal was served during the twenty-four-hour day, and it was frequently cold by the time it reached the men in the front line. This continued during the entire forty days in which the division held the front line. We received the French ration, a part of which was canned beef shipped from Madagascar. It had a peculiar taste which our men did not like. They called it "monkey meat" and it soon became known by that name throughout our Army.

On the afternoon of June 6th, the Marine Brigade began the attack on the Belleau

successful attack launched from it would force us off the Paris road, our main source of supply, and compel us to fight with our backs to the Marne with probably disastrous results.

It was not our intention to fight a purely defensive battle. From the very day of our arrival, in France, General Pershing had taken every occasion to inculcate in his army the spirit of the offensive. His teachings were now bearing fruit. Every American officer and soldier knew that the best way to hold our own line was to attack that of the enemy. General Degoutte, who in the meantime had established



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A remarkable airplane photograph of the village of Vaux after the American bombardment.

light hours absolutely necessary. No movement of troops near the front could take place during those hours without almost certain exposure to artillery fire. Units in the support and reserve, miles from the front line, could not assemble in the open for the same reason. We were strengthening our position by digging trenches. Those engaged in that work must sleep in the woods during the day and work at night.

The supply of cooked or hot food to the front line was most difficult. No fires could be built, as the tell-tale smoke would be a target for the German guns. The rolling kitchens were put in sheltered places four or five miles in the rear of the front line, and cooked food and hot coffee were carried forward from them at night in

Wood and Bourèsches. This was made in conjunction with a forward movement of the French 164th Division, which was on the left. The Belleau Wood extends for a distance of two kilometers in length, from north to south, with an average width of more than a kilometer. It is very broken, and at that time was covered in many places with a thick undergrowth. The Germans had been prompt to see its value as a place of concealment for the assembly of infantry and machine guns to continue their attack. They had occupied it immediately with a regiment of infantry and numerous machine guns and trench mortars. It had the protection of their artillery, placed in concealed positions to the north. As long as they held it, it would be an ever-present menace to our line. A

corps headquarters at Chamigny, a town on the Marne, some distance to the rear, saw the importance of the Belleau Wood, and was in full accord with our desire to take it as soon as possible. Bourèsches was also important, as one of the strong points of the German first line.

Under the orders of General Harbord, the Marines went forward to the attack at 5 P.M., after a short artillery preparation—short because more artillery ammunition could not at that time be spared. They at once met with strong opposition from German infantry and machine guns located in the woods. This veritable jungle gave the best possible concealment for the machine-gun nests, while the rocks and ravines protected the enemy from rifle and grenade, and even from artillery

fire. With a gallantry not exceeded in the annals of the war, the Marines kept at their task. When one enemy machine-gun nest was captured, they found themselves targets for others, whose gunners, undiscovered, had withheld their fire until the moment when it would be most effective. When nightfall came, after the long summer's day, all of Belleau Wood was not in the Marines' possession, but they had taken part of it, and had firmly established themselves in position to renew the attack on succeeding days. The 6th Marines had suffered the loss of its commander, Colonel Catlin, who fell severely wounded early in the advance.

Bourèches was ours early in the evening of the same day. Here the artillery preparation had been more effective, and the closely following infantry attack was completely successful. The Germans counter-attacked, but were driven off with loss of killed and prisoners. The Marines, assisted by a company of Engineers, at once began to fortify their positions in the town, and it was held against persistent artillery fire, including gas shells.

In the attack on Bourèches, a battalion of the 23rd Infantry, finding that the Marines on their left were advancing, also eagerly entered the fight. It was not the intention that they should advance at that time, but this fact does not appear to have been understood by the battalion commander, and it was, no doubt, a disappointment to him, as well as to his battalion, when he received orders to retire to his old position. The results of the day's fighting were a number of prisoners and some machine guns and trench mortars. Our own loss in killed and wounded had been heavy.



Roll-call after the battle, Belleau Wood.

Drawn on the spot by Captain J. André Smith, A. E. F.

On June 11th, after a longer artillery preparation than in the first instance, but still not entirely effective against the well-sheltered German machine-gun nests, the Marines renewed their attack in the Belleau Wood. They made a further advance and took more prisoners, but all of the wood was not yet ours. The Germans were making a determined resistance. They were putting in fresh troops and were subjecting our lines to a terrific artillery bombardment of

high explosive and gas shells. Although the wood was not yet cleared, the lines were further advanced and the Marines had taken three hundred prisoners. A third attack resulted in more prisoners and more machine guns.

In the meantime, the 9th Infantry, on the right of our line, had advanced its position to the northern edge of the Bois de la Marette and was digging in. In fact, the entire 3rd Brigade, assisted by a



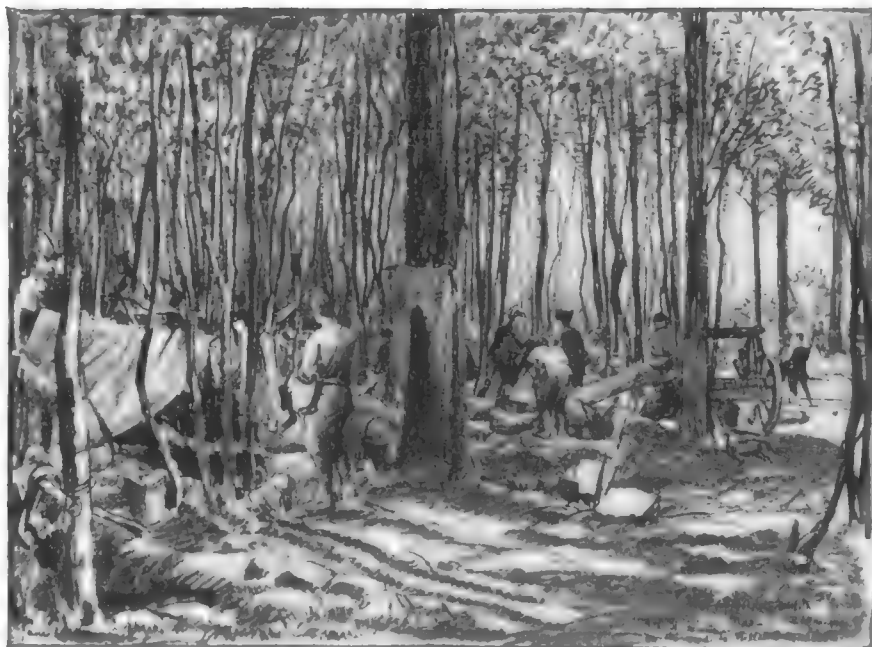
On the Château-Thierry Road. Refugees passing American troops.

Drawn by Captain George Harding, A. E. F.

battalion of the 2nd Engineers, had been working every night in strengthening its lines, which were continuously under enemy machine-gun and artillery fire. The defensive part that this brigade was playing was very difficult. They were having heavy losses through shell fire and gas bombardments, to which they themselves could not reply. Their duty now was to hold their lines. Their present action was confined to a rifle and machine-gun duel with the enemy, and to patrol encounters between the lines. The time for their advance was to come later.

The artillery brigade was doing heroic work. The battery commanders and junior officers were amply proving the value of the teaching they had received under highly trained field-officers of long experience in the Regular Army. Colonel McCloskey's regiment of 75's worked continuously with the 4th Brigade in prompt and perfect harmony. It was the same with Colonel Davis's regiment and the 3rd Brigade. The heavier 155's, under Colonel Bowley, were used quickly whenever good targets were found. Artillery ammunition was now more plentiful, and we were able to obtain a supply of gas shells with which to retaliate for the gas attacks of the Germans. Thus the artillery played a controlling part in the battle. Captured prisoners gave accounts of the destructive and disheartening effect of our terrific artillery fire. It was with them as with us: shells reached the supports and reserves, and the routes of supply. On the modern battle-field no place is safe.

That part of the Marine brigade that was still fighting in the Belleau Wood had become so exhausted and reduced in num-



An encampment, Belleau Wood.

bers that relief was necessary. It could not be furnished from the battalions in the brigade and division reserve because these battalions had just come out of the front line and were not in condition to immediately return.

The 7th Infantry, a part of the 3rd Division, was behind our lines as Army Reserve. Application was made to General Degoutte, who had been promoted to the command of the 6th French Army,

for the use of this regiment for six days.

Through the courtesy of General Dickman, the commander of the 3rd Division, his request was granted, and the 7th Infantry took the place of two battalions of Marines in the Belleau Wood, with one battalion south of Torcy. The Marine battalions, reduced in numbers by the severe fighting, were withdrawn to billets in towns on the Marne, where they had five days' rest and received replacements. The line of the 23rd Infantry was extended to include Boursèches, thus relieving the

Marine garrison in that besieged village. The presence of the 7th Infantry was of great value. The battalion south of Torcy advanced its position to within a short distance of the village, thus straightening a reentrant that existed in our lines at that point. The other two battalions fought gallantly, but unsuccessfully, to gain the northern edge of the Belleau Wood. They encountered the same opposition that had held the Marines, and when they were relieved at the end of six days, the northern part of the wood was still in possession of the Germans.

The Marine battalions, rested and increased in numbers by the replacements, again entered the Belleau Wood. Led by that Marine wheel-horse, Colonel W. C. Neville, whom General Harbord had at the beginning placed in direct command of the attacking troops, they went into the battle with renewed vigor and determination. This time they were favored with a terrific artillery preparation that searched with heavy shells every part of the wood still remaining in the enemy's hands, as well as the approaches from the north. Complete success crowned their efforts. The last days of June found the wood completely in our hands, and the enemy's lines were far across the open ground to the north, toward the railroad.

The material results of this long and finally victorious contest for the possession of the Belleau Wood were over eight hundred prisoners and a large number of machine guns and trench mortars. The prisoners were from three different regiments of the best German troops, to each of which had successively been assigned the task of withstanding the American onslaught. The moral effect of the Marine success was very great, and extended far from that Marne battle-field to the fire-sides of the people of the great republic that was sending its sons to France to fight for liberty.



In Belleau Wood.

Both pictures drawn on the spot by Captain J. Andre Smith, A. E. F.



American artillery after a hard day's march.

Drawn by Captain Wallace Morgan, A. E. F.

Its front line was a reentrant angle, with the apex at le Thiolet, on the Paris road. From there the line ran north to Bourèsches, and east to Monneaux, where it connected with the French 39th Division. It was a good position, and had been made better by many nights of digging. But to continue to occupy it meant a purely defensive warfare, which was not according to our tenets. An offensive against Vaux and the woods to the northwest of that village had for some time been planned, but

in the absence of reserves, it could not be executed until the 4th Brigade had completed its offensive in the Belleau Wood.

Vaux lies in a hollow, commanded by the hills to the north, east and west. Its possession was by no means a prize as long as the Germans held those hills. The plan of attack, therefore, included an advance by the French 39th Division to drive the Germans from the crest of Hill 204, which was the key to that part of the line and to Château-Thierry. The Germans had been

fortifying this crest for a month, and had occupied with machine guns the woods on the southern slope, near the French lines. The Germans, with a full realization of its importance, had held this hill against repeated French attacks.

Colonel Conger, the division intelligence officer, had established an excellent intelligence service. He had worked with great skill and energy in securing information of the enemy, and had given particular

(Continued on page 62)

CONFIDENTIAL

2nd Division, A. E. F. (Regular).
Second Section, G. S.

INFORMATION BULLETIN—VAUX (June 29, 1918)

1. GENERAL INFORMATION:

The houses are all built of hard, flinty stone, with an average wall thickness of 45 cm. The height of the garden wall is about 1.0 meters and an average thickness of 40 cm. The majority of the garden walls are built of uncut stone and the greater part of the houses have gardens. There is no church and no school in the town. The average width of the streets is 4 meters; and the height of houses, 13 to 14 meters. There are 82 houses in the town and prior to the evacuation there were 250 inhabitants. The majority of them were well-to-do and their establishments were kept accordingly.

The railroad that encircles the town on the north and east is of 1-meter gage.

2. ENEMY TROOPS:

The area which includes VAUX is held by the 1st Battalion of the 402d Regiment (201st Division). The 402d Regiment, which is considered the best in the division, forms the right wing of the division. It has one battalion in the line, one in support (probably in BOIS DES BRULITS) and one battalion in rest billets to the rear.

The 2nd Company occupies the village of VAUX on either side of the VAUX-MONNEAUX ROAD. This company had lost 6 men killed up to June 24. 160 men of the 1st Battalion had been evacuated due to illness. The general health of the unit appears to be poor. The present strength of the company consists of 2 lieutenants, 1 Offizier Stellvertreter, 1

Vize-Feldwebel and 137 men, of which 90 are combat troops. There is one assault group of 8 men. There are 5 light machine guns and 3 Granatenwerfer (grenade throwers) with the company. Lieutenant Adamson commands the company, and Lieutenant Mittag has the second platoon.

3. DEFENSIVE ORGANIZATION AND DISPOSITIONS:

Both of the southern roads into VAUX are said to be furnished with tank traps, and strong barricades.

There is a trench-mortar unit in the eastern part of town, consisting of 1 officer, 30 men and 4 trench mortars.

The Intelligence Officer of the Bn is located in the town, together with a telephone detachment.

The command post is located in the central part of the town. About 2 blocks from this point is a cellar in which are located 2 sergeants and 15 men.

All indications point to the fact that the battalion that holds VAUX has its main position in the BOIS DES ROCHETS, with certain elements in the town itself and the BOIS LA ROCHE. In all probability there is but one company located in the town and at the railroad station under normal conditions.

4. MACHINE GUNS AND 37 M. M. GUNS:

Nine machine guns have been located in the town proper. Two of these command the two southern roads into the town; three are in the vicinity of the railroad station; one commands the road north from VAUX to the BOIS DES ROCHETS; two are located in houses at the eastern and western ends of the town commanding the PARIS ROAD, and the ninth is at the southwestern extremity of the town. At least three machine guns are in the small patch of woods along the PARIS ROAD just west of the town, and there is one northwest of this wood on the north side of the PARIS ROAD. The BOIS LA ROCHE is known

to be permanently occupied and to have several machine guns, and at least one 437 m. m. gun.

Two machine guns known to be on the western slope of Hill 204 may also be available to fire on VAUX.

5. WIRE:

Along the southern edge of the town is a single line of wire, which along the eastern edge is strengthened to four lines of entanglements. Three lines of wire at varying intervals protect the wood just west of the town and south of the PARIS ROAD.

6. TRENCHES:

Parts of trenches at the southeastern edge of the town are visible in aeroplane photographs. There are elements of trenches on the northwestern slope of Hill 204. Along the PARIS ROAD east of VAUX are a certain number of organized machine gun and rifle pits. West of the town there are organized pits along the road. There are undoubtedly completed trenches in the small patch of woods south of the PARIS ROAD west of VAUX, in the BOIS LA ROCHE and BOIS DES ROCHETS.

7. MISCELLANEOUS:

In the BOIS DES ROCHETS it is believed that there are about 5 batteries of 77's. Flashes have been seen from these woods constantly, and careful observation of the angle of fall and of sound ranging reports leads to the conclusion that there are at least a number of guns in the wood together with heavy trench mortars and 37 m. m. guns.

The BOIS DE BORNE AGRON is constantly occupied and company kitchens are believed to be in the woods. There is at least one platoon located here, and in all probability more than that. Elements of trenches and camouflaged emplacements protect the open field on Hill 201 between the BOIS DE BOURECHES and BOIS DE BORNE AGRON.

An Information Bulletin, showing how much the American Intelligence had found out about Vaux.

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The Other Cheek

How Heroes Learn to Turn It

By Constance Austin



There is no escape for a hero—

WHEN your fiancé, Victoria, comes marching home to you with a Croix de Guerre dangling from his coat just over his heart, don't ask him what that funny thing is. He has gone through more than shell fire for it.

The fact is, not to mince matters, before your young man could walk off with that medal for conspicuous gallantry, for taking more chances than lay in his actual line of duty, he had to stand right up in front of a lot of people and let himself be kissed by a French general!

It was the one way out. There are wounded heroes on record who thought they could beat the game. They framed up a relapse so as not to be able to get up and go out to receive the medal and the kiss. They stuck in bed safe, as they supposed, looking for the decoration to come up on the supper tray.

Nothing like it.

Suddenly there would be a sort of stir at the end of the ward and in would come the relentless general accompanied by one aid with the medal and another with restoratives.

Why linger over trying details? The baffled hero always received his medal and the kiss—one for each cheek—quite regardless of the presence of the nurse or the proximity of two chaps from his own home town.

The men have met this awkward and painful situation as they have everything else with true Yankee *sang froid* (French for should-worryness). As one wounded veteran told a New York clergyman:

"It was just another casualty."

But couldn't we have taken this con-

tingency into consideration? Our men could have been taught at least the rudiments of turning the other cheek. They could have begun on cousins and sisters and aunts and worked onward and upward through uncles and grandfathers to generals.

Several Croix de Guerre men, discovered in a debarkation hospital, explained their survival of the ceremony in this way: "You see, we were unconscious at the time."

Another decorated fellow, a complete optimist, claimed that the hardships of citation were much exaggerated.

"Why," he said, "there's really nothing to it. In the first place, it's all over in a minute, and in the second place the general doesn't really kiss you in the first place."

And still others, hardened souls not ashamed of a bit of sentiment, say it was a moving and very wonderful experience.

It is perhaps possible that having once been kissed, returning soldiers who take up their civilian duties as firemen and postmen and policemen will cry themselves to sleep on the nights that their chiefs fail to bestow on them this token of appreciation.

But, on the whole, we feel safe in predicting that of all the customs picked up in "furrin parts" this kissing game will be the first to go.

If the generals, with their scratchy mustaches, insist, there is always revolution.



Photopress, Special War Service. Paul Thompson.

When a general has once decided to kiss him.

The I. I. I.

A Story of the New Washington

By Samuel Hopkins Adams

Author of "Our Square," "Common Cause," etc.

Illustrated by R. F. Schabelitz

CLEAR and bold in Miss Bruce's firmest handwriting, the legend stood on the desk-calendar for the morrow—"Fire Hickman." Miss Bruce looked musingly out of the office window at the sixty-horse-power Ferox, wherein the about-to-be-eliminated toiler came to his thirty-dollar-a-week job. After to-morrow it wouldn't be there. The Aero Supply Factory would be the better for its absence. And Miss Bruce herself? Certainly she would be rid of a troublous, even an exasperating problem. And yet— Her look, reverting to the calendar, was fixed by the date. To-morrow would mark the first anniversary of her service with the Aero. Well, the better the day, the better the deed. Musing back over the crowded year, she forgot, for the time, the fated Hickman.

Leila Bruce had come to Washington to get a job and help win the war. To this reasonable ambition her family had opposed all the force of a rather conventional tradition. They pointed out that she was not inured to work or discipline, which was undeniable. They alleged that she was too young, which was debatable. They vehemently declared that she was far too pretty, and that Washington was no place for a girl with her kind of eyes, hair, skin and other pleasing specifications, which was (to Leila's way of thinking) negligible. While relations argued and friends pleaded and suitors raged like the heathen, she mortgaged her allowance in advance, packed three trunks, declined a dozen pressing invitations ranging from house-parties to marriage, departed out of her own place, and was straightway engulfed in the new, strange, confusing, and at times disheartening life of the central factory of war, where so many wheels, official and unofficial, go buzzing, whirring, clacking, pounding and not infrequently interfering in the mightiest enterprise of the nation's history.

As a small but aspiring cog therein, Miss Bruce promptly learned that dollars and doughnuts bore a more intimate interrelation than she had ever before appreciated, and that the self-supporting, in whose ranks she had definitely enlisted, did not necessarily take a taxi just because their feet hurt. But this lesson she did not learn until, wearied and enraged by the

MR. ADAMS has been "taking notes" on the new and amazing Washington that grew up in war times; and the result is a series of splendid stories written specially for EVERYBODY'S. "The I. I. I." is the first story—and the series is the first series picturing that remarkable population of war workers, gathered from the four corners of the country, and adding to the endless complexity of Washington. The later stories—one every month—will show you not only war-time Washington, but Washington of the armistice and the reconstruction days. A vividly interesting series by one of the foremost fiction writers of America.

failure of various "pulls" to land her in anything but an ornamental sort of job, which she was resolved not to accept, she had finally laid seige to the Aero Supply Company without letters, influence or introduction.

"But what do you want to do?" queried Mr. Brayton, the head of the concern, hardly more than a boy and hardly less than a genius, looking past her with his moonish, absent-minded eyes.

"Anything that will release a man to go over and fight for me."

This was in the days before "release a fighter" had become a slogan. Young Mr. Brayton was struck with the idea. "This place is full of them," said he. "Crazy-mad to go. I am myself."

"So am I," said the girl. "This is the next best."

"You know of the Aero?" He warmed to her, speaking with the pride of the inventor. "Yes; our little trick helps one air-fighter do the work of three. What are your qualifications?"

"Stenography and typewriting—fair. I learned on purpose for the new job. I am a college graduate—Smith. I can also add, subtract, multiply and divide—" she paused a moment for emphasis. "correctly," she concluded.

The point went home. "Sit at that desk, please," said Mr. Brayton, and for half an hour put her through the ordeal of her life. At the conclusion he said abruptly: "How much?"

"Enough to live on."

"Humph! Standards vary." For the first time the far-away regard focused direct on her. "How much did that dress cost?"

"One hundred and twenty dollars, I think."

"Looks it. Expect to support that style on what you earn?"

"No."

"Report to me to-morrow. Twenty-five a week to begin on. More when you earn it."

From that date Leila Bruce settled down to interest herself in the inner affairs of the Aero Supply Company and the personnel of the Aero proceeded with lively interest to interest themselves in Miss Bruce. One of the first things they learned was that she was wholly competent to take care of herself, despite a friendly, almost confiding manner, a caressing voice, a pair of bewildering gray eyes, and a chin with a tiny dimple in it such as men regarded wondering, and then looked hastily away, lest the temptation to indiscretion overcome them. Something in Miss Bruce's bearing suggested that indiscretion in the matter of that dimple would be ill-judged. Within three months Miss Bruce was confidential secretary to Mr. Brayton. Five months later she had imperceptibly risen to a position, impossible of exact definition. Brayton, for all his impersonal absent-mindedness, had made a shrewd discovery about her. Just as some people are dowered with an instinctive control over inanimate mechanisms, Leila Bruce, her employer discerned, possessed the master-touch for human machinery. People would do things for her which they would not do for any one else. In the overstrained, overdriven, hurried and harried factory world of the Aero, this was a quality precious beyond words. By virtue of it Miss Bruce found herself more and more taking the burden of detail off the Big Boss's shoulders. The next step was her establishment as assistant to Mr. Brayton, at a princely salary of fifty dollars a week, which would almost have dressed and outfitted her and taken care of her car and her clubs in the old life. Nothing could better indicate her status with her fellows than the fact that there was no single note of jealousy over the rapid rise. She had worked day, night, and often

Sundays for it, and had fairly bloomed on it. The "shop" adored her. They dubbed her the Little Boss.

And now, for the first time, she was facing a really critical problem, embodied in that memo—"Fire Hickman." She nodded firmly at the calendar.

"I'll do it," said she, "if it costs me my own job!"

each discharge Hickman reappeared in his purring Ferox on pay-day, and was transferred, at Mr. Brayton's direction, to some other protesting department. Why, was the standard mystery of the office.

Hickman had languidly wandered out of the inner map of Washington, the world of big hotels and luxurious restaurants, of clubs and late hours and the ease and glory

for some months before Leila Bruce so much as set eyes on him. On the occasion of their first encounter he was seated in a corner of the outer office, on a sweltering day, looking as cool and trim amidst the moist and sticky humanity about him as if he had just stepped off a cake of ice. He was clad like the lily of the field, and gave an effect of the indifference and superiority

to toil generally attributed to that flower. To Leila Bruce's tired, and, if the truth were known, somewhat homesick eyes, he was like a refreshing breath from a world foregone. She stopped in front of him.

"Are you waiting to see some one?"

He got to his feet with alacrity and looked down at her with pleasant and reflective brown eyes, in which there was a touch of wonderment.

"Yes," he said.

"Can I help you?"

"I hardly think so, thank you, unless you can stimulate that torpid cashier of ours into a semblance of activity. A hat-pin, now, properly applied— But you haven't a hat on. Are you also one of the slaves of the establishment?"

"I am Miss Bruce," she replied, with what was intended to convey dignity and reproof.

His obvious amazement quite ruined the effect. "You? No!"

"Certainly. Why not?"

"Why, I had supposed Miss Bruce to be at least fifty; tall, raw-boned, angular, with an eye of fire and a tongue of acid and the expression of a hanging judge."

"To whom am I indebted for the portrait?" she smiled.

"Made it up myself from— what's this sort of reasoning? *A priori*. That's it! How else explain the awe and terror with which the redoubtable Miss Bruce inspires the entire Aero outfit, from the freshest office boy to the newest gum-chewing flapper of a typist? Why, they mention your name in whispers! You're sure," he added anxiously, "that you're the right Miss Bruce?"

"I'm the only one here."

The young man thrust out a hard and sun-browned hand. "I'm glad to give you the opportunity of making my acquaintance. You ought to know me, Miss Bruce," he averred confidently. "I'm Carter Hickman."

Miss Bruce shook hands automatically, nonplussed by the form of introduction.

"Why ought I to know you?"

"I'm the office goat," he explained. "I'm the victim of misplaced energy. When there is nothing else of interest, they look out of the window and scowl and say, 'Ain't it a rotten day! Let's fire Hickman.'"



"How much did that dress cost? Expect to support that style on what you earn?"

She tried to look appropriately stern. But the curve of her lips was almost tender.

II

"FIRING Hickman" was for a time the favorite indoor sport of the Aero Supply Company. All the various department heads had cried their hands at it. As a game it had one defect: Hickman always won. Between him and the outer darkness stood the Big Boss. After

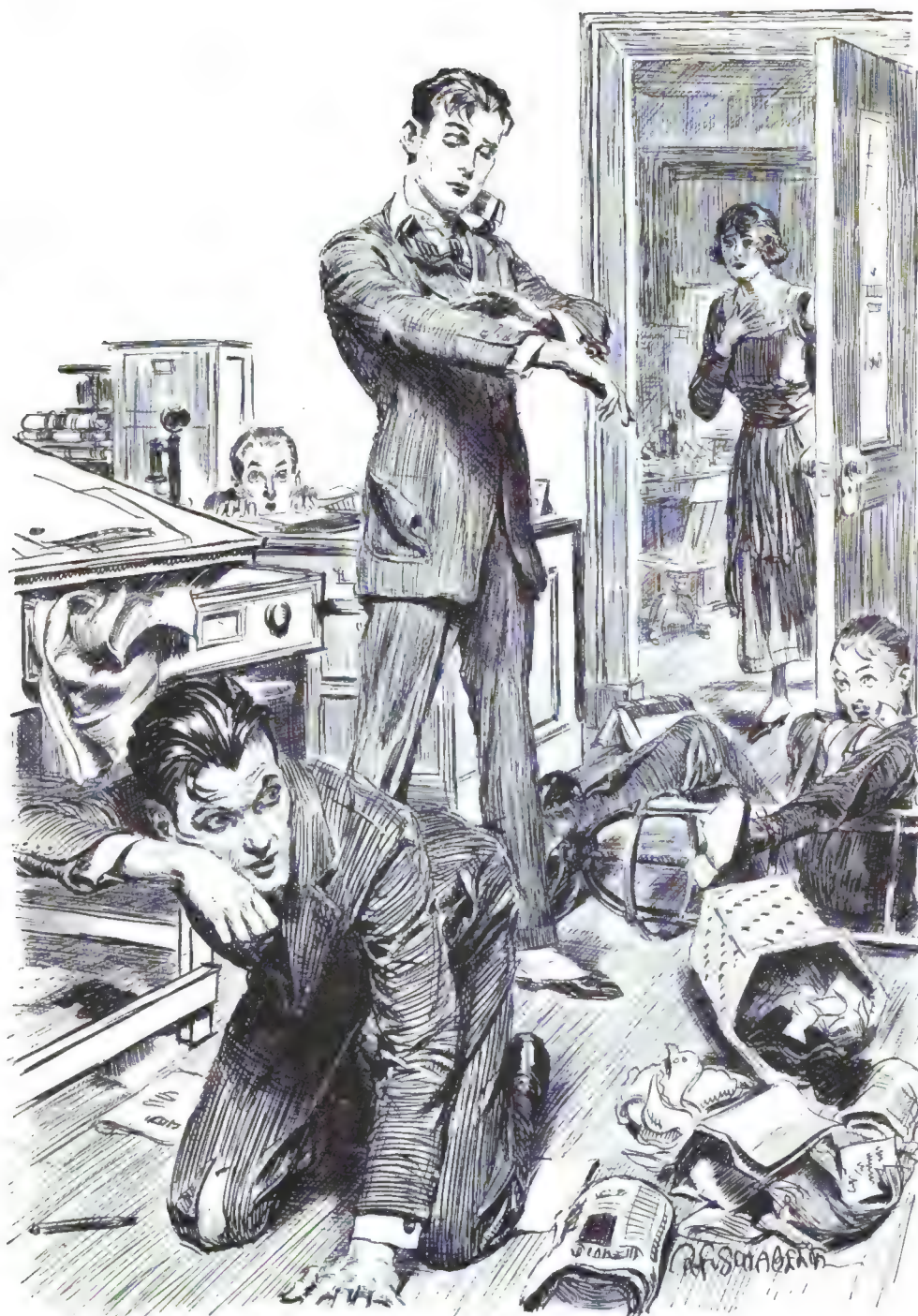
of life, into the Aero. He had arrived in good time to avoid the draft, a coincidence which, considering his age of thirty-odd, his air of well-being, and his comprehensive uselessness on the job, did not favorably impress a large number of husky young fellow-employees yearning and ramping to get into the fight, but withheld (almost under force and duress) as being essential parts of a highly essential war industry. Such was his carefree interpretation of his duties that he had been there

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"Cheese it! The Cop!"

"Oh, yes," said the girl with interest. "I've heard of you. But you never stay discharged!"

"That's my volatile temperament. I never stay anything. Two weeks is my record in any one department."

"What did you come in as?"

"Bookkeeper."

"Why aren't you in the accounting-room then?"

"Constitutional skepticism regarding seven times nine; whether it really is fifty-four or vice versa. I'm an agnostic on mathematics, if not actually an infidel."

"How did you ever get in here?"

"Pull."

"At least you're frank about it."

"My last remaining virtue."

"Did you come here to work—or not?" she asked severely.

"Not principally. It's rather out of my

line. But I've had a change of heart."

She looked at him hard and straight, but he endured the ordeal with serenity. "Fact," he assured her. "Seeing you here has rather put it up to me. If you can stand it, I ought to be able to. For I'll bet a hat you're no more used to hard work than I am. Don't you need a faithful assistant, Miss Bruce?" he asked ingratiatingly.

Miss Bruce's expression was uncompromising. "Mr. Hickman, how much are you drawing?"

"Thirty a week."

"Do you need it?"

"I'm on hand with touching regularity every Saturday. Old Faithful—as you see."

"And you're willing to take it without earning it?"

The color flooded up under his bronzed

skin, but the tone of his prompt response was one of unimpaired good humor. "I've just offered my services to you in any capacity however humble."

Miss Bruce's small chin set with such determination that a sunbeam which had been hovering above the dimple with intent to alight, flew away in alarm. "Very well. You may bring me in some luncheon. Have it here in half an hour, please."

"Yes, ma'am. What shall I send in?"

"Something light and—a salad and tea. And, Mr. Hickman, I did not say 'Send,' I said 'Bring!'"

"Do you mean it?"

She turned at the door and looked at him steadily, without replying. He read the challenge in her eyes.

"At 12:45," he said. "Right!"

At 12:44 the subdued purring of a large and smooth motor sounded outside the window. At 12:48 there was ill-subdued mirth in the outer room. At 12:48:10 a white-bosomed, dress-jacketed waiter propelled a perfectly appointed serving-table up to Miss Bruce's desk, uncovered with *empressment* iced consommé, a marvelous concoction of pâté, alligator pear, and a tea-caddy, with service for two. The astonished girl regarded with a suddenly stimulated appetite such a repast as she had seldom seen since she took to living on her salary.

"Where does this come from?" she asked the waiter.

"Special service from the Hotel Allingham, ma'am."

At the sound of the voice, Miss Bruce's stimulated appetite waned. The waiter was Mr. Hickman.

"Oh, Lord!" sounded in a gurgling whisper from beyond, and the Little Boss turned in time to detect the withdrawing faces of Tracy, Borland, and Eaves, the three young draftsmen of the outer office.

"Come in," she bade them. "Come in at once and have luncheon."

Nobody in the Aero ever dreamed of questioning an order of the Little Boss. The three husky youngsters trooped joyfully in to share the highly approved delicacies, and ordered the waiter around most tyrannically. Miss Bruce paid the bill, reflecting that her method of disciplining the proud spirit of Hickman had proved expensive. He took her dollar tip without a quail, and she watched him trundle the service-table to his car, deliver it to the authentic waiter (whose apparel he had borrowed), and taking the wheel, disappear. When he returned he was in his own proper garb of unimpeachable fitness.

"Anything else, Miss Bruce?" he inquired cheerily.

The girl looked at him with the serene

regard of a cherub masking a burning desire for revenge. "You really wish to be of use?"

"I do."

"Very well, I have a job for you."

"What is it?"

"A man's job. Enlist."

This time the score was to her. He winced. "Thank you," he said in an odd tone, and went out.

Puzzled and by no means satisfied, the Little Boss referred the case of Carter Hickman to the Big Boss.

"Nothing to be done," he said curtly.

"You've made me responsible for the morale of the Aero," she said resolutely. "He's hurting it. His very presence here, on 'pull,' is demoralizing."

"I suppose so," sighed the other. "We've got to stand it. Mr. Ellers put him here. He's some relation, I believe." Ellers was the backer of the enterprise, to whom Brayton owed much. "It's the only thing Mr. Ellers ever forced on me; and I can't even protest."

"I advised Mr. Hickman to enlist," said Leila, her soft eyes showing a lively light, "but he prefers our thirty a week to the Army's thirty a month. He's conscien-

tiously regular on pay-day if at no other time."

"To keep himself on the roster," explained Mr. Brayton. "That constitutes his exemption; worker in an essential war industry, you know."

"Worker, indeed!" returned Leila contemptuously. "He's a plain slacker. He's what the lawyers call irrelevant, incompetent, and immaterial."

Which unconsidered remark being overheard by young Eaves, who had come in for directions, was forthwith retailed for the edification of his two comrades and thence passed around amongst the office force.

Meantime, Mr. Carter Hickman, at Miss Bruce's orders, became a species of general errand boy for the office. If he carried out his petty missions in a sixty-horse-power Ferox, that was his concern; he certainly did them swiftly, conscientiously, even suavely. And the better he did them the more he got on Miss Bruce's nerves. To make matters worse, he would find out on what evenings she was returning to the office, and, coming back in his car, would (after it was made plain to him that she would not accept his offer of a

lift) unobtrusively trail her home, half a block behind, which at late hours and in lonely streets was not without its quality of comfort. But the effect upon the Aero force of a messenger who habitually wore a coat-flower and went about in a six-thousand-dollar Ferox, was disconcerting and made for possible trouble. The trouble materialized out of Leila's chance characterization of Hickman, and its development by the three irrepressibles of the outer office, who had promptly organized the Exalted Order of Irrelevance, Incompetence, and Immateriality, and unanimously elected (*in absentia*) the Hon. Carter Hickman to its chief post of ease and languor as Most Illustrious Idler of the Order. The joke spread, as light-hearted nonsense will in an atmosphere of overwork and overstrain, and its chief but still unenlightened feature, found himself the subject of covert mirth which he failed to comprehend as he went his leisurely ways. He took it with a smile. Long since he had resolved to take whatever might attach to his highly anomalous job with a smile. If the smile had hardened somewhat, so had the resolution and the character beneath it.



"Mr. Hickman," she said, "will you believe that I want to be your friend?"

On this particular pay-day, as he approached the office, he heard a not-sufficiently subdued voice say: "Here comes Three-I'd Hicksy. Let's give him the full salute of our lofty cult."

Three young huskies turned on their high stools toward Hickman, entering. Three brawny hands were raised to their pale brows and lowered to conceal, coyly but inadequately, three cavernous yawns. The trio then snored thrice, after which they dropped their heads heavily on their desks and became dead to the world.

"That's very pretty," approved the beneficiary of the expert drill. "But what does it mean?"

"College yell of the I. I. I.," answered a drowsy voice.

"Reserved for our revered leader and the crowned heads of Europe," mumbled another.

"Sn-n-awkl!" observed the third raucously.

Being still at rest, all three missed Mr.

Carter Hickman's smile as he advanced quietly.

"Where do I come in? Begin at the beginning, please. Why 'Three-I'd Hicksy'?"

The three answered through their noses alone. That snore was their last. Startled from a difficult reckoning at her desk, Leila Bruce hurried to the door with a primary impression that the Uhlans had invaded Washington via the Aero plant. Her first survey did little to reassure her. The air of the outer office was full of arms, legs, furniture, ledgers, grunts and curses, all revolving around a common center in which a miraculously preserved gardenia shone like an oriflamme. By which token she knew that Mr. Carter Hickman was among those present. Suddenly an appalled voice emerged from the whirl: "Cheese it! The cop!"

The human tangle unraveled. Four disheveled rioters, three abashed and one defiant, faced the terrors of the Little

Boss's dread eyes. But deep in those eyes something flickered and danced, and one little hand was pressed over the upper lip as she sounded the call to judgment in a slightly tremulous voice: "Well?"

The three youths undertook to explain all at once.

"He soaked me in the jaw!" said Borland.

"He banged my head on the desk!" charged Tracy.

"He butted me off my stool!" accused Eaves.

The Little Boss looked at Carter Hickman. His coat was ripped across the back. A loose end of his collar was coquetting with his ear. Puffiness of an unmistakable nature was already manifesting itself at the corner of one eye, and a scratch on his forehead was bleeding gently. He was smiling. And that smile went deep into Leila Bruce's consciousness and inspired a lively distrust of a previously formed judgment. It was an illuminative, suggestive and revealing smile. It was perhaps—so the Little Boss reflected—the kind of smile that goes over the top at zero hour and is unprofitable for the Hun to meet. Again she wondered and puzzled about him. But more immediate matters called for settlement.

"Is it true?" she asked.

Mr. Carter Hickman carefully adjusted his gardenia. "Approximately," he said; "about two-thirds, in fact."

"What is the other third?"

"I only tackled the nearest two," he explained. "My doctor forbids over-exercise." He panted a little and put a hand to his chest. "The pink hippopotamus with the mustache fell off his perch without any help from me. Panic, I suppose."

"I'll see you outside for that," growled the outraged Eaves.

"I think," said the Little Boss, judiciously, "that this is a case for the authorities. Mr. Borland, if your lip isn't too much swollen, call up the police station."

"Are you going to have us arrested?" queried Tracy, incredulously.

"Not you. Him."

The three burst into agonized protests.

"That's worse."

"Arrest him for trying to lick three of us?"

"All of us bigger than he is!"

"We'd be guyed out of the place."

"Me! I'll quit first."

Then chorus, crescendo: "Aw, Miss Leila! Have a heart!"

The Little Boss swept them with a look of lofty reprehension, somewhat vitiated by a distinct trembling at the corners of her mouth.

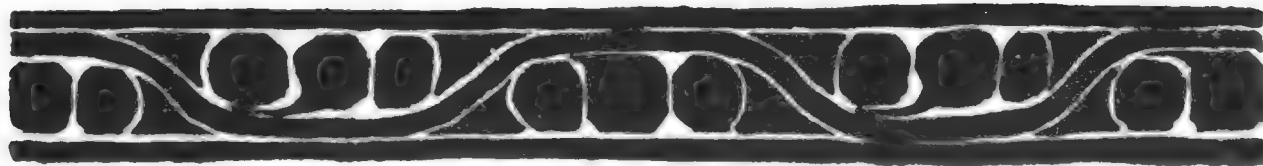
"Go back to your work—infants!" she said. And to Mr. Carter Hickman, "Come inside, please."

Mr. Hickman brushed his

(Continued on page 90)



"Mr. Hickman, what are you doing down here?"



What Should the New Congress Do?

A Symposium of Answers to this Question by Prominent Members of the Sixty-Sixth Congress

WHEN the Sixty-Sixth Congress assembles in March it will be called upon to deal with a series of questions transcending in importance and in difficulty any that have confronted any legislative body in this country. The demobilization of our military forces, the protection of our national finances, the management of the railroads, the future of our tariff policy and of our military policy, of our merchant marine, and the ratification of the treaty of peace are some of the major problems arising from our internal dislocation, and our new international position due to the war.

It is of vital interest to the country to know in what spirit and with what plans this new Congress approaches these problems. EVERYBODY'S has accordingly asked a number of the leaders of both Houses to outline briefly their views of the new legislation required to handle the questions of readjustment. Some were unable, and others unwilling, to comply. We publish here, without comment, as many as possible of the replies.

For this month the Symposium displaces our "After Peace—?" department, which is conducted as an open forum, devoted to the problems of world reconstruction. This department will appear as usual in the April number.

Senator Hiram W. Johnson of California

Republican and Progressive

THE problems presented in the prosecution of the great war were no more difficult than those which will come during the reconstruction period. In the entire metamorphosis of our Government, in the sudden wrench in its industries, in dealing with public and quasi-public enterprises, there has been an utter change in the current of our national life. The old individualistic democracy of every man for himself yielded under the stern necessity of war to all for the state.

The old order in its entirety, of course, will not return, and we must prepare carefully, patiently, thoroughly for the new order, where the state has reciprocal obligations and duties to the people.

We must safely steer our course between Bolshevism on the one hand and reaction on the other. As I have recently said, I reecho the bold declaration of Lloyd George, "I do not fear revolution. I fear reaction."

Upon the question of government ownership I repeat what I said in the Senate during the debate upon the bill authorizing the taking over of the railroads.

Personally, for many years I have favored the ownership by the Government of those things which were essentially public, which had become necessities in the pub-

lic's use. I would not, therefore, had I the power, return the railroads to their private owners. Upon such terms as may be just and fair to the owners, the stockholders, and the bondholders of railroad properties, I would have the Government take them; but in being just and fair to the railroad owners I would have scrupulous care taken that we were just and fair to the people as well.

The views which I entertain and express to-day upon government ownership are not the product of a day nor the result of recent events. Years and years of dealing with the problem of railroad transportation in its various phases finally convinced me that the only way in which the intertwining difficulties of the railroad situation could be solved was by the Government itself. The American people for many, many years have been dealing with the intricate and important question of railroad transportation and railroad management with rather indifferent success, and, just as great crises have ever decided the most momentous world problems, so our war, with our railroads, has finally pointed the way.

The problem has been, first, an economic problem of economic liberty, and out of this has grown all the other perplexing questions. By a system of regulation which has grown up of late years, some of these problems have been solved, but by no means all. Regulation, sometimes drastic, sometimes lax, has been undertaken by the various states. Regulation by the

Interstate Commerce Commission has been undertaken on behalf of the nation. I have heard it stated again and again that railroad regulation has been a failure. I do not by any means concede that fact. In the jurisdiction from which I come it has been a marked success, winning alike the praise of the people and the roads themselves; but the consensus of opinion, apparently, here is that in the larger sense we have failed in our railroad regulation—failed either in recognizing the fundamental economic question from the standpoint of the public or the fundamental financial question from the standpoint of the railroad.

If it be true that railroad regulation has failed in the United States, then, of course, there is but one alternative, and that is government ownership. If it be true, as has been insisted again and again, that regulation has been unjust to railroads and has not accomplished its real design, then these gentlemen asserting this should welcome with me the advent of permanent government control and ownership.

The words "government ownership," apparently, have a singularly chilling effect. A perfect paralysis of fear is engendered by the very suggestion; and this seems so, even though the logic of events points but one way, and the action of the Government in taking possession of the roads can mean but one thing.

Volumes have been written in the past of the superiority of private management. The railroad propagandist has plastered

the whole nation with demonstrations of the superiority of private efficiency. The question, though, has been decided. It is no longer academic. The pitiless logic of events has determined it. Private management and the boasted efficiency of private management could not do the job. They acknowledged defeat, and government management succeeded. Two months ago I would have been prepared to meet, and to meet fully, every argument presented in favor of the efficiency of private management as contrasted with the efficiency of government management. But the question now is no longer debatable.

The objection most frequently voiced on both sides of the Chamber to government ownership is that politics would play an important and injurious part in the management of the roads. I have little or no fear of the politics which might be done in a government-owned road.

In the state which I have the honor to represent we have had our experience in the kind of politics done under private management and by the efficiency of private management of railroads. We have seen there only the replica of what has occurred in many states—a great transportation company, as a short cut to governmental favors, taking possession of the government itself.

We saw there for a period of nearly forty years every political office in the gift of that railroad company. We saw legislatures and courts corrupted and a power within the state which used the state as a mere appurtenance to a railroad system. We saw the kind of politics which led men to the polls like sheep to the shambles, which made the very bread and butter of women and children depend upon the ticket a railroad employee should vote. We saw the most beautiful state in all this Union honeycombed with corruption and a people second to none on earth cowering under a political and commercial terrorism.

I will risk any kind of politics under government ownership rather than the politics I have seen under private ownership.

My state is not alone in these experiences. I would like the public to know the fascinating story of Charles Francis Adams of the Erie road. I would like to put the original agreements which he for the first time presented to a startled nation. I would like to tell you the story of the New Haven road, of its wild finance, of railroad wreckers and of railroad organizers. If space permitted I would like to dwell with you upon the Union Pacific and the Southern Pacific and the New York Central, and I would like to point the moral from the story of all these privately owned railroads—the moral that every man today ought fully to understand. The tale of private management is a sordid and a wretched one, a wicked and cruel tale. It is the story of greed and avarice, of plunder and wrong and corruption.

I would not have you believe that all private management is of the sort which I have here condemned and to which I have here adverted. There are many railroads privately managed fairly, honorably and justly. I am not condemning, by what I have said, individuals at all. I would protect investors in legitimate railroad securities to the uttermost limit; and nothing better demonstrates how governmental action does protect the value of railroad

securities than the sudden and remarkable jump in all the railroad stocks on the twenty-seventh of December, 1917, when the President proclaimed the seizure of the roads. I have been condemning the system, the system which has made possible the wreckage and wrongs, the corruption and infamy, and the system has been painted so often, it is true, so frequently portrayed, that I have hesitated by specific instances to demonstrate what is now common knowledge of all Americans.

We have paid the price of private ownership. We have paid the price of private ownership in millions of acres of our best farm lands. We have paid the price in our forests, in our coal deposits, our lands gushing with oil. We have paid the price in building up overnight fabulous fortunes, used for the undoing of the state. We have paid the price in handicapping our own people, in distorting our public and our private economy, in corrupting our political life, and in tainting the very fountainhead of justice. We have paid the price of private ownership in this nation, and no matter what may be the attitude of any of us to-day, despite barriers or obstacles, the nation is marching straight to the goal of public ownership, and the people at last will come into their own.

After these months during which we have had governmental control and management, my views have not changed; and this despite the ineffective and inefficient present control and management. I decline to accept what we have witnessed of government management as at all decisive of the great principle involved.

Representative Champ Clark, of Missouri

Democrat

Speaker of the House in the Sixty-Fifth Congress

AS EVERYBODY'S desires me to do some forecasting as to what the Congress will do as to certain great problems now or soon to be pending for solution, I undertake the task with much diffidence and misgiving.

I have implicit faith that Congress will do what it thinks will promote the interest, the prosperity and happiness of the American people. With all its foibles, idiosyncrasies, hobbies, faults, that is what it invariably seeks to do and which it generally accomplishes, the vile slanders of its multitudinous maligners to the contrary notwithstanding.

1. The Congress will see to it that our soldiers in Europe, *i. e.*, the volunteers and draftees, are brought home and mustered out as soon as possible. They are in the formative period of life—the most precious period—and, really, every minute they spend in the Army in a time of peace is just so much subtracted from the best part of their lives. Of course with the Regulars and those who propose to make war their life business, it is quite different.

2. It is urged that a million or two of our soldiers should be kept over there for police duty—an utter absurdity. If, after we defeated the Germans for them, the Allies can not do the policing, let the policing be left undone. We want our young men to come home and begin their life work over again and the Congress will see to it that they do.

3. Congress must economize rigidly. It is a stupendous and most difficult stunt. During the war we spent money lavishly and sometimes extravagantly. Everything had to be done in a hurry, and in the excitement of the war there was little complaint; but we are now entering upon "the morning after," and when the taxpayers wake up to the fact that the interest upon our war debt will be three billions per annum, to which add another billion for annual ordinary expenses of government—no man will ever see annual ordinary expenses below a billion—and you have four billions of taxes annually—or forty dollars per capita for every man, woman and child betwixt the two seas—an enormous tax burden. When the average citizen begins to dig down into his pocket for the forty dollars for each member of his family, he will, as sure as a gun is made of iron, demand that appropriations be cut down to the bone. This is a homely and prosy subject, with no chance for rhetorical fireworks, but it demands the immediate and most serious consideration of the Congress.

4. There is nothing too good for our soldiers. It is our solemn duty to find not only employment for them, but homes also—especially farm homes—as far as is humanly possible. How? By draining swamp lands, by irrigating arid lands, by redeeming cut-over lands, by purchasing surplus lands, by erecting necessary public buildings, by building roads, by constructing ship-canal; for instance, there is enough overflowed land on the Mississippi and its tributaries alone—the richest a crow ever flew over—right in the heart of civilization, with churches, school-houses, railroads, etc., to make a state as big as Missouri which would support a population of twenty millions if cultivated as intensively as is Belgium or Holland. All these lands can be drained, irrigated, reclaimed by the Government and furnished to the soldiers on easy terms, thus killing two birds with one stone—giving them both employment and homes.

These are modest themes and may not appeal to the altruistic, but they are highly practical and are of immediate and pressing necessity—painfully pressing. The Farm Loan banks will aid materially in their solution.

5. Government ownership is of immense importance and needs our best thought, but can wait till the foregoing problems are solved.

6. No considerable body of our people are hankering after either free trade or another stake and rider tariff.

7. Ship subsidy is not desired by the majority.

8. A sufficient army, but not a military autocracy.

9. A navy adequate to our needs.

10. A complete overhauling of our revenue system.

11. Riddance of every supernumerary tax-eater upon Government pay-rolls.

12. Increase of our foreign trade, particularly with Central and South America—to give employment to our people at home and to our sailors on the high seas.

13. A budget system built on right lines.

14. Repeal as speedily as possible of all war legislation not needed in peace times.

These fourteen subjects constitute a stupendous program, but they must be considered and acted upon.

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Senator Hiram W. Johnson.

Representative John M. Baer, of North Dakota

First Non-Partisan elected to Congress

I BELIEVE the trouble with most of us Americans has been that we have wanted to get as much as we could and do as little as possible. The new test of Americanism is usefulness. The war demanded the essential service of every citizen; and in the problems of reconstruction, as in those of war, one hundred per cent. Americanism requires the suppression of industrial slackers and the elimination of uneconomical methods of supplying the sustenance of the people.

The greatest step Congress could take at the present time is to evolve a definite program of reconstruction. The first consideration should be given to the returned soldiers, the men who have preserved the opportunities in America and made our future possible. I believe that the Government should establish a system of selective demobilization. All the men who have served in the Army and Navy should be given the opportunity to sign a questionnaire. This would not be compulsory, but it would give the Government valuable information as to the occupation that each soldier desires to follow after he is discharged from the service.

Those who are still in the service should be supplied with information and self-help to prepare for the lines of industry which they desire to follow after being discharged. The Federal departments should furnish experts to aid in this vocational guidance of the soldiers. A careful adaptation of men to positions would forestall waste of man-power, a principle in harmony with advanced ideals of education and civilization.

May we not also hope that this principle may be so applied to our civilian population as to reduce the dislocations of the reconstruction period? The plain and imperative duty of Congress is at once to initiate the necessary steps to open the opportunities for employment of all workers in the United States who may face enforced idleness during the coming months of readjustment, otherwise we shall be menaced with the reappearance of the old tramp evil, perhaps in aggravated form. Therefore, Congress should direct and authorize the Committees on Labor, Interstate Commerce, Rivers and Harbors, Public Land, Post-office and Postroads and all other agencies of the Government, such as the Labor Department, Agricultural Department and

Commerce Department, to make an investigation and a survey of the possibilities of work for the unemployed in all branches of industry, either in public or private employment. All those government instrumentalities should be co-ordinated under one commission, which would have general supervision of all the reconstruction work. Then the soldiers should be released only so fast as this commission should be able to place them.

Owing to the heavy taxes which this Government will have to meet for many years to come—a taxation that will be ten-

Reclamation Service, and after those soldiers who possess the capacity necessary for the proper discharge of such duties are absorbed, the Government could employ other citizens who are out of work. Congress should immediately act on this problem of providing farm land for the returning soldiers. We must find land. Perhaps the state governments would co-operate with the Federal Government to create new tax laws to force large owners of land to liquidate their holdings. Speculators have monopolized large tracts. This idle land should be taxed so that the

owners would make it productive or be forced to dispose of it. Many of the Eastern states have large areas of undeveloped land which should be appraised and if possible bought by the Government at a fair price to make it available for people who actually desire to develop this great natural resource.

Along with the development of the farm communities a law should be passed by Congress to prevent gambling and speculation in the products of these farms by encouraging cooperative agencies dealing with the production and distribution. The general impression throughout the country

is that the farmers are getting rich, whereas the average farmer has been running behind. The pioneer settler in the West has faced hard conditions and difficult tasks. A great percentage of them become discouraged by the embarrassing conditions. Hundreds have left the farms to go back to the cities. The tendencies to leave the farm have been caused in large part by unfair control of the markets on the part of gamblers and speculators who reap exorbitant profits while the men who raise the products do not obtain, in many cases, the cost of production. The trend toward the cities decreases the production of the necessities of life, thereby increasing the cost of living. A further result is to throw a great oversupply of labor into the cities and thereby reduce the wage scale.

The greater percentage of the returned soldiers, as well as those who will be taken out of war industries, will look to the industries of the country for a livelihood. This is perhaps the greatest and most serious problem which we have to face. Hungry men looking for jobs will cause a critical industrial crisis in this country which must be met at once. Congress should immediately pass a new child labor law prohibiting every girl below eighteen years of age and every boy under sixteen years of age from working in factories or other industries. The tendency toward child labor in this country is appalling, especially since the Supreme Court has



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Representative John M. Baer, of North Dakota.

fold as heavy as any annual taxation during the years previous to the war—there is no question but what we shall have to increase production. The fundamental source of production is on the farms. Agriculture becomes therefore the basis for working out our national problems. Unfortunately, we have come to the end of the trail so far as our public lands are concerned. The public domain has gone. At the close of the Civil War we faced a situation somewhat similar to this period, but at that time the public domain offered opportunity to the homecoming soldiers. There was also a great deal of construction work, as this country was in the midst of an era of transcontinental railway building; and, furthermore, the rapid development of towns and cities naturally following the building of new railroads and the opening of vast areas of farming land, created demand for many sorts of activity.

From the Civil War up to '91, indeed, free land was the country's safety-valve for economic discontent. To-day, all the desirable land is "taken up," and we face consequently the great task of reclaiming vast areas of land in order to give something like the same opportunities to those soldiers who have fought for world-wide freedom.

In the development of these new lands all the men who served in the Army should have preference in employment upon projects constructed by the United States

declared unconstitutional the recent law passed by Congress. Many women over the age of eighteen should be taken out of industry to preserve their health and vitality. If such a law were enforced at once, it would greatly assist in opening up employment for idle men.

The day that peace came was a happy day. Every man and woman wanted peace; but in America many millions awakened on the morning after the celebration and began to worry about the possibility of losing their regular employment. The establishment of the United States Employment Service of the Department of Labor has been a great step gained by the war, and its duties should be increased instead of diminished. Congress should at once increase the appropriations so that this department can carry on this important work. It should become a department of human welfare. Justice does not demand equality of wealth, of ability or of strength, but equality of well-being and of opportunity and the right of each to obtain permanent employment and enjoy the full product of his own labor. We have a department at Washington to look after the welfare of pigs and cattle. Why not have a department to look after the welfare of human beings?

If I have been able to sense the wishes of the great majority of the people of this country, I believe they are in favor of the Government retaining absolute control of the railroads. Congress should pass a law at once to provide the government ownership of all means of transportation and communication. A law also should be passed to eliminate speculators who gamble in the necessities of life and to establish a system of distribution whereby the Government shall nationalize the terminal elevators, stock-yards, and all other natural monopolies in our system of distribution.

Finally, I believe that the American people are willing that Congress should eliminate partizanship, "pork" and sectionalism. The soldiers did not fight as Democrats nor Republicans, but as Americans. We should legislate as Americans and forget our factionalism and community interest.

Senator George E. Chamberlain, of Oregon

Democrat

Chairman of Committee on Military Affairs,
Sixty-fifth Congress

IN THE present unsettled state of affairs, when an armistice between the late belligerents has been signed and peace negotiations are about to be entered upon by their representatives, it is extremely difficult to outline a future military policy for the United States. It may be that such peace terms will be agreed upon that a safe and sane military policy under ordinary and normal conditions would not be suitable under the terms of such treaties as may be agreed upon. In discussing the subject of a proper military policy for the United States, then, it is well to have in mind normal conditions rather than any unusual conditions that may grow out of adjustments between countries which were so recently at war. It is highly probable that peace will follow as a result of the conference about to be entered upon, yet

it is by no means certain. To the ordinarily prudent man, it seems unwise to demobilize at once all of the Army now in Europe or that in the United States, or to undo the work done in industrial and commercial life to place a peace-loving people upon a war-time footing. Let the *status quo*, therefore, be maintained to a large degree, at least until the terms of peace have been fully decided upon.

Assuming that when the Peace conference has concluded its deliberations and a program is agreed upon that forebodes a permanent peace, just to all of the belligerents, and that thereupon our country and all other signatories may feel it entirely safe to bend their efforts to a restoration of normal pre-war conditions, what ought to be our future military policy?

It goes without saying that the people of America will not stand for a large standing army, nor will such, or any considerable army be necessary, provided only a safe and sane policy of raising one in an emergency is adopted. It must not be forgotten that practically all of the legislation which has enabled America to place in the field the finest and most democratic army in the world is temporary in character and expires by limitation when the existing emergency ends, or within a reasonable time after the proclamation of peace.

Little, if any, new legislation will be necessary to adjust the Regular Army to a peace basis, for this can be done under the National Defense Act of 1916.

If the President concludes to maintain an army of one hundred and fifty thousand men or more, under the act referred to, how shall it be supplemented in case another emergency arises which will require the creation of a new force? There is no legislation that authorizes it. Shall we wait until such an emergency places the country in jeopardy, as was the situation prior to the declaration of war on the sixth of April, 1917, or shall we provide a source from which an adequate army, whatever its size may be, may be supplemented, and an organization, too, which is as suitable for peace as for war times?

There is only one way in times of peace to do this, and that is by the enactment of a law which will provide for universal and compulsory military training of the young men of America between certain ages, preferably, perhaps, between the ages of eighteen and thirty-one, these being the age limits fixed by an almost unanimous vote of Congress in the recent Selective Service legislation. By giving our boys, on or before they reach eighteen or nineteen years old, six to nine months' intensive military training, thus turning out annually, without interfering with the normal conditions of peace times, a half million or more men prepared for service, it will be necessary to maintain only enough standing troops to garrison our foreign possessions, man our fortifications, and preserve our arms.

But it may be asked, "What need to create a reservoir from which an army may be organized by training our young men? Why not, by some league of nations or other international arrangement, provide for disarmament or to enforce peace when any of the members of the league become recalcitrant?"

Such a league may do some good, but to many people the preservation of permanent peace by any plan yet proposed seems very like an iridescent dream. Notwithstanding such plans as are now being discussed for the preservation of peace, there will be wars as long as there is ambition, covetousness and greed in the human heart, and in the last analysis the nation is but the individual in concrete. It will, therefore, even in times of the most profound peace, be well to be prepared so that should it become necessary to organize an army, it can be done without a complete dislocation of social and economic life, and this is possible only through a system of military training of our young men. If it had been done in 1915, when the first measure for that purpose was introduced in Congress, it would have saved the necessity of expending billions of dollars in organizing an army such as was later organized, and in all probability would have ended the war at least six months or a year sooner than it was ended.

The matter of the age limits of young men who are to be trained and the length of time to be devoted to training in each year are matters of detail to be carefully worked out after the principle has once been established. But this war has taught us that technical and scientific branches of learning are absolutely essential to the safe conduct of war in modern times, and plans adopted ought to provide for some system of educating the young men along the necessary lines and thus supplement rather than interfere with the education which they are receiving at the schools and colleges. Aside from the military aspect of the subject, the instruction that young men would receive in camp and cantonment in sanitation, in discipline, and in physical development would be worth all that it would cost our Government to make physically fit the generations to come after us. It is a lamentable fact that a very large proportion of the young men who were examined for service under the Selective Service Law were found to be physically unfit for service by reason of easily preventable diseases contracted on account of a lack of knowledge of health protection and preservation. The lessons of obedience that are impressed upon the young men who undergo military training, whether in peace or in war times, they carry with them into the every-day affairs of life and become by reason thereof better citizens and better men.

In summarization, therefore, let us not undo all at once what, at very great expense, the Government has done in the last eighteen months. Let demobilization of the Army, as well as of our social and economic life, proceed cautiously and in order, so as not to disturb too suddenly conditions which have grown out of the war.

Let us maintain such an army after peace has been proclaimed as will make America safe from attack; and, last, but not least, let us teach the young men of the country, under a proper system of universal military training, that they owe a duty to the country for the protection they receive, and fit them for the duties of a soldier so that they may be called upon and successfully used to defend us against any danger that may assail us.

(Continued on page 78)

The UNCONQUERED

By Ben Ames Williams



Illustrated

by

C. B. Falls

Jacques Fontaine's first act was to assign six men to guard this banner.

THIS was in the first months after the war. The old Frenchman was still in uniform. His round-topped, gold-braided cap lay on the table at his elbow, beside the open box of cigarettes and the half-empty glass. The breast and the sleeve of his tunic bore testimony to his honorable service. He was a short man, a heavy man, with a large stomach and solid shoulders; and his head lurched forward in a leonine fashion. His eyes were blue; and his hair was thick and coarse and white as snow. He was in New York on some business of reconstruction. And while the other men had been exchanging reminiscences he had stared with thoughtful eyes at a large framed print upon the wall before him.

The print was a reproduction of a painting thoroughly familiar. It portrayed an old man, a man of middle age, a boy, a fife, a drum and a flag. And one who looked at it could feel the brush of the wind through the banner's waving folds and hear the scream of shrill, defiant piping in the air.

Hinchcliffe, who knew the Frenchman better than the others, observed this scrutiny, and asked a question softly.

The Frenchman smiled. "I was thinking, sir," he told Hinchcliffe, "that I have witnessed a scene like that in my time."

His words came in a little pause in the conversation of the others, so that they all heard, and waited for him to continue. And Hinchcliffe ventured to urge quietly: "Tell us."

The Frenchman lifted his hand in a de-

EVERYBODY'S is enthusiastic about this man. He knows how to tell stories, and he has them to tell. "The Unconquered" is the story of a regiment's soul—instinct with bravery and true patriotism. Next month we shall give you the first part of a two-installment serial by this author. "All the Brothers Were Valiant," it is called; an epic of the sea, full of adventure and passion, of noble character and fine issues. One of the best stories we've seen in a long time.

recating fashion; they insisted. He sipped at his glass and in the end nodded. Barton lighted a fresh cigar. Hinchcliffe shifted to a more comfortable position in his chair. Hughes beckoned the nearest attendant with a silent forefinger. The Frenchman began to speak. His tone was level and unemotional; his articulation was precise. Only an odd construction of sentences now and then betrayed his unfamiliarity with the tongue. His eyes were on the framed print upon the wall; they seemed to look through it and beyond.

IT WAS in the beginning—said the old Frenchman—one of those valorous and devoted regiments to which fall the hardest and most honorable tasks. The men came, for the most part, from the Argonne; they were rugged stock, men of the farms and of the hills. Simple and

direct. Good soldiers. And Frenchmen.

It chanced that when the war came, this regiment fought in its own homeland. The men knew every foot of the hills they defended, the ravines which they turned into death-traps, the forests through which they marched, the meadows where they skirmished. They knew this land, and, by the same token, they loved it. It was as though they had their roots in the soil. They could not be torn from it. They waited for the Germans at ten kilometers from the frontier—you remember, my friends, how we waited for them there so that they might not say we had provoked the conflict—and when the Germans came, this regiment stopped its immediate foe and held the Germans in their tracks.

At this time the French invasion toward Mülhausen was prospering; but at the same time the Germans were crushing Belgium and pouring through, so that they turned our flank and we were forced to go back. That was unpleasant, and for a little, at the very first, it was dangerous. But in a few days we were safely disengaged, and the enemy was exhausting himself to come up with us, and our counter-stroke was preparing.

But to give us time for this retreat and preparation, certain organizations had to be sacrificed. This regiment was one. It was ordered to stand firm, to hold. It held. The enemy attacked on the front and was repulsed; but on either side our lines gave way, and the second day saw the regiment attacked on the right flank and the left.

It was well posted, upon a hill that dominated two good roads, and it held.

But the Germans poured past them on either side; and in the press of more important matters to the southward, the work of overwhelming this regiment was delayed. A containing force was left to hold them, starve them. And the main battle swept away and left them stranded there.

The men had fought tirelessly; they were prepared to fight on and to die. But when it became apparent that the Germans did not propose to push matters, and when it became clear that another day would see hunger among them, the commander determined to strike. He had at this time some three hundred fit men of the regiment remaining. They were no longer of use where they stood. And the regiment was not accustomed to be idle.

Therefore that night, a little after midnight, when it was very dark and only the occasional flashes from the German positions illumined the blackness, the regiment attacked. They went down in three lines, a hundred men to a line, with their commander and their officers ahead, gentlemen. And they flung themselves upon the Germans.

The Germans were surprised. They had expected another day or two of waiting, and then an easy surrender. Instead, they found themselves beset by swarming enemies, stout men with long bayonets who sweated and swore and struck. The first charge of the French cut through the encircling lines; the remnant of the regiment might have escaped even then. But there had been no orders to escape, so they turned to right and left along the German positions and flung the huddled enemy back and back and back.

The word was passed that their commander had fallen; and this man—he was my very good friend and comrade, gentlemen—had been beloved by them. Therefore they continued to fight with bitterness in their hearts until the resistance melted before them. There may have been a thousand Germans left to hold this battered remnant of a regiment; but those who lived, out of that thousand, fled before the three hundred.

They fled and were lost in the night; and the flame from a

fired straw-stack illumined the field, so that the Frenchmen could look into each other's eyes and consider what was to be done.

Their commissioned officers were dead, gentlemen, but there was an under-officer in that regiment named Jacques Fontaine. He



For a week the men were hunted through the woods like hares.

was a big man, a farmer, and he was a very serious and practical and thrifty man. Also, he knew that country, and many of the men of the regiment were his neighbors, and all of them knew him for what he was.

Therefore it seemed natural that he should take the command that night. He called to a man named Lupec, and spoke with him. This Lupec was a little, wry-necked man, as shrewd as a fox. And Lupec advised Jacques Fontaine, and the big farmer shouted aloud to the panting men of the regiment, where they stood about him in the red trousers and the blue coats that had made our army so vulnerable in that first rush of war. He looked about him,

and he shouted to them.

He bade them strip cartridges and rifles from the dead; and he told them to take what provisions they could find. And when this was done, they were to scatter and rendezvous the next night but one in a certain ravine which all that country knew.

This ravine was in the heart of the forest. It was well hidden; it might be defended. There was water in it; and there were farms upon the borders of the forest where food might be had.

When, a little before dawn, a German force came back and descended upon them, the men melted before it like the morning mists before the sun; and the Germans did not know what to do, so they made camp and cooked and ate and slept. And the men of the regiment made their way, singly and by twos and threes, through the forest toward the ravine that was the rendezvous.

This spot was called in your tongue, gentlemen, the Ravine of the Cold Tooth.

NOW modern warfare, my friends, is a curious and inconsistent thing. It is vast, and yet it is minute.

This battered regiment, added to the French armies at the moment, would have been of small account. A burst of shrapnel, a mine, an unimportant counterthrust, might have accounted for them all. Their weight in an attack would have been inconsiderable.

But this regiment which did not know how to surrender, and which was at large behind the German lines, was another matter altogether. It was worth well-nigh a division to France. For an army is as vulnerable as it is vast, gentlemen; and it can do only one thing at a time.

The Emperor discovered this truth, long ago, in Spain. When he scattered his army to overcome the guerrillas, he exposed himself to the blows of the Iron Duke; and when he effected a concentration to attack Wellington, the Spanish peasants sliced off every straggler. He was incessantly harassed, and he lost that campaign; and that was his first defeat.

The warfare of to-day—or, let us say, the warfare of yesterday, which we hope will never be the warfare of to-morrow—the warfare of to-day is like that. The army's front is like the front of a dam, vast and impregnable; but behind, that front is bolstered and strengthened and buttressed by many little lines of communication and supply, just as a dam may be buttressed on the lower side. A division may shatter



When supplies ran short he foraged through the land and he raided the German trains.

itself in vain against the army's front; a hundred men may cut one of those little lines behind.

This was the fact which aided Jacques Fontaine and his men, the regiment.

You must understand, also, gentlemen, that in the heat of open battle a fighting line is an unstable thing. It sways and bends and yields and rebounds; and fragments are

cause a regiment is an idea, and ideas are eternal. Jacques Fontaine was a slow man, my friends; and you would have considered him a dull man. Nevertheless, this conception of the immortality of the regiment was a part of his heart and his soul. If you told him the regiment was destroyed, he would have been very sorry for your lack of understanding.

They had saved their regimental colors, the banner

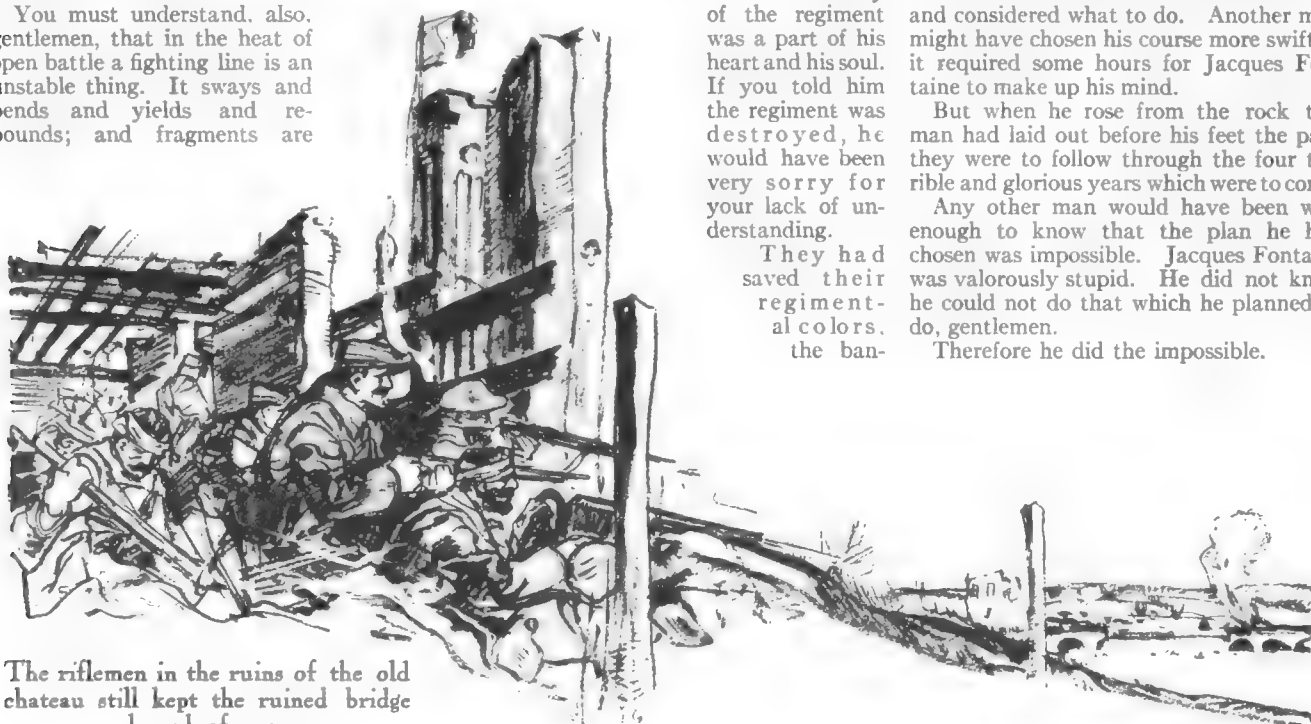
was wealthy in rifles and bayonets, it was very badly off indeed for cartridges.

He sat down on a big rock at the head of the ravine, while the men with little fires cooked supper in the deeps below him, and he took off his hat and scratched his head and considered what to do. Another man might have chosen his course more swiftly; it required some hours for Jacques Fontaine to make up his mind.

But when he rose from the rock this man had laid out before his feet the path they were to follow through the four terrible and glorious years which were to come.

Any other man would have been wise enough to know that the plan he had chosen was impossible. Jacques Fontaine was valorously stupid. He did not know he could not do that which he planned to do, gentlemen.

Therefore he did the impossible.



The riflemen in the ruins of the old chateau still kept the ruined bridge cleared of men.

broken off from it. They return to their places, or they do not return. At times the line itself is shattered, when it grows too thin. And when the line is shattered its component parts are thrown to every side. In open country these component parts, men—gentlemen—may be run down and sabered by the cavalry, or they may surrender.

In wooded land, however, it is hard to exterminate men who will yield to nothing less than extermination. Cavalry can work through the forest only in small patrols and along defined paths and roads. And for infantry, the currying of a wood is slow and painful work.

Therefore, when an army makes a considerable advance, it leaves in its rear many small and scattered parties of the enemy. It was so when the Germans thrust down into France, gentlemen. There were many Frenchmen left behind to wander and hide in the forest, to starve, or yield, or die. Or, perhaps, to survive.

This will explain to you, my friends, the growth of the regiment under Jacques Fontaine's command. When they scattered, after dispersing the German force which had been set to hold them, there were scarce a hundred of them without wounds. When they gathered at the Ravine of the Cold Tooth, straggling parties had swelled that number so that Jacques Fontaine, counting with his big forefinger pointing in turn toward each man and his lips mumbling as he counted, found that he had a force of two hundred and seven hardy and energetic men.

And he was pleased.

The first thing this man did, gentlemen, was to reconstitute the regiment. A regiment, you understand, is an immortal thing. It can not die. When every man of it is dead, the regiment still lives; be-

ner with its honorable decorations. They had saved this, and Jacques Fontaine's first act was to assign six men to guard this banner. He explained to them carefully that they were to seclude themselves. They were to engage in no enterprise involving hazard; and they were to keep the standard immaculate and unstained. They were to fight only to defend it; and they were to save it by evasion and flight when they could, and fight only when they must.

Jacques Fontaine understood, gentlemen, that the banner is the regiment.

When he had made this arrangement, he called Lupec, and they found a man skilled in writing, and they prepared a regimental roll. Those stragglers from other regiments who had joined them were mustered in after a formula which Jacques Fontaine devised. In the end, the two hundred and seven men were one body and one soul, and Jacques Fontaine was satisfied with the arrangement.

Having counted his men, he began, thriftily, to consider their equipment.

He found that these two hundred and seven men had two hundred and fifty-four rifles. A hundred or so of these rifles were German; and for these weapons there was a plentiful supply of German ammunition. But there were very few cartridges for the French rifles; there were only the long, needle-like bayonets.

Jacques Fontaine was vexed with this discovery. He was one of those penurious peasants whom De Maupassant knew how to paint, my friends. He could not bear poverty or waste. He derived a solid satisfaction from the mere possession of wealth; and his conception of wealth was strictly in accord with academic economic principles. Any useful article was wealth to him.

He perceived that while his command

The German armies at this time were throwing themselves against our barricade of steel and fire along the Marne; and by every possible avenue they were hurrying forward munitions and guns and all supplies. They gave little thought to the stragglers in the forests behind them. They knew that stragglers are not dangerous to an organized force. It is only when the stragglers organize that they become a peril.

Jacques Fontaine had organized these stragglers. At dawn, on the third day after that first rendezvous, he flung his men upon a wagon-train that threaded one of the forest roads.

This train was escorted by a troop of some fivescore Uhlans; it was upon a road which was guarded by patrols of three and four men stationed at every farm. Yet in a dip between two hills the single Uhlan in advance found his way blocked by felled trees in the road, and at the same time other trees, cut almost through and held erect by ropes until the appointed time, crashed down upon his comrades behind.

With the crashing of these trees was mingled the crashing discharge of two hundred rifles. And after the first discharge, out of a hundred troopers scarce twenty remained upon their horses; and after the second volley not five men were still unharmed. And after the third, there was only a single Uhlan galloping headlong back to give the alarm.

Before he was out of sight Jacques Fontaine and his men flung themselves upon the loaded wagons. The two foremost wagons bore cartridges. The men laid open the boxes with ax and bayonet, and they plunged in their hands.

It was hopeless to attempt to make away with the wagons themselves. Thick forest

lay on every hand. Therefore, by Jacques' order, each man took all the cartridges he could bear, and raced back into the wood and hid the precious things between rocks and beneath logs and in every cranny he could find; and when he had disposed of his burden he returned and took as many more as he could carry. The men filled their pockets, their belts, their pouches, their hats. Some of them dropped the cartridges inside the legs of their trousers, so that the things hung heavy about their knees. And when this was done, of the two wagon-loads, no cartridges remained.

The men took also the rifles and revolvers of the fallen Germans; and they stripped their own dead of weapons. And then they slipped into the forest, and scattered and fled away.

The hunt began within the hour; and for a week the men were hunted through the woods like hares. Dogs bayed upon their trails; they hid in caves, in trees, in the thick-growing underbrush; they lay for hours in the pools with only mouth and nose and eyes exposed above the water. And some of them were shot, and some were taken alive. And some took Germans with them when they died.

Lupec was one of those who were captured. On the fourth day, weary and utterly exhausted, he fell asleep in a crevice beneath two boulders, and a German stumbled on him. His captor took him, at gun-point, back through the forest toward a cross-road where the Germans were encamped.

When they came in sight of this place, his captor halted to stare, and Lupec also looked. The Germans were busy; they were engaged in hanging three Frenchmen by the neck to a beech-tree beside the farmhouse there.

Lupec had no desire to thrust his wry neck into a noose. Therefore he turned and plunged into the man who had captured him and knocked the man down. Even then he found time to snatch up the German's rifle and turn and fire; and he saw the German officer who was watching the hangings, pitch drunkenly forward on his saddle. So that Lupec was grinning as he plunged into the forest again.

He made good his escape; and thus he was able to bring to Jacques Fontaine, when the pursuit relaxed, the word of the hangings.

The big farmer was displeased with this news; because you understand, my friends, he had reconstituted the regiment, so that he considered that he and his comrades were soldiers of France, and as such entitled to better treatment than a noose. He frowned blackly at Lupec's report; and he sent out men to discover if there had been other hangings.

They found that eleven Frenchmen had been murdered in this fashion, gentlemen; and Fontaine nodded at this, and made a

calculation upon his fingers. He was slow at figures, you understand; but he knew what he wished to do. He made his calculation; and he sent out his men to the farms and the cross-roads, and he gave them careful orders.

They obeyed him so well, my friends, that on the second day after he was able to hang twenty-two Germans, two for each Frenchman, upon the same trees where the men of his regiment had been hung.

When the Germans discovered these pendent figures, looking like sacks of old clothes in their dirty, baggy uniforms, they were violently wrathful; and for two weeks more the forests were scoured in an effort to exterminate the remnants of the regiment.

They captured some; they killed some.

But there were no more Frenchmen hanging.

TO UNDERSTAND the history of the four years which followed, gentlemen, it is necessary to understand the man Jacques Fontaine; it is necessary to understand the spirit of Frenchmen. It is necessary, in short, to comprehend France.

I believe I may be forgiven for holding that valor is a trait of every Frenchman. And by valor I do not mean the bravery which can be taught, which is merely a

conquers them, so that they will die for it. Danton made a phrase that saved France. Verdun made another. Combine the two, my friends, and you have the spirit of France. Dare—and yield not. The valor of France is the valor that will die rather than violate those mighty phrases.

Thus I say Jacques Fontaine was valorous. Bravery is a more tangible thing; valor defends the intangible. Bravery is steadfast, and it is sensible. Valor may be foolhardy. Valor is a form of pride. And Jacques Fontaine was proud. Thus, when the Germans hanged men of the regiment, he hanged Germans. He would have done the same knowing that he himself must be hanged forthwith thereafter. For valor does not consider consequences.

But Jacques Fontaine was not only valorous; he was thrifty. And it was the combination of these two characteristics that enabled him to survive. It is this same combination which has enabled France to survive, my friends. She is valorous; but she is thrifty. She is audacious; but she is preeminently logical. Thus Jacques Fontaine; valorous and thrifty, audacious and logical.

Thrift was bred in him. It was thrift which enabled him to live and to keep his regiment alive. He saved supplies, munitions, guns, men. He had no other belongings save the things of war; therefore he hoarded these things, and when his stores ran short he secured fresh supplies.

When supplies ran short, he foraged through the land and he raided the German trains. When munitions threatened to fail, he watched his opportunity to replenish them. When guns wore out, he got new ones. And when the wastage of these operations, the unceasing perils of this life, reduced the number in his command, he attacked and liberated a convoy of prisoners, and thus recruited his regiment once more.

Through it all he kept careful records of the regimental life. These records show that at one time this man and his tattered remnant of a regiment possessed three German machine-guns, four hundred rifles, and almost fifty thousand cartridges, besides clothing and stores of food, all hidden in caches in the forest depths.

It was inevitable that he should be hunted. There were at least four determined attempts by the Germans to exterminate the regiment. One of these

occupied six weeks it cut the roll from a hundred and eighty men down to less than sixty; it reduced

weapons and supplies to a minimum; and for the full six weeks the men saw each

other only now and then, in groups of two or three. For this was the secret of their survival, they scattered before the hunt; they became units, as difficult to find as the beasts of the forest in which they dwelt.

Yet always they survived. That is to say, a nucleus of men always survived; and the regiment could never die. The regimental colors were never captured; the regimental records were never found. And Jacques Fontaine and Lupec and a handful of others of the original regiment

(Continued on page 66)



As they came toward us we could hear them singing.

form of habit. You may take the most craven material and teach it the habit of obedience and have what passes for a brave soldier; but the Frenchman is valorous before he is a soldier, and he is valorous when he is no longer a soldier. The whining beggar has valor; so has the peasant and the comfortable bourgeois and the man of birth and breeding. You will find it universally, my friends.

This is perhaps because the French are the great phrase-makers of the world. The turn of a phrase comes easily to them; and the turn of a phrase captivates and

Our "Aliens"—Were They Loyal or Disloyal?

By George Creel

Chairman of the Committee on Public Information

Cartoons by C. R. Weed

EDITORS' NOTE—This is the second of three articles by the Chairman of the Committee on Public Information. EVERYBODY'S asked Mr. Creel to write—not on certain subjects chosen in editorial council, but whatever he had to say about phases of the war as seen from his office in Washington. The findings and the conclusions are Mr. Creel's. In this article he presents the results of his observation on the loyalty of the foreign-language groups in America. Whether you agree with them or not, Mr. Creel's place of authority gives his opinions remarkable interest. The third article, in April, will contain his views on "The American Press in War Time."

THERE is a certain sect in America that, for lack of a more forceful epithet, may be termed "Americanizers."

It was particularly active in the months that followed April, 1917. With the passion for minding other people's business that is the distinguishing mark of the sect, some of its disciples descended upon the humble tenement home of a Bohemian family in Chicago during the first summer of war.

"We are here," the spokesman announced impressively, "in the interests of Americanization."

"I'm sorry," faltered the woman of the house, "but you'll have to come back next week."

"What!" The cry was a choice compound of protest and reproach. "You mean that you have no time for our message! That you want to put off your entrance into American life?"

"No, no!" The poor Bohemian woman fell straightway into a panic, for not even a policeman has the austere authoritativeness of those who elect themselves to be light-bringers. "We're perfectly willing to be Americanized. Why, we never turn any of them away. But there's nobody home but me. All the boys volunteered, my man's working on munitions, and all the rest are out selling Liberty Bonds. I don't want you to get mad, but can't you come back next week?"

This incident, true as gospel even if anecdotal, serves the purpose of volumes in setting forth accurately the war attitudes of both native born and immigrant aliens. On the part of the native American there was often a firm conviction that our declaration of war carried an instant knowledge of English with it



part of the overwhelming majority of aliens there was an almost passionate desire to serve America that was impeded at every turn by the meannesses of chauvinism and the brutalities of prejudice, as well as the short-sightedness of ignorance.

Yet as long as history is read it will stand as a monument to the democratic experiment that in an hour of confusion and hysteria the American theory of unity stood the iron test of practise. For the most part, those of foreign birth or descent kept the faith in spite of every bitterness—the great mass of the native population held to justice in spite of every incitement to hatred and persecution. And out of the test emerged an America triumphant, strengthened and unstained!

Speaking in terms of percentage, the amount of actual disloyalty was not large enough even to speck the shining patriotism of the millions of Americans that we refer to as "adopted." Nothing in the world was ever so smashed by developments as all those pre-war apprehensions that filled us with gloom. Who does not remember the fears of "wholesale disloyalty" that shook us daily? There were to be "revolutions" in Milwaukee, St. Louis, Cincinnati; armed uprisings here, there and everywhere; small armies herding thousands of rebellious enemy aliens into huge internment camps; incendiarism, sabotage, explosions, murder, domestic riot. No imagination was too meager to paint a picture

and that all who persisted in speaking any other tongue after April 6, 1917, were either actual or potential "disloyalists," objects of merited suspicion and distrust; on the

of America's adopted children turning faces of hatred to the motherland.

The President went before Congress, a state of war was accepted formally, and

even as one army gathered in the cantonments, another went out over the land to watch, to search, to listen. The Department of Justice had already in the field a large, intelligent, and well-trained organization; there was also the Secret Service of the Treasury Department, and into being swiftly sprang Military Intelligence, Naval Intelligence, Shipping Board Intelligence, etc., etc.; and, by way of climax, the American Protective League, an organization of *two hundred and fifty thousand* "citizen volunteers" formed with the sanction of the Attorney-General and operating under the direction of the Bureau of Investigation.

Never was a country so thoroughly contra-espionaged! Not a pin dropped in the home of any one with a foreign name but that it rang like thunder on the inner ear of some listening sleuth! And with what result?

A scientific system of registration, prescribed by law, revealed that there were about five hundred thousand German "enemy aliens" living in the United States, and between three and four million "Austro-Hungarian enemy aliens." These figures, as a matter of course, did not include the millions of naturalized citizens, or the sons and daughters of such millions. Out of this large number just *six thousand* were adjudged sufficiently disaffected to be detained under Presidential warrants! Even a percentage of these, as a matter of common sense and justice, were eventually released from the army internment camps under a strict parole system.

As for criminal prosecutions, one thousand five hundred and thirty-two persons were arrested under the provisions of the Espionage Act prohibiting disloyal utterance, propaganda, etc.; sixty-five persons for threats against the President; ten persons for sabotage, and under the penal code, with relation to conspiracy, nine hundred and eight indictments were returned, the last group including the I. W. W. cases. Even this does not spell guilt in every instance, for there have been acquittals as



Foreigners!

well as convictions, and many trials are yet to be held.

With full allowance for flagrant cases of intrigue and treachery; for the disloyalists that may have escaped the meshes of even so fine a net; for the disloyalty that can not be measured in terms of jail and indictment—taken all in all, no belligerent country, not even those invaded, made as good a record of unity and loyalty.

After all the hubbub about "rebellion," "armed uprisings," "monster internment camps," etc., the showing was, to put it plainly, rather disappointing. In all of us there is a certain savage something that thrills to the Man Hunt. People generally, and the press particularly, were

keyed up to a "spy" pitch, an excited distrust of our foreign population, and a percentage of editors and politicians were eager for a campaign of "hate" at home.

There is a simplicity about hate that makes it peculiarly attractive to a certain type of mind. It makes

no demand on the mental processes, it

does not require reading or thinking, estimate or analysis, and by reason of its instant removal of every doubt, it gives an effect of decision, a sense of well-being. When the facts developed by the investigatory branches of government failed

to provide sound foundation for a "hate campaign," these editors, politicians and whatnot commenced to build a little foundation of their own. Officials were arraigned for inefficiency and spinelessness, "firing-squads" were demanded with frequency and passion, and fake after fake was sprung, many of them laughable but for their appeals to preju-

dice and hysteria.

Take just one typical instance out of many: A man whose name need not be mentioned was arrested in December, 1917, and on the heels of his arrest these exaggerations were printed in rapid succession: that he was a former German officer of high rank; that he was a master spy known to have been in communication with Bernstorff, Boy-Ed and other high German officers prior to our declaration of war; that he arrived in this country on the submarine *U-53*; that after the commencement of the European War he went back to Germany and later returned to the United States; that at times he disguised himself in the uniform of an American Army officer; that he was



Never was a country so thoroughly contra-espionaged.

arrested while in the act of lighting a fuse or match for an American Army magazine; that a number of men were known to have been employed in his spy machinations; that money was advanced to him by the German spy system, etc. As a matter of fact, all the investigators and investigations failed to prove anything more than that he was a German reservist, in this country since 1910, and a poor sort, unable to hold any job long.

Hundreds of similar "fakes" went their frenzied round; arousing office-seekers and editors to wilder demands and stirring up prejudice against all Americans with foreign names.

Every fire, every explosion in a munition-plant, every accident on land or sea, was straightway credited to the "spy system"; if the cut in a child's hand didn't heal quickly, then the "Germans" had put germs in all the court-plaster; if any experiment in submarine or aircraft factory failed, it was undoubtedly because the "spies" had tampered with delicate mechanism or dropped acid on the wires; if a woman's headache didn't yield to remedies, then the "Germans" had "doped" the particular pill or powder. I am not saying that none of these things happened; but what happened was out of all proportion to the dimensions of the mad rumors that swept the country; yet through it all the great, splendid majority of America's "aliens" stood fast, discharging their full duty to the United States in a manner that shamed the patriotism of many an heir to the traditions of Plymouth Rock.

In the year and a half of my chairmanship of the Committee on Public Information, a stream of people poured through the office daily of all colors, creeds, and races; and out of that nightmare of solicitation, selfish purposes, and personal aggrandizements, I can recall with gratitude that never once did any foreign-born American come to me for any other purpose than an offer of service to the United States or some plan of sacrifice. When it comes to motives, of course, I am unable to estimate the possible weight of caution or fear; but the mere fact is too significant to be negligible.

Among the six thousand people interned were many Germans as full of disloyalty as an adder is full of venom. There are Germans, Austrians, and Hungarians in the United States not interned, who hide disloyalty in their hearts; nor may it be denied that there is still a great work to do among the German population to burn away entirely the last traces of *Deutschum*. But against this minority must be balanced an overwhelming majority of Germans who offered their lives to cleanse the honor stained by the treachery and ingratitude of others.

It is estimated by military authorities that from ten to fifteen per cent. of the American Expeditionary Forces were men of German birth or origin. How they conducted themselves in the firing-line was told by Charles H. Grasty, writing in the *New York Times* of September fifth:

"From what I have seen of this war I have become convinced that we can trust all the various new elements in our population as fully as those of Revolutionary stock. I have heard of one whole company in another division where German was the language spoken. Not a single case of disloyalty, not one of treason—in a round way perhaps every fourth name in the ranks is German. We have no better soldiers."

Mr. Frank A. Smith, writing in the *Chicago Tribune*, also gave testimony:

"An officer of an American Division, questioned why this particular division had shown such eagerness to fight, answered: 'Well, you see, this unit consists of forty-one per cent. Americans of German descent. And all of them are volunteers.'"



Germans in the court-plaster!

There is, however, no need to call upon individuals, for in the imperishable records of the War Department, Americans of foreign birth and descent have written the story of their valor on every page. In the list of those cited for distinguished service by General Pershing, nothing is more significant than the fact that name after name betokens other than native origin. Here are a few illustrative samples:

Private Shimanski: "Having entered a cellar to install a telephone, he was attacked by eleven of the enemy, of whom he killed two and took nine prisoners, single-handed."

Lieutenant Kuehlman, Field Engineers: "Sent on night of August fifth-sixth to make a reconnaissance of all possible means of crossing the River Vesle, near Fismes, France. It had been reported that the Germans had all retreated from the south bank of the river, but he found that such was not the case; they were there in force; nevertheless, such was his bravery and de-

termination that he crossed into and through the German lines, made a full reconnaissance, and returned with his report."

First Lieutenant Frank Baer, S. R. C. pilot, 103d Aero Pursuit Squadron: "For the following repeated acts of extraordinary heroism in action, April 5, 12 and 13, May 8 and 21, 1918, Lieutenant Baer is awarded a bronze oak leaf to be worn on the Distinguished Service Cross awarded him April 12, 1918. Lieutenant Baer brought down enemy planes on April 5, April 12, and on April 21, 1918. On May 4, 1918, he destroyed two German machines and on May 21 he destroyed his eighth enemy plane."

Private Bernard Schulteis: "When the infantry was advancing in a position exposed to cross-fire, volunteered and carried a message to advancing troops, informing them that the machine-gun barrage laid down on the enemy emplacements was friendly fire from a unit not in their support and acting without orders to cover their advance. He delivered the message, returned across an open field swept by enemy machine guns, and thereby made it possible for the infantry unit to advance four hundred meters and gain its objective."

Sergeant John Blohm: "From a shell hole in which he had taken shelter while returning from a successful daylight patrol across the Vesle River, Sergeant Blohm saw a corporal of his patrol dragging himself through the grass and bleeding profusely from a wound in his neck. He unhesitatingly left his shelter, carried the corporal behind a tree near the river bank, dressed his wounds, and using boughs from a fallen tree as an improvised raft, towed the injured man across the river and carried him two hundred yards over an open field to the American outpost line, all under continuous rifle and machine-gun fire."

The Distinguished Service Cross went posthumously to the following: Sergeant L. W. Pilcher, Corporal R. McC. Fischer, Corporal Charles Auer, Corporal V. M. Schwab, Sergeant Bernard Werner.

We shall not in our time get over the loathing the Huns bred in us by four long years of savagery, followed instantly by a "yellowness" almost as revolting as their *Schrecklichkeit*. The very name "German" will be abhorrent to us, and dislikes and distrusts will continue inevitably; we shall constantly be tempted not to discriminate. But our domestic problem—our relations to our "aliens"—will be helped immeasurably if we keep the D. S. C. list in mind.

As it was with our German born, so it was in even larger degree with all the other foreign elements in our population.

Throughout its existence, the Committee on Public Information maintained intimate contact with over twenty foreign-language groups, and while this contact had its tremendous depression, there were

(Continued on page 70)



My Memories of Vernon Castle

By Irene Castle

IN HIS life, Vernon Castle was, to most of us, merely the master of our lighter hours. We little knew, we little cared, about the real man who lived behind the dancer's mask. And when he gave his life for a deeper cause, we did not understand.

AFTER a bad fall in France, Vernon was sent to Camp Mohawk, Deseronto, Canada, as an instructor in the Royal Flying Corps. The fall in France was about one thousand feet, but the machine landed in some barbed-wire entanglements, which held it. He received only some slight scratches on his face.

During his instructing days in Canada he and one of his pupils who was flying the machine from the front seat, fell about five hundred feet on to the roof of a hangar where the nose of the machine jammed and stuck. They had just started up when the cadet lost control and there was not time for Vernon to right the machine before they struck the roof. While still in the air he tried to move the levers, but his pupil, probably through fright, held them rigid, and the fall could not be averted. The wings of the broken machine closed round the cadet in the front seat and Ver-



Vernon Castle was always ready to amuse.

This is the last instalment of what has been an inspiring revelation of the man, by one who knew him best, from the days of their first meeting, their early struggles in Paris, their successes in Europe and here, down to the time when the dancer answered the greater call.

non believed that he was unconscious when they struck the roof, for he could get no answer from him. Unstrapping himself, Vernon stepped out on the roof and tried to get the boy's body out, but just then the gasoline tank exploded and the entire machine fell through the roof in a mass of flames.

Some of the officers who were there at the time have told me that it was necessary to hold Vernon back as he was determined to save his student. He was so unstrung by the accident that he was sent home for a short leave. When he went back to instructing again he always sat in the front seat.

In this unsentimental business of war, the instructor, whose life is supposed for military reasons to be worth more than that of the student he is teaching, is supposed to occupy the second or safer seat. Time and again in airplane accidents, the man in front is killed, and the man in the second seat is only slightly injured,



The Castles were both lovers of horses.

often not at all. When a plane falls, the engine being the heaviest part of the machine reaches the ground first and usually burrows into it. But Vernon wished to give his pupils greater confidence and until his last flight—he was killed while riding in the front seat—he always held to the determination he formed that day at Camp Mohawk when his pupil was killed.

Vernon did not particularly enjoy the work of an instructor. It enabled him to be near home and he could have his dogs and his monkey, Jeffrey, with him, but the job really worried him and gave him more cares and responsibilities than he had had at the front. Then, too, the rush in an aviation camp is very great. Modern warfare demands so many flyers and they must be turned out quickly. When Vernon was at Camp Mohawk he was supposed to turn out forty students a month. As the personnel was, for one reason or another, changing constantly, many more than forty would come under his instruction during the course of a month.

With the 84th Royal Flying Corps Squadron, Vernon, along with Lord Wellesley, went to Benbrook Field near Fort Worth, Texas. This was to be the winter quarters of the Flying Corps. Here his work as an instructor went on. And here he gained in popularity with the men. Aviators down there have told me that he was by far the most popular of the flight commanders. He was always considerate of the men; he knew, as few others knew, that the life of an aviation cadet is a miserable one, and he was always willing to give his services as an entertainer to lighten the routine of the camp. If the wife of a student aviator was coming to Fort Worth, it was Captain Castle who met her in his car because the student could not get leave.

His stunt flying was the admiration of every one at Camp Benbrook. Every evening at sunset he would fly eight thousand feet up, and his plane, silhouetted against the sky—at times barely visible, had a grace and a rhythm which few other flyers seemed to acquire. It was said that when he was in the air flying alone, none on the ground needed to ask who was up. With all the brilliancy of his own flying, he was a good instructor. He tried at the earliest moment to interest and encourage his pupil. At times he would be discouraging and tell the student that he could never fly and that he had better go into the Infantry or the Tank Service. Of course after that the boy tried his best to please his instructor. In the air he was never quick to take away the control from his student. He was there him-

self to give all and to risk all. He knew no fear and the men knew that he would not ask them to do things that he would not gladly do himself.

Among his students were men who learned to fly quickly, and men who could be trusted in the air alone after they had had a few lessons in the discouraging encouragement with which he began his instruction.

The boys who go into the aviation are so anxious to learn and so eager to be up in the air that time hangs rather heavily upon their hands. Thus it is that the life of the cadet is rather a miserable one. There are never, in these days when flyers must be turned out quickly and in great numbers, enough planes for the individual to get much time each day in the air. Hence Vernon's ability to entertain was so often requisitioned. He thought up many skits and sketches. He wrote parodies of popular songs and always his aim was to depict the plight of the cadet. Before he started he had his audience with him. In all these entertainments he elected to play the part of the cadet himself. When he appeared before the men as a performer he never wore the insignia of an officer. Often he went outside the camp to appear at charity, Red Cross or Loan Drive performances. Around Fort Worth he and his motor-cars were familiar figures.

Small wonder, then, that the day he died and the first Sunday were complete "wash-outs" at Camp Benbrook. In aviation parlance a "washout" is a day on which



"It had been long since we had danced our old dances together."

Original from

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

planes are not sent up. That there were two washouts occasioned by Vernon's death was a beautiful tribute to him, for where so many flyers must be trained, a washout is a rarity.

Beside the greater chance of fatality in riding in the front seat of an airplane, there is another disadvantage in that it is more difficult to see. On that day in mid-February, Vernon and a pupil, an American student who had enlisted in the Royal Flying Corps, were just about to land. Just a few feet ahead of them another training-plane rose rapidly. Vernon undertook what is known as an Immelmann turn. It is, I believe, a combination turn and twist, named after Lieutenant Immelmann, a German aviator, who was himself brought down by an Allied aviator. Vernon's plane was only fifty feet from the ground; either it failed to respond or because of the nearness to the ground there was not room to make so difficult a maneuver. In any event, it crashed nose downward and Vernon was killed.

Those who saw this last flight of Captain Castle seem convinced that it was a beautiful attempt to do that which was almost impossible. Also they agree that so clever and experienced a flyer was conscious that he could not make the turn in safety. It showed beautiful and quick-witted management of a plane. The student was unharmed and Vernon paid unhesitatingly with his life. His death was instantaneous, and in death he was practically unmarred. His fellow officers lifted him out of the ruined plane and the camp mourned and paid tribute to one who was missed and praised and whose cleverness was so much admired.

The next day his casket, wrapped in flags and resting on a gun-carriage, was drawn to the station at Fort Worth, while with muffled drums and reversed arms, his brothers, officers and men, marched in saddened silence. As the train drew away, Victor Dodd, his devoted servant, who had joined the Royal Flying Corps to be near him, stood at attention, alone at the end of the platform until the last coach disappeared from sight. As he wrote me, "So passed for the last time one I had loved in life and love in death. I will miss him here; God grant I meet him There."

And little Jeffrey, Vernon's favorite pet, listening to each footstep, waited for him to come back to his quarters.

Hundreds of letters, telegrams and messages of sympathy reached me. The public and many prominent persons were eager to pay tribute to him.

He was a man, take him for all in all.
I shall not look upon his like again.

Few careers have from the point of view of those who have had them been so contented and happy. Vernon enjoyed life and he made others happy by his deeds of thoughtfulness. As a professional performer he was one who never lost the enthusiasm for his work. A night in the theatre was never a chore. In entertaining people he was himself entertained. He greatly influenced modern dancing; he taught many people and all the time he never lost the freshness and enthusiasm of those days when we won our first success in Paris. I'd like to quote from an editorial comment in the *Christian Science Monitor*. This appeared shortly after Vernon's death at Camp Benbrook, and though it con-



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The Castles in the early days of their career.

tains some praise for me as well as for Vernon, I think I may be pardoned for inserting it here:

The Castles showed and taught people of two continents how modern dances ought to be danced. They eliminated vulgarity and replaced it with refinement. They restored poetry to motion. Multitudes of people who had no time to waste upon ordinary dancing, as participants or spectators, took kindly, and even enthusiastically, to their dancing exhibitions and instructions. Little by little the Castles changed the atmosphere of the dance hall. Little by little, too, they made it possible for discriminating people to witness, with some degree of pleasure, stage and screen dancing. Unconsciously perhaps, because with all their popularity and success they remained as modest as they were unaffected, the two achieved a notable social reform.

Dancing was running down to the depths when they first came upon the scene, and before the war separated them, they had reversed the current. The Castles furnished an illustration of the good that may be accomplished in a calling if the effort is rightly and skilfully directed.

Vernon Castle, when his native country called, threw aside a profession that assured him a larger income than is enjoyed by the President of the United States, and took his place with the colors. His wife, without hesitation, had consented to his enlistment. He won a captaincy in the Royal Flying Corps, and her pride in him increased. The fact that he was entrusted with the task of teaching aviation, proved that he was as capable as a flyer as he had been as a dancer. His final display of heroism the other day, justified all the admiration that ever went out to him in another calling. It revealed behind the dancer and the aviator, the man.

The war changed Vernon and many of his ideas. When he first arrived in France he wrote me:

The only thing I miss is music and theatres and suppers, and well-dressed women and horses and motors and dogs, etc. We have everything here in the way of dust, guns and airplanes.

Late in his career as an aviator he wrote:

Oh, I want to get back to you so badly. I shouldn't care if we didn't have a penny. I don't want any extravagant things any more. If the war could only end this winter, but I don't see how it can, and I am here to see it through and to take my chances with the rest.

Though facing danger himself at every turn, he was most consistently and thoughtfully considerate of the work I was doing. He feared to have me go up in an airplane in motion-picture work. From France he wrote:

DARLING: Do be careful in your picture. Falling off a horse while it is running is no easy job and should be done by a double. And the man who is to take you up in a hydroplane. Who is he? And how much flying has he done? And what is the machine. For God's sake don't go up with some dub, who has only just taken out his pilot's license. Insist, please, darling, on having an experienced pilot who has done at least one hundred hours in the air. You know if anything happened to you through any one's carelessness, I'd come home to shoot him dead. I'm not thinking for a moment of your getting killed, but you might easily be hurt or maimed, by those fool picture people who are always trying to get a thrill.

I like, too, another letter that he wrote me from France; it shows thoughtfulness for me, but the greater consideration, at least so it seems to me, for the men:

I am so excited about your new clothes, sweetheart. I am so awfully, awfully proud of you. I am so glad you bought yourself some pearls. How I wish that I might have bought them for you! I shall some day, but not this Christmas. I am going to try to give the chaps here as merry a Christmas as I can. I shall get a tree and there will be lights. Will you send me one of those electric sets with colored lamps? Just a small one. A week before Christmas I shall keep back all packages which come by post so they can't open them till Christmas morning. I shall think of you a lot that day, but I sha'n't be sad.

Vernon's funeral in New York was at the Little Church Around the Corner—that little haven in Twenty-ninth Street, which has been such a solace to the theatrical profession. The streets were lined with people, the windows choked with faces and the police had to be called upon to keep the street near the church partly cleared. Inside were many of those Vernon had loved—his friends, people he had taught to dance, professionals with whom



Iron L. Hill's Studio.

Captain Castle shortly before his death.



A photograph showing the scene of Vernon Castle's crash.

he had appeared, chance acquaintances, stage-door keepers, scene-shifters and waiters in cafés and restaurants. Buddy, the drummer, who had taught Vernon to drum, and other colored musicians from our own restaurant, were there, overcome with grief.

The service was short, solemn and simple as he would have wished it. His Royal Flying Corps cap seemed so small as it rested there on his coffin which was draped in the Union Jack and the Royal Flying Corps flag. Eight men from the Corps carried his coffin from the church and behind it walked the British officers,

several dear and personal friends and his brother-in-law, Lawrence Grossmith.

And this, then, was the end of a career which went from acting and dancing to the battle-field and then cheerfully to the task of instructor in a training-camp. A teacher always, even when a fighter, and a man born to inspire others. Though at times impatient with his task of teaching, he never failed to gain his pupil's confidence and to instill in him the desire to do well the thing in hand. Vernon himself learned quickly and wholeheartedly, whether it was a game, a new step or a flying turn. His own quickness, however, never caused him to be annoyed at a beginner's stupidity. There are none of his students in aviation who are not willing to admit that he was a wonderful instructor and ready and eager to praise and to encourage where praise and encouragement were due.

His was a nature full of sunny contrasts just as his career was full of dramatic contrasts. When it was all done and the tribute of the thousands had been paid to him, he himself in his will, it so seems to me and to many others who have read it, revealed a beautiful side of his nature. His will is phrased in human tenderness, unusual I am told, in such documents. I glory in the affection that it expresses for me.

Vernon danced in Fort Worth and at the Country Club near there just before the accident on Benbrook Field. Our last dance together was while he was instructing up at Camp Mohawk, Canada. He had been given permission to come to New York especially to dance with me at a British Recruiting Benefit which was held at the New York Hippodrome. Because of the nature of the occasion he had been given permission to dance in uniform. He wore his dark-blue dress-uniform and I a little red-

braided blue jacket with a Scotch cap. It had been long since we had danced our old dances together and it had been necessary the day before to work quite hard in brushing up. I had expected that Vernon would have forgotten altogether a lot of the steps or that he would be a little stiff from lack of practise, but on the night of the benefit, he danced divinely.

At the close of the performance many beautiful flowers were handed to us over the footlights. We bowed and bowed again our thanks. In the wings, Vernon nervously kissed my hand and there were tears in his eyes. I wonder if he guessed. We had danced our last dance, and the last ring of applause for us was still.

The world had been very good to us. We had lived well and lavishly because of that same applause. Together we tasted success, fame and money. Thank God that at no time during that night did I dream it was the end.



"If Ever a Sorrow Takes Ye—"

By Ruth Sawyer

Author of "Seven Miles to Arden"

Illustrated by Oliver Herford

BECAUSE she had died, the world had become for him a place of dead things. The breath of life had suddenly gone out of life itself as it had gone from her.

The past had become an accumulation of dead memories; the future was haunted with dead hopes and ambitions; the present, with dead, dreary facts.

He slipped out of the house that had been theirs to try and lose himself among the other human phantoms that passed and repassed on the Avenue; he imagined them as purposeless as himself. For days there had been no motive to his comings and goings other than an unformulated desire for motion and the need of keeping from those more distant members of his family who seemed strangely disposed to pity him and make him remember. Pity! His sorrow was too colossal for pity to touch.

Crossing the street, habit halted him for an instant on the curb and he looked back as if he almost expected to see a figure behind the curtains in an upper room, and to catch the wave of a white hand. He blinked stupidly at the half-drawn shades and stumbled up the Avenue. He could remember he had stopped there to curse the house that had been theirs. He had cursed every foot of the gray stone walls, and the builder who had made them, and the God who had made the builder. What were walls—and the builder of walls—and the God back of them—if all combined they could not hold fast against death? He had scoffed as well as cursed at their utter futility; now he smiled feebly at the futility of his curses. He had sworn, too, that never again would he recross the threshold after they had crossed it together

for the last time. Yet he had come back again and again, like a dog sick for familiar places, and emotion itself was dead when his foot touched the door-sill.

As he walked along, it seemed to him as if the pulse of the city had stopped beating;

the jar and noise about him were but the vibrations from a life that had been there before she died. He caught himself vaguely wondering if it would come again—life to the city and himself. The thought made him shudder; it was so much better—so much easier to stay dead. One did not expect anything of the dead; obligations were not imposed upon them, ambitions did not disturb them, even sorrow passed them by. Yes, if he could only keep his mind and his soul dead, his body hardly mattered and somehow the years would pass.

He stumbled over the rise of a step leading into an antiquary's shop, and out of the past a dead memory sprang at him. She had loved the place with its jumble of quaint old furniture, pagan relics and Eastern treasures. He remembered the first time she had brought him there to pick out his birthday gift to her. She had chosen it—some tall candlesticks, made by a silversmith of centuries ago for a cathedral altar; and while he attended to the details of payment and delivery she had wandered into the back of the shop. There he had found her, in a dark corner, sitting by a small mahogany cradle with its quaintly fashioned hood and hand-carved rockers. Her foot was swaying it gently, her eyes were smiling in that strange wide-opened way that was peculiarly her own.

After that they had come here often—for other gifts, and always she had wandered into the back of the shop and he had found her beside the cradle, rocking it. Yes, she must have rocked that empty cradle a good deal in all those waiting years. With his hand on the latch of the door he checked himself and turned back to the Avenue again.



Her foot was swaying it gently, her eyes were smiling.

At the next corner another dead memory sprang at him. That was where he always stopped for her flowers—not violets and orchids, but daffodils and freesias, lilies and mignonette. She liked them simple as she liked simple people; but best of all she liked the little pyramid bouquets of tiny blue and pink blossoms and lace-paper frills. She always said they looked all ready to embroider on baby jackets. There was one in the window now—a duplicate of the many he had bought her. He turned dully away from the window and continued his motiveless way. And at every step he took, more dead memories hounded him. There was the great brass kettle that marked the entrance to the little tea-shop where they had met so often in their courting days; beyond loomed the more pretentious café where they usually went after the theatre. Looking straight ahead he could see the spire of a church silhouetted against the sky—the church where they had been married. If any one had told him that he could ever bear these silent reminders of all she had meant to him, he would have been outraged; even now he knew he could not face those memories squarely. But as long as they hounded him—what did it matter? Was he not as dead as they?

He shambled on to the square, shutting his eyes against a suddenly revealed radiance of sunset. What business had a day that was so nearly dead coming to life in that fashion? It should have ended gray as it had begun, and so offended no one. All that display of purple, amber and rose seemed in as bad taste as opera clothes at a funeral. He half opened his eyes to look again, and another memory barked at his heels. A sunset like this somehow belonged to her, it was as glowing and as full of life as she had been—besides, she always took such a joyous pleasure in them. This was where she was sure to stop him—where she could get a clear sweep of the western sky—and they would watch the colors change and dim and fade to a golden haze.

Across the square, at the entrance to the park, a hurdy-gurdy struck up an air from a comic opera of the season before. It was a frivolous, scampering tune that captured one's ear by reason of its lightness. She had hummed it constantly about the house during those last days; and, strangely enough, as it tinkled across the square it became the one live memory out of all that dead past.

Now, because she had died, he had no use for live memories; in fact, he feared them. One live memory might waken others; and soon the whole endless scheme of things would be pulsing with life as he and the city had pulsed. That would mean pain—nerveless, wracking pain—born of his sorrow and loneliness. So he shambled away as fast as he could from the



hurdy-gurdy and its scampering tune, and plunged blindly into the nearest entrance to the park. At first he did not notice that spring was all about him; the business of getting rid of the music absorbed his attention; but little by little the gladness of greening earth and opening buds and bird-songs penetrated his dulled consciousness and made it writhe. She had waited for the coming of that spring, counted off the days with wistful eagerness. Alert for its first harbingers, she had scanned earth and brush and sky for coming signs.

But now that she had died, by what right had spring come? Was it here to mock him and the deadness within and about him? In his heart he doubted its reality—it was but a

mirage of something that would lie forever beyond their grasp. Dully he closed his eyes, sure that with the opening of them he should see the barren earth again; but the spring still persisted. There was the grass, carpet-grown, while trees flung full-leaved branches to the sky and everywhere was the twittering of birds. Yes, here was spring's fulfilment. And theirs?

The cry of a young child cut through his consciousness like the reflexes from a surgeon's knife. He shuddered and clenched his fists. There had been life in the hurdy-gurdy tune—life in the spring—and now the child's cry. That was life itself and it frightened him. Did it mean that the world was not dead after all—that he could not stay dead if he chose?

He shambled along faster, as if he would outstrip this fear that pursued him, for of all things he feared life the most. How well he remembered his coming back to consciousness after an operation—the wretched physical agony as the anesthesia wore away and gave him mercilessly over to the torturings of nerve and muscle. And that was only physical agony! He branched off from the broader thoroughfare into one of the park byways, a path hedged with japonica bushes and holding no loiterers. Suddenly he slackened his pace. There was a bench—he would sit down and face this fear, face it and deny its existence. So he huddled down on the nearest end of



“’Tis all beyond a plain man's reasonin’—why such things happen.”

the bench and prayed to the God of the Dead to keep him as he was, a mere human husk, for his sorrow was too great to bear again consciously.

In the midst of his mumbled prayer a memory of that morning came back to him with a sudden intensity and horror. They had brought him the baby that morning—Miriam's baby—and had expected him to take it to his heart and let it fill her place. They had dared to do this thing. Her baby! The stake for which nature had gambled away her life! With shut eyes he could see again the blanket-wrapped bundle in the nurse's arms. It looked so warm and pink and alive; it brought back with such terrible reality the contrast to the coldness and whiteness and eternal stillness of the flower-covered figure as he had looked his last upon it. Slowly in his mind the horror grew of that small atom of life. For him it epitomized all the hours of pain through which she had struggled with such glad courage, all the moments of that grim fight with death and all the years of unquenchable loneliness that lay before him. And they had brought Miriam's baby to him! The memory of that name made him shudder—he knew he could never speak it again in this world.

Out of a jumble of thoughts and feelings, one thing was clear—the horror that was his now had not touched him that morning—then he had felt only surprise and bewilderment. Did that mean that he was coming alive—that his mind was no longer drugged, his soul ethered? If that was true—what should he do? How was he going to stand the writhings and torturings of that sorrow again? It was too much to ask of any man—to go on endlessly, suffering.

The scattering of a near-by crowd roused him. Over the top of the japonica bushes he could see it breaking up into hundreds of human molecules and vanishing into the outer city and the dusk. Of all the gathering, one solitary figure came his way. It was a man and he walked with the jovial rolling stride of a sailor which made his shabby civilian clothes and his drawn, white face seem strangely out of keeping. As he neared the bench he slackened his pace and hesitated, then, with a quick glance at the man already there, he dropped down on the other end.

"Well, what are ye thinkin' of it?" he demanded abruptly in a broad north-of-Ireland brogue, jerking himself about to face his companion of the bench.

"Think of what?" The man answered the question with another, after the fashion of one preoccupied with his own affairs.

The sailor waved an arm toward an in-

visible something beyond the row of bushes. "That! And thank God ye can't be seein' it from here." Then in response to the look of bewilderment on his companion's face, he added, "I'm meanin' the statue they've been dedicatin' yondther."

"I didn't know—I haven't seen—I—" the words died away in an unintelligible mumble. What business had any one intruding on his solitude and lethargy? The new comer was unmistakably alive and therefore a very



A fire burned on the hearth; beside it sat a nurse with a bundle across her knee.

menace to his own prayed-for numbness of mind and emotion. He wished him gone.

"And what good will it do? Tell me that!" The sailor flung out his arms in a gesture half of anger, half of contempt. "Sure, 'twill do naught but keep foul memories green, I'm thinkin'."

The man on the bench had had enough of memories for a day; he had no wish to resurrect more of his own or another's. If this present semblance of an Ancient Mariner had a mournful tale to disclose, he might do so to an empty bench and a deserted parkway; for himself, he had no intention of remaining, an unwilling listener. He was slowly coming to that difficult decision—what he should do next—when the sailor slid toward him and laid a gripping hand on his knee.

"I asks ye this—an' I asks it honest, will yondther bit o' stone be bringin' back them that lie undther the wather to them that wait bitter-hearted on dthry land? Will it be raisin' up any consolation or peace to them that was left; an' will it ease the burdthen o' livin' an' sufferin' for them—I asks? Tell me that!"

Vaguely the man began to wonder what

was in the sailor's mind. Had he a sorrow, the loss of some one he held dear? And what was all this about the statue and those lying under the water? "I don't believe I understand," he said stupidly. "I suppose I can listen, though, if it makes it any easier to talk about it." He conceded the last somewhat grudgingly.

"Aye, it eases it up some. I holds my tongue an' I keeps the silence for the stretch o' months; an' then—seems as if the heart would burst out o' me if I couldn't be talkin'—tellin' some one." The sailor rested his arms along his knees and clenched and unclenched his fists. When he spoke again it sounded as if his tongue clogged his throat, "I'm a sailor. I went fourth stoker on that ship!"

"Oh, yes. The ship." The man failed utterly to get any connection between the sailor's evident emotion and his statement. The whole incident was irritating him. How could he shake this person off and go about his own business? "I thought," he began sharply, "I thought you said something about losing some one. What has that to do with stoking?"

The sailor laughed hoarsely. "Aye, what has it to do? Man alive, am'nt I tellin' ye! We'd been a twelvemonth married an' I was takin' her home. She was always daffy about Ireland—more Irish than I by the length of a county—an' 'twas always talkin' she was o' the way the whin would be lookin' in bloom, an' the music the pipers would be playin', an' the scones the pastry-cook at Strabane would be bakin', an' the rare, kind way the neighbors had over there. 'Twas but natural, when the notion took her, just, she wanted the baby born in the old counthry."

"Stop!" The man listening had heard enough. He was alive again; there was no denying it now. The old pain was upon him, wracking him twofold for those days of subconscious cessation. And the

(Continued on page 89)

Funny Ladies

By Anne Herendeen

THEY are the nicest of all, I think.

Pretty ladies and wise ladies and pretty wise ladies we have always with us, but funny ladies are rare, rare as buttermilk at a brewers' picnic.

They should be sought out and cherished and sent geraniums (groans from grammarians). Their every whim should be gratified; their every funniment put away in lavender. For they don't often happen. Mostly there are ladies-of-the-house and school-teachers and Chautauqua lecturers and *ingénues* and suffragettes and trained nurses.

Funny ladies only seem to occur by accident, like peacock-blue and mayonnaise. There isn't what you might call a popular demand for them, because people are inclined to think that what with so much serious work to get done in the world, especially now, with reconstruction and everything, ladies of sterner virtues are principally what are needed.

What a mistake!

Look at Nora Bayes. She is the original First Aide to Reconstruction. Any doubt of this could have been dispelled by watching her "work" (that's what she called it) any Sunday afternoon or evening at the big free entertainments New York gave her transient wounded soldiers. From her build and something about her mouth when, if ever, it is in repose, I think she was meant to be a janitor or a President of the General Confederation of Women's Clubs. But something happened—maybe a parade went



This is the young ghost that haunts all cynics who growl about women's lack of humor.

by—anyhow, there was some confusion and Nora turned out—Nora.

It was great luck for us, all right.

Nora began by singing songs, just songs you know, that anybody had written about nothing in particular. But soon, because her acting is as funny as her singing and because her just being around on the stage not doing anything is funny enough for most people, she began appearing in musical plays.

"DEAR MR. AND MRS. AUDIENCE:

"I, Nora Bayes, being of sound mind and legal age, do hereby swear that we have done our darnedest to give you a play, entitled "Ladies First," that will entertain you.

"The first act is played in Uncle Tody's house.

"The second act is primed in the adjoining gardens of Benny and Benton.

"The third act is exploded in my very own house. Isn't that lovely?

"Our only desire is to please you, and that we succeed is the earnest wish of

"Your loving son,

"NORA BAYES."

This play of Nora's, looked at coldly and critically, is probably one of the worst little plays in the world. (I sort of wish Nora hadn't bought it for herself for a Christmas present from the management last December.) But, of course, you don't look at it coldly and critically. You look at it roaringly and rosily.

Every time I go to see it, Nora has been punching it some more. I asked her about this and she confessed that she was apt to think of things, improvements, in the car coming to work or while her hair was being dressed. Nora has poked that poor play between all its ribs, she has tweaked its ears for it; she has mussed up its hair and tied funny bows all over it and it gets funnier and funnier.

Nora Bayes is funny in the way Fred Stone is funny or Vernon Castle was funny. It is the experimental streak coupled with a craving for perfection of technique. She can handle a fan like a Jap or a shawl like a Spanish señorita, really as they do it; she never burlesques. But she doesn't become just another Jap or another



Nora Bayes, whose humor is the color of a big red apple.



Alice Boughton.

Couleur de Rose, naturally, is Rose O'Neill's funniness.

Spaniard. She becomes a Japanese Nora or a Spanish Nora. Imagine that. She gives you all the delights of incongruity with none of its ugliness.

But I wish she wouldn't let Lucile dress her. Lucile doesn't get Nora. Most of the time she tries to make a lady out of her—and occasionally she remembers that Nora is a comedienne and gives her something painstakingly bizarre. Nora isn't a lady (in the sense of overdrapes and tunics and fringes and ruffles); she is our "loving son." And she is never bizarre. She is just funny. She should wear adorable whimsical clothes—like her cowboy costume in "Songs Old and New."

Rose O'Neill, the lovely funny Superintendent of all the Kewpies, told me something about them the other day. "If ever a Kewpie should meet a Brownie," said Miss O'Neill, "he would be perfectly overcome with respect."

Miss O'Neill lives in a great warm soft garret on Washington Square in New York. Her sister Calista lives in the garret next door, but they have cut a door between and they have breakfast at the top of some big broad steps that lead up to the huge studio windows where they can watch Fifth Avenue stretch herself languidly after her night's rest and unroll herself away off and up to Central Park and Harlem. We talked of wonderful Yvette Guilbert and what she says about "The Comic Spirit."

Of Madame Guilbert it was said, "Glory to Yvette Guilbert. She has found out how to make the English laugh." She thinks that gaiety of spirit comes in three colors, gray, purple and red.

Gray, of course, is the quiet humor with perhaps a touch of pathos. It is *le sourire du coin de la lèvre*. "One sees a lover approaching and very timidly one lowers one's eyes—in order to see him better."

The humor that is purple is of the intellectual variety

Here we find the nuances of expressions, double meanings even. Madame Guilbert gives an example of the humor that is red in one of her peasant songs, "How Much Trouble Love Brings." A peasant lad is all dressed up to call on his sweetheart. Awkward, grinning, vain, he knocks at the door, then—just as she comes to open it—he slips and falls in the mud. It is the fun of the big red apple, the simple hearty merriment of every-day folks which doesn't descend to the mechanics of farce. I think that red is Nora Bayes's kind of humor-color. Madame Guilbert runs the gamut but inclines most to gray and purple.

Rose O'Neill's gaiety isn't any of those colors. She is too joyous for gray, too candid for purple, too affectionate for red. "*Couleur de rose*" suggested a Kewpie from a near-by fat swinging tassel. "*Couleur de Rose O'Neill*" corrected another Kewpie, parachuting comfortably down to the floor on a pink rose-petal.

Of course that's it. Rose O'Neill's humor is funniness, and funniness is pink. Do you know her thrilling detective story, "The Lady in the White Veil"?* I suppose it's probably the only funny detective story in the world. The hero is funny, the villain is funny, even the heroine is a perfect joker—

But Rose O'Neill tried her funniest to persuade me that she wasn't always light-hearted and quoted, "Those who live a thousand lives, a thousand deaths must die." And Yvette Guilbert, very much *au grand sérieux*, advises other artists, "Show your public all the precious smiles you have, hidden behind your tears, and hide from the public the effort you make to smile so that they should smile!"

Shall we believe that they are Intrinsically Serious People—these funny ladies? Impossible! That would be too absurd. This is only their last, subtle, way of funning us!

*Harper & Brothers, Publishers.

Yvette Guilbert is most tranquil among the gray and purple tints of her French gaiety.



*How to Sing a Song—Macmillan Co. Publishers.



The BRANDING-IRON

By Katharine Newlin Burt

Illustrated by Charles Sarka

CHAPTER THIRTEEN The Training of a Leopardess

ON THAT evening, Prosper began to talk. The unnatural self-repression he had practised gave way before the flood of his sociability. It was Joan's amazing beauty as she stumbled wretchedly into the circle of his firelight, her neck drawn up to its full length, her head crowned high with soft black masses, her lids dropped under the weight of shyness, vivid fright in her distended pupils, scarlet in her cheeks; Joan's beauty of long strong lines draped to advantage for the first time in soft and clinging fabrics—that touched the spring of Prosper's delighted egotism. There it was again, the ideal audience, the necessary atmosphere, the beautiful, gracious, intelligent listener. He forgot her ignorance, her utter simplicity, the unplumbed emptiness of her experience, and he spread out his colorful thoughts before her in colorful words, the mental plumage of civilized courtship.

After dinner, now sipping from the small coffee-cup in his hand, now setting it down to move excitedly about the room, he talked of his life, his book, his plans. He told anecdotes, strange adventures, he drew his own inverted morals, he sketched his fantastic opinions; he was in truth fascinating, a speaking face, a lithe, brilliant presence, a voice of edged persuasion. He turned witty phrases. Poor Joan! One sentence in ten she understood and answered with her slow smile and her quaint murmured, "Well!"

His eloquence did her at least the service of making her forget herself. She was rather crestfallen because he had not complimented her; his veiled look of appreciation, this coming to of his real self was too subtle a flattery for her perception. Nevertheless, his talk pleased her. She did not want to disappoint him, so she drew herself up straight in the big red-lacquered chair, sipped her coffee in dainty imitation of him, gave him the full deep tribute of her gaze, asked for no explanations and let the astounding statements he made, the amazing pictures he drew, cut their way indelibly into her most sensitive and preserving memory.

Afterward, at night, for the first time she

SYNOPSIS—The story opens with Joan, a beautiful mountain girl, reading the story of "The Pot of Basil" by the firelight in her tiny cabin on the Wyoming mountainside. Outside is the cold still night, and somewhere, Pierre, Joan's husband, traveling homeward on his snow-shoes.

While she reads, Joan pictures her own life before she married Pierre; first her loneliness with her hideous father, who continually repeated to her the story of her mother's infidelity. Then her running away from him to the little mining town to work in the hotel. There she had met Pierre, and in the first look had recognized her mate. Then had followed their marriage, her work in and out of their little cabin, the coming of the missionary who had lent her books, finally Pierre's unreasoning jealousy of the books and of the "sinbuster."

Suddenly Joan hears a light step on the snow and feels a shadow at the window. A strange Pierre enters, of whom Joan is afraid. He refuses to greet her, but busies himself at the fire. After a while he steps to her with the red-hot Two-Bar brand, the mark for his cattle, declaring he will mark her so that all the world will know that she belongs to him. He burns the mark into her shoulder; Joan screams, and a man enters out of the night. Pierre fires first, then the stranger; Pierre falls and Joan loses consciousness.

Joan is restored to health in Prosper Gael's cabin in a cañon across the mountains from her old home. Then Prosper begins to teach her a woman's duty—charm. Under his influence her mind continues the development begun by the sinbuster. She listens to the music of Prosper's violin, and one evening, at his request, she arrays herself in a beautiful blue silk robe which Prosper gives her. Then for the first time in her life she is acutely conscious of herself.

did not weep for Pierre, the old lost Pierre who had so changed into a torturer, but, wakeful, her brain on fire, she pondered over and over the things she had just heard, feeling after their meaning, laying aside for future enlightenment what was utterly incomprehensible, arguing with herself as to the truth of half-comprehended speeches—an ignorant child wrestling with a modern philosophy tricked out in motley by a ready wit.

There were more personal memories that gave her a flush of pleasure, for after midnight, as she was leaving him, he came near to her, took her hand with a grateful—"Joan, you've done so much for me tonight; you've made me happy." And the request, "You won't put your hair back to the old ugly way, will you? You will wear pretty things if I give them to you, won't you?" in a beseeching spoiled-boy's voice, very amusing and endearing to her.

He gave her the "pretty things," whole quantities of them—fine linen to be made up into underwear, soft white and colored silks and crêpes, which Joan, remembering the few lessons in dressmaking she had had from Maud Upper and with some advice from Prosper, made up not too awkwardly, accepting the mystery of them as one of Prosper's magic-makings. And, in the meantime, her education went on. Prosper read aloud to her, gave her books to read to herself, questioned her, tutored her, scolded her so fiercely sometimes that Joan would mount scarlet cheeks and open angry eyes. One day she fairly flung her book from her and ran out of the room, stamping her feet and shedding tears.

But back she came presently for more, thirsting for knowledge, eager to meet her trainer on more equal grounds, to be able to answer him to some purpose, to contradict him, to stagger ever so slightly the self-assurance of his superiority.

And Prosper enjoyed the training of his captive leopardess, though he sometimes all but melted over the pathos of her and had much ado to keep his hands from her unconscious young beauty.

"You're so changed, Joan," he said one day abruptly. "You've grown as thin as a reed, child. I can see every bone, and your eyes—don't you ever shut them any more?"

Joan, prone on the skin before the fire, elbows on the fur, hands to her temples, face bent over a book, looked up impatiently.

"I'd not be talkin' now if I was you, Mr. Gael. You ought to be writin' and I'm readin'. I can't talk and read; seems when I do a thing I just hev to do it."

Prosper laughed and returned chidden to his task, but he couldn't help watching her, lying there in her blue frock across his floor, like a tall, thin Magdalene, all her rich hair fallen wildly about her face. She was such a child, such a child!

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

Joan Runs Away

IT WAS a January night when Joan, her rough head almost in the ashes, had read "Isabella and the Pot of Basil" by the light of the flames. It was in March, a gray, still afternoon, when, looking through Prosper's bookcase she came upon the tale again.

Prosper was outdoors cutting a tunnel freshly blocked with snow, and Joan, having finished the "Life of Cellini," a writer she loathed, but whose gorgeous fabrications her master had forced her to read, now hurried to the book-shelves in search of something more to her taste. She had the gay air of a holiday seeker, returned Cellini with a smart push and kneeling, ran her finger along the volumes, pausing on a binding of bright blue and gold. It was the color that had pleased her and the fat square shape, also the look of fair and well-spaced type. She took the book and squatted on the rug, happy as a child with a new toy of his own choosing.



There it was again, the ideal audience, the necessary atmosphere, the beautiful, gracious, intelligent listener.

And then she opened her volume in its middle and her eyes looked upon the familiar lines:

"So the two brothers and their murdered man—" Joan's heart fell like a leaden weight and the color dropped from her face. In an instant she was back in Pierre's room and the white night circled her in great silence and she was going over the story of her love and Pierre's—their love, their beautiful, grave, simple love that had so filled her life. And now

where was she? In the house of the man who had killed her husband! She had been waiting for Holliwell, but for a long while now she had forgotten that. Why was she still here? A strange, guilty terror came at the question. She looked down at the soft, yellow crêpe of the dress she had just made and she looked at her hands lying white and fine and useless, and she felt for the high comb Prosper had put into her hair. Then she stared around the gorgeous little room, snug from the world, so

secret in its winter cañon. She heard Wen Ho's incessant pattering in the kitchen, the crunch and thud of Prosper's shoveling outside. It was suddenly a horrible nightmare, or less a nightmare than a dream, pleasant in the dreaming, but hideous to an awakening mind. She was awake. *Isabella's* story had thrown her mind, so abruptly dislocated, back to a time before the change, back to her old normal condition of a young wife. That little homestead of Pierre's! Such a



A small, black, energetic figure came out from among the firs and ran forward where the longest shadow pointed.

hunger opened in her soul that she bent her head and moaned. She could think of nothing now but those two familiar, bare, clean rooms—Pierre's gun, Pierre's rod, her own coat there by the door, the snow-shoes. There was no place in her mind for the later tragedy. She had gone back of it. She would rather be alone in her own home, desolate though it was, than anywhere else in all the homeless world.

And what could prevent her from going? She laughed aloud, a short, defiant laugh, rippled to her feet and, in her room, took off Prosper's "pretty things" and got into her old clothes; the coarse underwear, the heavy stockings and boots, the rough skirt, the man's shirt. How loosely they all hung! How thin she was! Now into her coat, her woolen cap down over her ears, her gloves—she was ready, her heart laboring like an exhausted stag's, her knees trembling, her wrists mysteriously absent. She went into the hall, found her snow-shoes, bent to tie them on and, straightening up, met Prosper, who had come in out of the snow.

He was glowing from exercise, but at sight of her and her pale excitement, the glow left him and his face went bleak and grim. He put out his hand and caught her by the arm and she backed from him against the wall—this before either of them spoke.

"Where are you going, Joan?"

"I'm agoin' home."

He let go of her arm. "You were going like this, without a word to me?"

"Mr. Gael," she panted, "I had a feelin' like you wouldn't let me go."

He turned, threw the door open, and stepped aside. She confronted his white anger.

"Mr. Gael, I left Pierre dead. I've been waitin' for Mr. Holliwell to come. I'm strong now. I must be agoin' home." Suddenly she blazed out. "You killed my man. What hev I to do with you?"

He bowed. Her breast labored and all the distress of her soul, troubled by an instinctive, inarticulate consciousness of evil, wavered in her eyes. Her reason already accused her of ingratitude and treachery, but every fiber of her had suddenly revolted. She was all for liberty; she must have it.

He was wise; made no attempt to hold her; let her go. As she fled under the firs, her webs sinking deep into the heavy, uncrusted snow, he stood and watched her keenly. He had not failed to notice the trembling of her body, the quick lift and fall of her breast, the rapid flushing and paling of her face. He let her go. And Joan ran, drawing recklessly on the depleted store of what had always been her inexhaustible strength. The snow was

deep and soft, heavy with moisture, the March air was moist too, not keen with frost, and the green firs were softly dark against an even, stone-colored sky of cloud. To Joan's eyes, so long imprisoned, it was all astonishingly beautiful, clean and grave, part of the old life back to which she was running. Down the cañon trail she floundered, her short skirt gathering a weight of snow, her webs lifting a mass of it at every tugging step. Her speed perforce slackened, but she plodded on, out of breath and in a sweat. She was surprised at her weakness, but put it down to excitement. "I was afeared he'd make me stay," she said, "and I've got to go. I've got to go."

This went with her like a beating rhythm. She came to the opening in the fir—the foot of the steep trail, and out there stretched the valley, blank snow, blank sky, here and there a wooded ridge, then a range of lower hills, blue, snow-mottled; not a roof, not a thread of smoke, not a sound.

"I'm awful far away," Joan whispered to herself and, for the first time in her life, she doubted her strength. "I don't rightly know where I am."

She looked back. There stood a high familiar peak, but, so were the outlines of these mountains jumbled and changed, that she could not tell if Prosper's cañon lay north or south of Pierre's homestead. The former was high up on the foothills, and Pierre's was well down, above the river. From where she stood, there was no river-bed in sight. She tried to remember the journey, but nothing came to her except a confused impression of following, following, following. Had they gone toward the river first and then turned north, or had they traveled close to the base of the giant range? The ranger's cabin where they had spent the night, surely that ought to be visible. If she went farther out, say beyond the wooded spur which shut the mountain country from her sight, perhaps she would find it. She braced her quivering muscles and went on.

The end of the jutting foothills seemed to crawl forward with her. She plunged into drifts, struggled up; sometimes the snow plain seemed to stand up like a wall in front of her, the far hills lolling like a dragon along its top. She could not keep the breath in her lungs. Often she sank down and rested; when things grew steady she got up and worked on. Each time she rested, she crouched longer; each time made slower progress, and always the goal she had set herself, the end of that jutting hill, thrust itself out, nosed forward, sliding down to the plain. It began to darken, but Joan thought that her sight was failing. The enormous effort she was making took every atom of her will. At last her muscles refused obedience, her laboring heart stopped. She stood a moment, swayed, fell, and this time she made no effort to rise. She had become a dark spot on the snow, a lifeless part of the loneliness and silence.

Above her, where the sharp peaks touched the clouds, there came a widening rift showing a cold turquoise clarity. The sun was just setting and, as the cloud-banks lifted, strong shadows, intensely blue, pointed across the plain of snow. A small, black, energetic figure came out from among the firs and ran forward where the longest shadow pointed. It looked absurdly tiny and anxious; futile

in its pigmy haste, across the exquisite stillness. Joan, lying so still, was acquiescent; this little striving thing rebelled. He came forward steadily, following Joan's uneven tracks, stamping them down firmly to make a solid path, and, as the sun dropped, leaving an immense gleaming depth of sky, he came down and bent over the black speck that was Joan.

Prosper took her by the shoulder and turned her over a little in the snow. Joan

opened her eyes and looked at him. It was the dumb look of a beaten dog.

"Get up, child," he said, "and come home with me."

She struggled to her feet, he helping her; and silently, just as a savage woman, no matter what her pain, will follow her man, so Joan followed the track he had made by pressing the snow down triply over her former steps. "Can you do it?" he asked once, and she nodded. She was pale, her

eyes heavy, but she was glad to be found, glad to be saved. He saw that and he saw a dawning confusion in her eyes. At the end he drew her arm into his, and when they came into the house he knelt and took the snow-shoes from her feet, she drooping against the wall. He put a hand on each of her shoulders and looked reproach:

"You wanted to leave me, Joan? You wanted to leave me as much as that?"

She shook her head from side to side,

"I never
thought
you'd be
wantin' me,"
she said.



then, drawing away, she stumbled past him into the room, dropped to the bearskin rug and held out her hands to the flames. "It's awful good to be back," she said and fell to sobbing. "I didn't think you'd be carin'—I was thinkin' only of old things. I was homesick—me that has no home."

Her shaken voice was so wonderful a music that he stood listening with sudden tears in his eyes.

"And I can't forget Pierre nor the old life, Mr. Gael, and when I think 'twas you that killed him, why, it breaks my heart. Oh, I know you had to do it. I saw. And I couldn't 'a' stayed with him no more. What he did, it made me hate him—but you can't be thinkin' how it was with Pierre and me before that night. We—we was happy. I ust to live with my father, Mr. Gael, and he was an awful man, and there was no lovin' between us, but when I first seen Pierre lookin' up at me, I first knowed what lovin' might be like. I just came away with him because he asked me. He put his hand on my arm and said, 'Will you be comin' home with me, Joan Carver?' That was the way of it. Somethin' inside of me said, 'Yes,' for all I was too scairt to do anythin' but look at him and shake my head. And the next mornin' he was there with his horses. Oh, Mr. Gael, I can't forget him, even for hatin'. That brand on my shoulder, it's all healed, but my heart's so hurt, it's so hurt. And when I come to thinkin' of how kind and comfortin' you are and what you've been adoin' for me, why, then, at the same time, I can't help but think that you killed my Pierre. You killed him. Forgive me, please, I would love you if I could, but somethin' makes me shake away from you—because Pierre's dead."

Again she wept; exhausted, broken-hearted weeping it was. And Prosper's face was drawn by pity of her. That story of her life and love, it was a sort of saga, something as moving as an old ballad most beautifully sung. He half guessed then that she had genius; at least, he admitted that it was something more than just her beauty and her sorrow that so greatly stirred him. To speak such sentences in such a voice—that was a gift. She had no more need of words than had a symphony. The varied and vibrant cadences of her voice gave every delicate shading of feeling, of thought. She was utterly expressive. All night, after he had seen her eat and sent her to bed, the phrases of her music kept repeating them-

selves in his ears: "And so I first knowed what lovin' might be like," and "I would love you, only something makes me shake away from you—because Pierre's dead." This was a Joan he had not yet realized, and he knew that, after all, his enchanted leopardess was a woman and that his wooing of her had hardly yet begun. So did she baffle him by the utter directness of her heart. There was so little of a barrier against him and yet there was so much. For the first time, he doubted his wizardry



"It doesn't matter how we train you or leave you untrained, you're all alike, you women. . . ."

and, at that, his desire for the wild girl's love stood up like a giant and gripped his soul.

Joan slept deeply without dreams. She had confessed herself. But Prosper was as restless and troubled as a youth. She had not made her escape; she had followed him home with humility, with confusion in her eyes. She had been glad to hold out her hands again to the fire on his hearth. And yet he was now her prisoner.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

Nerves and Intuition

"MR. GAEL," said Joan, standing before him at the breakfast-table, "I'm agoin' to work."

She was pale, gaunt and imperturbable. He gave her a quick look, one that turned to amusement, for Joan was really as appealing to his humor as a child. She had such immense gravity, such intensity over her one-syllabled statements of fact. She announced this decision and sat down.

"Woman's work?" he asked her, smiling quizzically.

"No, sir," with her own rare smile; "I ain't rightly fitted for that."

"Certainly not in those clothes," he murmured crossly, for she was dressed again in her own things.

"I'm agoin' to do man's work. I'm agoin' to shovel snow and help fetch wood and kerry in water. You tell your Chinese man, please."

"And you're not coming to read or study any more?"

"Yes, sir. I like that. If you still want to teach me, Mr. Gael. But I'm agoin'—I'm agoin'—to get some action. I'll just die if I don't. Why, I'm so poor, I can't hardly lift a broom. I don't know why I'm so miserably poor, Mr. Gael."

She twisted her brows anxiously.

"You've had a nervous breakdown."

"A what?"

"A nervous breakdown."

He lit his cigaret and watched her in his usual lazy, smoke-veiled manner, but she might have noticed the shaken fabric of his self-assurance.

"Say, now," said Joan, "what's that the name for?"

"There's a book about it over there—third volume on the top shelf—look up your case."

With an air of profound alarm, she went over and took it out.

"There's books about everything, ain't there—isn't there, Mr. Gael? Why, there's books about lovin' and about sickness and about cattle and what not, and about women and chil-

dren." She was shirking the knowledge of her "case," but at last she pressed her lips together and opened the book. She fell to reading; growing anxiety possessed her face. She sat down on the nearest chair; she turned page after page. Suddenly she gave him a look of anger.

"I ain't none of this, Mr. Gael," she said, smote the page, rose with dignity and returned the book.

He laughed so long and heartily that she was at last forced to join him. "You was—you were—jobbin' me, wasn't you?" she said, sighing relief. "Did you know what that book said like this? I'll read you about it—" She took the volume, found the place and read in a low tone of horror, he helping her with the hard words: "One of the most frequent forms of phobia, common in cases of psychic neurasthenia, is agoraphobia in which patients the moment they come into an open space are oppressed by an exaggerated feeling of anxiety. They may break into a profuse

(Continued on page 74)

Under the Spreading Chestnut Tree



Drawings
by
Ralph Barton

EDITOR'S NOTE—Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. We will gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.



UNCLE SAM HODGE came down from the Kentucky mountains with his yearly produce to market. His team of oxen was somewhat weary with a two-days pull. But when Sam reached the city limits he was confronted with the sign: "Speed limit, fifteen miles an hour."

He pulled his whiskers a moment in silent meditation, and then drawled out to his oxen, "Well, I know darn well we'll never make it, but we'll do our doggone best."



DURING a famous trial, Bitts, the lawyer for the plaintiff, had so browbeaten his witnesses that the remaining one, a timid-looking little huckster, was eager to do his best.

"Ha, sir," thundered Bitts, "I hope we will have no trouble hearing you!"

"I hope not, sir," replied the witness loudly.

Bitts, believing the witness was mocking him, shouted angrily, "Have you been drinking this morning, sir?"

"Yes, sir," roared the witness, louder than before.

"Ha, I thought so. And what have you been drinking, sir?"

"Coffee, sir."

"And what did you have IN your coffee, sir?" shrieked the now raving Bitts, shaking his fist at the witness, who shrank

away and bellowed in a voice that fairly shook the court-room,

"A SPOON, sir."

Court was adjourned. The doctor promised to have Bitts able to talk shortly.

JIMMY had a habit of stretching his imagination to great lengths when telling anything and after his mother had rebuked him several times he began to watch her for signs of anger when he had something to tell. One evening a visitor from the city came and during the evening's conversation inquired of Jimmy:

"And have you a dog, my little man?"

"Oh, yes, I gotta dog," replied Jimmy, "I gotta big dog. I guess I got about the biggest dog in this town."

"Well, that's good," said the visitor, "I like big dogs."

Jimmy answered: "Well, I guess mine's big enough. He's nine feet tall—and—and he's six feet wide and—and (just then Jimmy caught his mother's eye) and—and he's four inches long."



AN AGENT approaching a house met a little boy at the gate and asked, "Is your mother at home?"

"Yes, sir," said the boy politely.

The agent walked across the long lawn, and after rapping several times without receiving an answer, returned to the boy saying: "I thought you said your mother was at home."

"Yes, sir, she is," replied the boy.

"But I have rapped several times without receiving an answer."

"That may be, sir," said the boy; "I don't live there."



A POOR but thrifty Scotswoman had been promised a gift of a new bonnet by a wealthy summer resident.

One morning, as the woman was about to motor to the city for some shopping, she stopped at the home of the Scotswoman and asked: "Would you rather have a felt or a straw hat, Mrs. MacVean?"

"Weel," said Mrs. MacVean, "I think I'll tak' a straw one, if you please, ma'am. It'll maybe make a good mouthful to the cow when I'm done wi' it!"

A FATHER and his small son were in a train. Two soldiers were sitting in front of them.

SON (pointing to one of the soldiers)—"Daddy, what's he gonna do?"

FATHER (absently)—"Kill the Kaiser."

SON (after deep thought)—"What's the other one gonna do?"

A SIGN in a Western city restaurant reads: "Ask for one lump of sugar only. Stir like hell. We don't mind the noise."

"PICKING 'em out son?" asked the General of a Yank busily engaged in picking cooties from the seams of his shirt.

"No, sir, General, I'm taking them as they come."

FIRST PROFESSOR: "I am a bit puzzled. When did the Peloponnesian War begin?"

SECOND PROFESSOR: "431 B. C."

FIRST PROFESSOR: "Quite right, quite right. That is the number of my physician's telephone, and I was to call him and tell him my wife is sick."



"Come oot of that. Come oot quick or I'll shoot."

TAM o' the SCOOTS

A Day With Von Tirpitz

By Edgar Wallace

Illustrations by Ernest Fuhr

THERE is a certain Belgian village where in pre-war days the aristocracy of Belgium sojourned during the hot months of the summer. "Village" comes into the same category of mock-modest terms as "cottage" when it applies to the millionaire's residence. It lies in a fold of hills amid scenery of exceptional beauty. If any peasants ever lived in this "village," they had long since departed. The châteaux were in the possession of Illustrious Members of the Great General Staff. The tents of their escorts, guards and servants sprinkled the hillside. Lines of motor-cars were parked in the pleasant little Place before the very modern Gothic Hôtel de Ville, where a band played to a select and limited audience on three evenings a week.

One morning a special train came to the station and a certain person in naval uniform alighted and was received with a

guard of honor, and welcomed by innumerable military gentlemen with long shining swords and stiff back-bones.

Within two hours of his arrival five machines of the Empty-fourth Squadron, carrying a necessarily limited supply of bombs rose from the aerodrome and made a bee-line for this pleasant village. They crossed the first and second barrages without mishap, reached the open country and, disdaining such invitations as loaded troop-trains afforded, they pushed their way steadily to the happy valley, fought down the patrols which guarded the approaches to their objective and passing in single file immediately above a certain château, they left that once handsome house a haggard and blazing ruin.

It was an interesting journey for Tam and Billy Best, who formed the crew of one machine, but the real interest began on the journey back, a circumstance which Tam had to some extent anticipated, for the last

half of the journey northeastward had been across a country which was only revealed in patches.

Billy Best shouted down the speaking-tube: "We've got three bombs left. Shall I drop 'em on a train?"

Tam shook his head vigorously. "Ma engine's knocking," roared his voice, "and there's a fog gathering—it would be no' discreet to annoy the inhabitants."

The engine trouble was developing. He had lost sight of his companions in the mist and the ground was now hidden from sight. He consulted his map, his watch and his compass. Somewhere beneath him was a big straggling forest westward of which was a plain clear of fences and ditches and sunk roads, where a landing might be effected without much damage.

He was some eighty miles behind the active front and if he could make a good landing in the fog there was at least a



His knowledge of German was not particularly good, but from certain words, and especially the repetition of a certain illustrious name, he gathered that the raid had been more or less successful.

chance that he could put the engine right, for Tam was before all things a skilled mechanic.

He brought his machine lower and lower, searching for the tree-tops, and presently he sighted what he knew were the outliers of the forest. Allowing himself a margin to clear the solitary trees which were a feature for a mile west of the forest, he planed down and made a good landing on a perfectly smooth patch of meadow-land which had been reclaimed from the arid plateau.

The fog grew thicker, but this did not distress him. He had a rough idea where he had landed and the density of the mist would enable him to finish his work without fear of interruption.

The two went to work to strip that part of the engine which was affected and for an hour they toiled incessantly. It was not the first landing which Tam had made in enemy country and to some degree it was not the worst. Their biggest danger was that his engines had been heard, but against this he put the fact that he had shut them off more than a mile from the place where he landed. His work finished, he set out to make a reconnaissance. Fastening the end of a big ball of string to the under-carriage of the machine, and taking another ball in his pocket, he paid out the string. He moved off in the direction he judged the road would lie.

He had finished the first ball, had fastened it and was starting on the second when he heard the sound of horses' hoofs

within a dozen yards of him. He crouched down and listened. His knowledge of German was not particularly good, but from certain words, and especially the repetition of a certain illustrious name, he gathered that the raid had been more or less successful.

The horses passed and the rumble of the wagon they drew rolled away in the mist before he continued his progress through the fog. He reached the road, took his bearings and compared it with his map, tied a knot in the string so that he might judge the distance, and leaving the end on the ground he advanced cautiously down the road. The fog blotted out everything, but he had no difficulty in keeping to the paved causeway.

Presently a building loomed ahead. It was a squat cottage which was apparently used as an estaminet. The door was fastened, the windows were shuttered. Tam consulted his map again. An estaminet was marked west-southwest of the forest. This must be it. It looked deserted and yet he had an uncanny feeling that it was occupied.

He made a careful examination of the premises. Behind the cottage was a walled yard pierced by a door which had been left open. He slipped his automatic pistol from his pocket and stepped in. Access to the house from the yard was gained by a small door. He tried it and to his surprise it opened. He hesitated. His natural curiosity urged him forward, his as natural caution and the knowledge

that there was nothing to be gained by continuing what was an idle search and a great deal to be lost if the house should be in the occupation of German soldiers or a German post, as it probably was, held him back.

The fog would not lift for some time and it was necessary that he should know something more about the ground than he did know. There were two roads from the forest, one to the north and one to the south, which ran nearly parallel, and he was not certain which of the roads he was on. If he was on the northern road, then his machine was faced with a deep belt of scrub which might make an attempt to rise not only difficult but dangerous. If it was the southern road, as the estaminet on his map seemed to indicate, it was plain sailing.

This might or might not be Le Coq d'Or. It was up to him to make sure.

He pushed the door open and stepped in with a light tread. He was in a room which was undoubtedly the outer room of an estaminet. There was nothing in the advertisements on the walls that gave him any information. He stepped across the room to a second door, turned the handle gently and opened it. Apparently it was untenanted. The only light came from the back window which was half covered by a blanket.

Tam took a little electric lamp from his pocket—you need such things in clouds—and flashed it around the room. He took a glance at the door and stepped back quickly.

"Come out of that," he said sharply, "come out quick or I'll shoot."

There was a shuffle of feet and a man stepped slowly into the circle of light which the electric torch threw.

To describe him as a scarecrow would be to overstate the attractions of a scarecrow. His clothes were rags, his bare knees showed grimly through the rents in his trousers, his hands were indistinguishable in hue from

the rusty blue jacket. His chest was bare, for in place of a shirt he had a strip of what was once white sheeting wound in cummerbund fashion about his waist. But it was the man's face that left Tam speechless, his face and his head. His hair and beard were iron-gray, but one-half of his head had been shaved and one-half of his beard, the reverse half to that of the shaven portion of his head, had been clipped off.

He peered forward at Tam. "English?" he said hoarsely.

"Scots," said Tam.

"Thank Gawd. I thought you was one of them Germans."

Between "them" and "Germans" was a long string of unnecessary but pardonable words, singularly vivid and sanguine.

"You're English, I gather," said Tam. "Who else is here?"



"A transport, Tam, and look at the flag! It's Old Glory, Tam!"

"I'm on my own, sir," said the man.

"Tell me, is this the Coq d'Or?"

"Right you are, sir," said the nondescript stranger; "used to be kept by a Belgium till three days ago. They took him out and shot him. He's buried on the other side of the road."

"Come along wi' me," said Tam and led the way back along the road, until he came to where the ball of string lay. By its aid he guided himself back to the airplane.

"Speak softly," said Tam. "Who are ye and what are ye doing here?"

"Gee," said Billy, staring at the amazing spectacle, "what's this?"

The man grinned. "I ain't very pretty, am I, sir? Name of Henry Burton, Port of London, able seaman of the *Wapping Queen*."

"But for the Lord's sake," said Tam, "what did ye cut yer hair like that for?"

The eyes of Henry Burton hardened. "They did it," he jerked his head eastward; "that's the sort of thing they do to a seaman. A U-boat off Ireland, sir. Because we defended ourselves with our nine-pounder, they tried us, me and the skipper and another feller, the only men left alive after the poor *Wapping Queen* went down. Said we had no right to shoot at a war-ship—not after she'd torpedoed ours."

Tam had heard of this barbarous treatment of sailor prisoners. "How did you come here?" he asked.

"I escaped, sir. I've been six weeks getting across Germany, walking by night and sleeping by day. I got to this place and the Belgium hid me in the cellar. He was very good to escaped prisoners, that's why they shot him. Found him giving food to a French soldier that had got away. They didn't think to search the cellar or they'd have got me, too."

Tam looked at Billy and Billy looked at Tam.

"Weel?" said Tam.

"We can't leave him here," said Billy. "He can take the observer's seat in the cockpit. I'll sit behind you."

Mr. Henry Burton turned his startled gaze on the two.

"What! me, sir," he gasped, "go up in an airplane? Not me, sir. A ship I understand, and land, but the air I don't understand and don't hold with."

"Mon, ye're mad," said Tam.

"Not so mad that I'll go gallivanting about in the air," said Mr. Burton; "no, I'll be all right, sir. You leave me alone. Give me a bit of grub, if you've got any, and I'll find my way to Holland."

"Ye'll find yer way back to prison," said Tam. "You do as ye're told, my mon. Get up into the seat and try it. 'Tis a bonny place and as safe as the Glasgow Limited."

"I DON'T hold with Glasgow nor anybody that sails from that port," said the obstinate Mr. Burton, "with all due respect to you, sir, though from your talk I should say you were Irish."

Tam argued with the man fiercely, but he was adamant.

"See here," said Billy, approaching the pathetic figure, "I give you my word that you'll be safe. I am an American."

"I don't believe in Americans," said Mr. Burton calmly.

"Have you any brains?" demanded the exasperated Billy.

"I have," said Mr. Burton, "and I want to keep 'em."

The fog was growing thinner. Tam knew that he had no time to waste. He was sure of his ground and knew that he would make a good getaway. He searched in his fusilage and took out a spare map he had of the north of France and Belgium.

"You understand a chart, I suppose?"

"Aye, sir," said the man.

"There's yer road. Ye're not on it noo."

He opened the little case in which he kept his emergency rations and cleared it.

"Put those in yer pocket. They'll keep ye alive for a day or two," he said.

"I would give ye money but it's no use to ye. Besides, I've got none. Are ye sure ye won't come?"

"Sure, sir."

"IS THERE anything else I can do for ye?"

"If it's not asking too much, sir, I'd like the loan of that little pistol of yours."

Tam handed over the weapon and explained its mechanism.

"I might want it," said the man; "there's been a party of soldiers up and down this road for the last few days looking for me. It might be very useful," he said thoughtfully. "And if you get back and you meet any of my friends—I've got no relations—tell them that Henry Burton of the *Wapping Queen*, late of Cabel Street, Whitechapel, was alive and well when last seen."

He shook hands solemnly with the two men and turning, walked back to the road and the fog engulfed him.

"My, it's like sending a man to his death," said Billy and he spoke prophetically; "can't we club him, Tam, and put him in the fusilage?"

"A'd no 'like to be clubbing a man that is two heads bigger than mesel'," said Tam.

"Can't we—" Billy stopped suddenly.

There was a sound of voices, one voice sharp, barking, peremptory and menacing. Billy gripped Tam's arm and they listened. They heard the snick of breech-blocks.

"Soldiers," whispered Tam; "contact, Billy!"

He jumped up into the fusilage and Billy Best ran to the propellor. Before he could turn it, there was a shot. Tam recognized the sting of his automatic. There was another and a yell. Then three rifles crashed together. Billy swung the propellor round and with a roar the engine started and slowly the big scout machine dragged forward through the mist, gathering speed.

Tam looked back. He saw a great bulky form blundering through the fog, saw it stiffen its arms and the quick flash of another explosion ere it fell heavily to the earth.

"Puir feller," said Tam to himself and turned his whole attention to his engine.

The machine was still on the ground. The pace was increasing, but at any moment a tree or a high bush or a fence might leap out of the fog and crash him. He waited as long as he dared and then put the nose of the machine up and she rose swiftly and steeply. There was a breathless few seconds when a tree-top loomed up and vanished beneath them. Tam continued to climb. Such was the density of the fog belt that he did not reach blue sky

until the altimeter showed six thousand feet. Beneath him was an unbroken plain of white woolly mist. He looked at his watch. The repairs had taken him longer than he had thought, but there were still three or four hours of daylight. The fog carried for seventy miles and there was no sign of a break. Tam was growing anxious, for he could not risk a landing in a machine which took the ground at sixty miles an hour on a country which he knew was broken by innumerable small fields.

"It will thin out if we go on long enough, Tam," yelled Billy encouragingly and Tam grunted.

He dropped lower into the fog, came down within a hundred feet of the ground and narrowly escaped collision with a tall chimney-stack.

"Was that Lille?" roared Billy through the speaking-tube.

"A dinna recognize the chimney-stack," said Tam, but his sarcasm was wasted, since Billy took him literally.

The situation was becoming serious when of a sudden, as though some hand had cut the fog vertically from top to base, he dived out of the thin layer of mist through which he had been flying, into sunlight, and below him was the sea.

There was no sign of land, no sign of ships, but the solution to his difficulty was a simple one. He had but to turn, flying low, and set a direct course eastward to strike a beach. He turned the machine sharply and planed down to within a hundred feet of the sea and steered by compass due east. He was farther out to sea than he had believed. He dived again into the wall of mist, but the water was plainly visible.

Then of a sudden Billy Best, who had nothing to do but enjoy the view, gripped Tam's shoulder.

"Look, look!" he yelled.

Tam looked down. Right ahead of him and moving across his course was a long black ship. At first Tam thought it was a Belgian barge, and then:

"A submarine!" shouted Billy.

The boat was awash and as the scout flashed across her Tam saw three men in her conning-tower and they were moving with some haste. He might be ten or fifty miles from the shore, he might have just sufficient juice to bring his machine safely to land, but here was an imperative duty and he swung his machine round and roared through the speaking-tube one word, and that word was: "Bomb!"

Billy took a squint through the bombing-sight and gripped the release as Tam dipped down to the water. The bow of the submarine was already under water when Billy dropped the first bomb. It fell short by a dozen yards and Tam brought the airplane round in a circle.

"How many have ye?" he shouted.

"Two more," said the muffled voice of Billy.

"Stand by," said Tam and dipped again.

Only the conning-tower was above the water. Billy released the bomb and it fell just aft of the disappearing boat, throwing up a great column of water which sprayed the wings of the machine.

"Hell!" said Billy.

Again Tam turned. It was a race against time. Once the conning-tower was under water the chances of a vital hit were

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When Wilson Came to Paris

By Howard Wheeler

Editor of *Everybody's*, now in Paris

This article was written late in December, and arrived in EVERYBODY'S office just as the magazine was going to press

FROM the moment when the noise of cannon proclaimed the armistice, we here in Paris have been feeling and saying what all men feel and many are saying: that this great, little old world of ours has whirled through the war out of one stage of its growth into another—a new era; that historians will make 1914-1918 a barrier to mark a period.

We have to think of our future now. It is here. In the good old days we used to put it off if we wanted to. To-day it is staring us in the face, making actual, definite demands on us. There is no way out. We must try to read the features of this future which is upon us. Impossible? Yes. It is impossible as yet, for our short-sighted eyes to see big, and far, and straight, and true. But it is not impossible to try.

I felt this deeply when I came over here to meet the future in Paris, this center for the settlement of the war, the capital of the forming government of the new world. To move through the crowded boulevards, full of men and women, all intent on the urgent errands of the moment; to watch and to talk with the statesmen, the generals, the propagandists, the diplomats, all taking hold of the rough ends of the wreck of the war, distracted by pressing requirements of reconstruction; to see this moving-picture reeling off the intricate, jumbled problems of keeping things going—all this carried with it an overwhelming feeling that this alone was enough—the present.

And yet there it was, the future, demanding to be recognized. It had to be considered. How else could the day's work be managed? How else could the present be directed? Those statesmen with their old vision, their old traditions and their agonizing business—they had to look at it and try to make out the features of the future that was staring them out of countenance. So they are doing it.

How? To get at and give the answer to that is going to be the work of many world reporters for many months to come. We are working hard, we reporters here in France, harder than we have ever worked before. We have been trying to get at facts. Not surface facts, not impressions of facts, but deep, fundamental, substratum facts that will remain facts through Versailles—and after.

We have not got very far yet. But we have got somewhere. We have been in many parts of the Old World. We have been in many regions in France. We have been in the United States. And we have been in Paris. We have found some things that can be told, some that can't—yet. The things that stand out clearly

already, are going to be a help toward understanding things that will happen at the peace congress. It is the purpose of this article to indicate those things to those of America who are readers of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE.

The Future: Adventure

THE little old leaders of the world before the war are daring to tackle the new era, consciously. They are attempting the impossible. So they will accomplish the impossible—just as will you and I. There is a bigger, better reason than compulsion that makes it seem so sure that they, and we, will be able to see and take the measure of and deal with, somehow, the future that is here. There are signs here in Paris which any one can see, that *conscious daring* is to be the feature of the new era. That is the very spirit of the day. In the war, under fire, man learned to fly and to dive. We are not going to forget this in peace. We have come to the age of the flying, diving man—and know it.

We are going to dare to try, knowingly, the impossible. There are many, very many, who believe that, therefore, we shall do the impossible—at Versailles, and afterward.

One of the quietest-minded, most matter-of-fact of the great American jurists, a statesman high in the councils of the new world leadership said this very thing. It was at the end of a long evening spent on the war, peace, reconstruction and the League of Nations. When it came to the future he was asked a question.

"What about this future? What will its chief characteristic be?"

"Adventure," he said, like a shot, as though he had long ago thought out his answer. "Romance and adventure. Not the old sort, mind you, not the ruthless, half-conscious gambling, each man and each nation for himself or itself, with the devil at last getting all of us, foremost and hindmost, too, but adventure where the risk will be real, open-eyed, deliberate—high adventure with bold plunges into the mysteries of science, daring grappling with the unsolved problems of thought, art and social living. We shall dare to marry the spiritual with the material. The men of our future will not say: 'These evils always existed; therefore they will always exist.' The modest adventurer will demand—he is already demanding: 'This evil is the oldest and most difficult in the world? Very well, we will defeat that evil first.' That is what President Wilson is saying. And if the adventure fail, and the rest of us see by the very greatness of the failure that he has chosen the hardest, we shall prefer that adventure above all others." He

hesitated a moment, and then: "And we shall succeed. We shall defeat the old evils, we shall make conquest of the impossible—because we have learned to dare."

One need not go off the streets of Paris to know that this great man but voiced what lies in the consciousness of all of us here in France. The victory is still a miracle; November eleventh still beyond comprehension—a fantastic dream come true. The war itself was impossible. Wise men, we are recalling, experts who knew of the frightful new implements—great guns, poisonous gases, sailing things, flying things, diving things—they were saying that war was impossible, that "men simply could not live through a war such as these things meant." Well, they did live through it. Millions died, but more millions survived. And soldiers know and are telling each other that they came through the impossible.

Doing the Impossible

ONE night here in Paris, right after the armistice was signed, an American staff officer, a husky radiant boy who had come in only that day from the front, was talking at dinner about his experiences. Not one of his stories was really formed, yet. He told them badly, in slashing, broad strokes. But any one could see in his words, his looks, that he had gone through hell and that "he never thought he'd come out of it alive."

"Why," he said, in a dazed sort of way, "why, I remember going up to a place, a barrage. I had to go through. Carried an order. It was a cross-road. They were dropping shells a hundred a minute. I—well—I almost hesitated to go through. I don't see—I mean I didn't see how in hell you could go through. . . ." He looked around, wondering, smiling, at the lively tables with the gay diners, the men in uniform, like himself, the girls, the lights, the wine. It was Maxim's. It was good. It was alive. "I'd like to go home first," he said, "for a little while. Then I'd be ready to go through it again. Out there you can do anything."

He had learned it. So had a college professor who had gone through the hell at Verdun. He enlisted as a private at the beginning of the war. He was captain when it was over, so many of his officers fell. In a midnight conversation in a stuffy second-class compartment on the way to Metz we had somehow got on to the subject of human endurance.

"The truth is," he said, "that in the ordinary course of our lives we never more than skim the surface of our reserve. We have almost unlimited stores of energy that we never draw on, never suspect. Take my case. A teacher, my life had

given me no physical preparation for war. I remember my first march. The first day I thought I should die. The next day I knew I should die. I didn't die. We fought twenty-one days at Verdun without rest. At the end our colonel invited a company of us to take dinner with him. We had not washed. We had not dared use our scanty water save for drinking. We had not had our clothes off for an hour since the beginning. At table we had to keep pushing the lice back up our sleeves to keep from soiling the linen. . . . I do not say I could not go through it again. I know now that I could—if I had to. A man can do anything—if he has to."

These two soldiers had learned it. Any one who has watched Foch must have learned it—that men can do anything they think they can do. One of the characteristics of "before the war" was the line we drew between theory and practise, doctrine and doing. "That's all right in theory," we would say, "but—"

Foch crossed that line. The great soldier, like Wilson, was a college professor before the war. He taught military strategy, to be sure, but he was a teacher, a theorist; and when he became a commander in actual war, he did not drop his theories. He practised them. Many of the leaders under him had been his students. He called upon them to do in the field in the face of a savage, clever enemy, what he had asked them to recite in the academy. One of his staff, Colonel Requin, told laughingly one day how some of these other generals, practical men, were shocked at orders he took to them from Foch.

"It was a common experience of mine," he said, "to take an order to a division commander in the very crisis of a fight, directing him to perform at once a well-studied, typical maneuver. The troubled, busy general would take the order, read and reread the clean, careful writing and then turn to me and exclaim: 'Impossible! Why, that would be hard enough to do in maneuvers, but in battle— Here? Now? My God, it is impossible!'"

The general, of course, would perform the movement, academically, under fire. "And," said Colonel Requin, "when he tried it, it worked out. And it was those things that won the battle that won the war."

America Personified

BUT the most romantic and amazing example of putting theory into practise, of attempting to make the right might, of doing indeed the ideal, is our own President Wilson's high adventure in world politics. As I write this, here in practical Paris, the American President is on the ocean sailing to Europe to make not war, but something harder than war—peace. It is not an armistice, this time; not a truce; not a treaty to end this war only; but a permanent arrangement to stop war, and a League of Nations to keep the peace. That is a fact which Paris, at least, has firm hold of to-day.

Impossible? It is safe to say that this is what most of the Old World thinks to-night. And the Old World—yes, and the New World too—is watching Mr. Wilson's coming with such a sense of his daring, such a hope, such a fear—of his fine faith and courage, as no hero of romance and

history ever stirred in the hearts of men. It is a fact that the people at home should never lose sight of that Wilson does not appear to those on this side as a mere peace delegate coming with others on a simple political mission. He is being viewed as *the personification of the American people*. And what does that mean?

Among "The Little People" of France

WE HAD been in Metz on the eighth of December, that tremendous Sunday when the common folk of Lorraine gave their frantic welcome to the civil chiefs of France. Soldiers in fresh uniforms; dragoons with flower-tipped lances; little girls in the bright colors of the native dress clambering over the state carriage and the line of autos that followed; Clemenceau, riding beside Poincaré, weeping unrestrainedly as he was driven through the gay, eager, cheering crowds; bands, bugles, the rumble of guns. It was a brave spectacle, without pomp. It was human, real, throat-gripping. It was great to be a Frenchman that day.

And it was great to be an American. There were few Americans there. But wherever one looked, there were the Stars and Stripes. Often the stars were too few, the stripes all wrong—hand-made emblems sewn from pieces of ribbon or scraps of cloth. But painstakingly they had been made for this day. They meant something—something big. We might smile, we Americans, but with the smile there was mingled a strange, deep emotion.

We could not have been mistaken for soldiers, we three reporters, but wherever we went—and it was the same at Strasbourg, Colmar, Mulhouse and Belfort—they cheered us with the same spontaneous whole-heartedness as they cheered when they saw the autos carrying Pershing, or their own military leaders. All day and every day as we worked our way through the crowds, it was the same: "*Les Américains! Vive Wilson! Vive l'Amérique!*" It was seldom "President Wilson," almost always just "Wilson." Americans—any Americans, soldiers or not—meant Wilson. And Wilson meant America. And America meant something very big and full of comfort and happiness to those simple, happy people. I didn't get it into words until I got back to Paris. And then I got it from the lips of a French financier, who had generously given me much of his time to inform me concerning the French merchant marine and its problems. As I was leaving, I told him of my trip to Metz and through Alsace, and of the enthusiasm toward Americans.

"Ah, yes!" he said. "You must remember that the people of Alsace as well as all other French people are passionately liberty loving. You will find that America is very close to the hearts of the little people of France. There are many reasons. One of them is that your President has a rare gift of taking an ordinary discussion of statesmanship, or world politics, and making it sound like a prayer—a prayer which French people understand, one which gives expression to their deepest desires."

PARIS to-day is full of peoples. The French are here from the provinces. And the English: statesmen, soldiers, men

and women connected with different missions. And Americans—thousands of us; not the tourists of the old days, but officials, military and civil, commissions, missions, troops, reporters. The Canadians have not gone home, nor the Australians and New Zealanders. The Italians are here, with soldiers and the representatives of their Government; the Spanish; the actual Governments of the Poles, of the Czechs and other Balkan peoples. The Belgians are coming, and the neutrals: the Dutch, the Scandinavians, with headquarters already reserved. The Japanese are on the way, and the Chinese, the Siamese, the Russians. All the peoples of the earth are either officially or unofficially here, in fact, or on the way to Paris for the Peace Conference at Versailles.

And they are all watching and waiting for Wilson, the President of the American people!

The reason, of course, is that the Peace Conference will be the first Congress of the World. It will decide the fate of nations. "Armistice" is only a word. The war is over, the fighting. Two of the great old empires have been beaten to pieces. The balance of power is broken. The whole world is to be rearranged. The earth's surface is to be redistributed. Wherefore all claimants under the sun are here with their claims, with their arguments, with everything powerful or useful that they could think of.

The old order is here in full force. There is greed. There is ambition. There is intrigue. There is hate, envy, suspicion, jealousy, fear.

THERE ARE PLANNINGS HERE IN PARIS TO-NIGHT WHICH, IF UNCHECKED, WOULD CAUSE WARS.

It is not that any men are intending to do just that. No human being can be so evil that he would plot such a thing, deliberately. But there are men, and there are interests, and there are nations, if the evidence is to be believed, that will knowingly and cynically risk this thing. There are habits of mind, there are ancient traditions, there is that fierce psychology of the old era. There are forces laboring to-night to lay at the very Peace Conference the rotten foundations for another, a yet greater world war—if they are not checked.

But they *are* checked. These men and their plans, and the forces back of them, are all held in leash, for the moment, by the spectacle of that ship which is sailing so slowly across the Atlantic from the United States of America to France.

"What of Woodrow Wilson? What will he do? What will the American people have to say? What will the New World want?"

Nothing. That is what Wilson has said we want and that is what staggers them, stalls their plans. They are men of big affairs. They understand give and take. They would let us have more than our share if that would leave the rest of the way open. But we say that we want nothing—nothing that we can not share equally with the whole world; nothing but Peace, Justice, Liberty—a fair break and an even chance for all peoples.

"This man Wilson, who is he? What is he? And this people, these Americans, who are they? What are they?"

That is what men are asking of one

another, exasperated or expectant; indignant or all alight with hope. Answers are being given, too, to these questions. It is worth any American's while to try to read our history through Old World eyes—especially now. For American history is being rehearsed over here every day.

It runs more or less this way:

It appears that some three hundred or so years ago, a lot of disgruntled, discontented people who wanted the impossible, left or were driven out of Europe. They went to a newly discovered continent, called America, which was a wilderness, far away on the underside of the earth. They went from all the old countries—Spain, England, France, and later from Ireland, Germany, Italy, Scandinavia, the Balkans—from all over Europe, Asia and Africa. They were quiet for a while, and Europe was quiet. After a while, however, Europe began to hear about these people, strange, interesting stories. They had made good. They had cleared the land, plowed and built, and had set up a marvelous order of society. They were happy, free and good. It was heard, also, that many had died, that there was suffering and intolerance, much hardness and materialism, conceit and hypocrisy. There were wars—against the savages, with the French colonies, and finally a war for independence, which they won. That was when they established a republic and inspired the world with hope in republics. The second war with England was for freedom of the sea. Next came a war against Mexico, for conquest, and after that a war over slavery—a bloody civil war. This free republic was the last nation to abolish chattel slavery. The last American war was against Spain, over the possession of some island colonies. America was becoming an empire, like England, France, Germany and the rest. Only Americans were not saying so, the bluffers, the hypocrites.

"All Talk"

SUCH things are being said here now. I have heard them. We all have heard them. And those who are saying them have some facts. Not only travelers from Europe, but plain people, emigrants, droves of them, for decades have been streaming to the United States. Not all made good. Many stayed, prospering, melted in, silent. But others came back. Some of these had failed. They told stories of poverty and slums, corruption, misgovernment, oppression, strikes. Still others, who had not failed, but who had succeeded, tremendously, came home to visit their old haunts and they displayed much money, bluster—front. The Europeans began to call us "money-mad," "dollar-worshippers." But the word they have really tagged us with is the word they got from us—"bluffers."

It makes no difference whether or not there is a sting in it for Americans. It is a fact—and a big fact in the situation here. Americans in this European conception are materialists, with ideals as a bluff. We talk big and fine, but we're all talk. Yet they never altogether dislike us. On the contrary, some of them really like us. The trouble was, and the trouble still is, that they haven't been able to make up their minds about us. They couldn't. They didn't have to. We lived far away.

We took no part in their affairs. We were outside what they regarded as the real world.

How the U. S. Came to Europe

WE WERE rank outsiders till the world war broke. And now the United States of North America has come into the family of nations. And how? An Ohio man once said that Ohio was never really admitted to the Union. "We were New Englanders," he explained. "We had merely moved out to our Western Reserve in Ohio, made a state, and when we were ready, we hit back East, walked into the Union, kicked the dog a friendly kick, stuck our feet up on the stove and inquired how things were going. Home again, that was all."

As the European sees it, that is about the way the United States of America has come home to Europe. We have come back and have made ourselves at home. We are, this minute, one of the greatest surprises of the surprising war. They have taken us. They had to. When the war broke upon them, all at peace, they realized, some of them, that they faced a fight for their very existence. They were desperate. They reached out for friends—finally even to remote America. Some of them did. Germany didn't. France didn't. It was England that knew us best and thought the most of us. But even England at the beginning expected only money and fuel, food and ammunition. France was busy, too desperately busy to look around her. And Germany—Germany showed that she despised us as incompetent and corrupt, a fake to be fooled and bought. That, of course, is what beat her in the end. Germany was sure that Americans did not mean what Wilson was saying; because Germany was sure that we were theorists in the ideal, and in practise materialists.

England asked us for men and she appealed to the best in us. She asked for an American army and navy in the name of American and British ideals. She took us at Wilson's word and Wilson took Britain at her word. Wilson declared war upon the proposition that war was to preserve, and that the peace to be made would be to establish, the ideals of the United States, of Great Britain, of France, Italy and the whole moral world as the law of the world. That, and that alone, as he saw it, was worth while; and for that, and that alone, the United States went to war.

And for that, Woodrow Wilson, spokesman for the United States, in the eyes of millions of Europeans, the personification of the United States, is sailing over to Europe—wondering, hopeful, fearful Europe; wondering whether it is an American bluff; hopeful that it isn't; fearful that it isn't. For all of Europe does not see all things the same. There is official Europe and then there are the people of Europe, just as there is the Quai d'Orsay and the "little people" of France, like those "little people" we saw in Alsace. *It is a part of official Europe that is afraid it isn't a bluff; it is the people who hope that it isn't.*

And Europe—certainly official Europe—knows better than America how long, how consistently and how literally President Wilson has worked for the ideals which he has voiced. There are undoubtedly good reasons, great reasons, why the whole story of the President's efforts has

not been told. A little of it, a very little of it, has been given to me, however, and I am at liberty to tell it. I shall set it down briefly in this article, because I believe that it will have a most important and direct bearing on what happens or does not happen at Versailles, but also because I believe that it is necessary to anything like a clear understanding of the lines of battle as they are being drawn for Versailles, and particularly of the position of the American forces in those lines.

"Before the War" Peace Work

TO BEGIN with, very few Americans have known what the chancelleries over here have known; that the American President began working for the sort of peace for which he has declared since "before the war." It was in 1913 that he and Colonel Edward M. House sat down together and took a look at Europe from their American point of view. They saw only what the European governments saw; but they saw it afresh, and as idealists. One was a citizen of the world. Colonel House had traveled much over here, and had studied in his close, quiet way, European politics. The other, Professor Wilson, was an historian, a scholar, and a thinker.

Now European statesmen know, and many of them are now saying, that the causes of this war lay deep in certain unsolved problems of nationality, sovereignty, and disputed spheres of financial or economic interest. We know it, too, but not so generally, not so vividly as they know it. It takes a deal of study of history and actual experience in international business and politics to get hold of the truth as a live thing, as so many of the European statesmen, financiers, publicists, and party leaders have hold of it. That is where Wilson's history came in—and he had Mexico in revolution to give him illustrative experience. House's travels put him in command of the politics of the British Empire, Germany, France and Italy; and of Egypt, South Africa, Morocco and the Bagdad Railroad. Here were unsolved problems certain to lead to war if they were left unsolved.

The two American statesmen feared war. So did the European statesmen. But it was no new dread to the Europeans. To the Americans it was fresh; and they saw in it danger for America. They feared that, in the delicate, intricate connections which had developed during the recent expansion of European business, the next European war might become a world war and draw the United States into its vortex. The days of our isolation were over. What were we to do about it?

The Beginnings of the New Era

MR. WILSON and Colonel House recognized what European statesmen knew better and pretended not to know; that war, like other social evils, had causes. They found general principles involved as causes of war—such as the right (or the might) of the great powers to intervene in, "help," "protect," govern, and, by the way, to exploit weaker nations in the name of order and civilization, or culture. They believed that the way to deal with this was to get a world agreement to the principle of self-determination for all nations.

(Continued on page 82)



Alone with his conscience

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*"Will I never be able to rid myself of the awful responsibility for that almost fatal accident? The memory is constantly before me. **Even now** the very flames leaping up the chimney seem to portray the nerve-racking scene and bring it all vividly before me again.*

"Had I only put on my tire chains that eventful morning, as I well knew I should, I could easily have controlled my car and thus have saved all this remorse.

*"Just suppose it was one of **my** little girls that had been hurt by another motorist as careless and thoughtless as myself?*

*"I wonder if I could complacently have accepted the flimsy excuse—that he 'couldn't help it'—that 'it was unavoidable'—**when I knew** that it was nothing but downright carelessness—an utter disregard of that first principle of careful driving—'Put on your Weed Chains **at the first drop of rain.**'"*

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The SECOND DIVISION at CHÂTEAU-THIERRY

(Continued from page 20)

attention to Vaux. He had found some refugees from the village, and had obtained from them numerous photographs of the streets and houses. He discovered a stonemason who knew accurately the location of houses with cellars. He had made and given to the officers who were to com-

the northwest, that of the battalion of the 23rd Infantry. The artillery preparation for this attack was arranged with great care by Colonel Bowley, who had succeeded General Chamberlaine in command of the artillery brigade.

For several hours a terrific fire was

tion and probable strength of the enemy, the number of his machine guns and trench mortars and where they were to be found, the amount of barbed wire and other obstacles to be encountered—all these things were known in advance and were met with singular precision. Within a short time after they went over the top our men were closing with the enemy.

Long before evening, word was received from Major Bouton that Vaux, with several hundred prisoners, had been taken, and that he had advanced to the railroad east of the town. The 23rd Infantry had been equally successful and had attained its objective. When night came, the Germans counter-attacked against the 23rd Infantry, but completely failed, and the attacking party was either killed or taken prisoners. Our own loss in this advance was small, most of the casualties having occurred from enemy artillery fire during the preceding night and morning, while the assembled troops were waiting to attack. We took five hundred prisoners, with numbers of machine guns and other material.

The difficult task of taking Hill 204, assigned to the 39th French Division, had not resulted so fortunately. They were met with a destructive machine-gun fire from the woods in front of them, and after a gallant attempt to take the crest of the hill, had withdrawn to their old lines. The Germans on the hill still looked down on their recently lost Vaux, and were free to harass the new American garrison with machine-gun and rifle fire. In this difficult situation the battalion of the 9th Infantry, the machine gunners and the engineers held on. They at once set to work to fortify their new line, and to prepare for the defense of the town. To the west, along the railroad, the 23rd Infantry was doing the same thing.

The advance of the 3rd Brigade concluded the active work of the Second Division for the time being. Its front line was now two kilometers farther from Paris than when it had entered the fight. After forty days of open warfare, during which it had seen three German divisions retire in defeat, it was relieved on July 10th, by the 26th Division, under Major-General Clarence R. Edwards, when it withdrew to the second line. A week later it took part, with our 1st Division and the 48th French Division (Moroccan) in General Mangin's attack south of Soissons, which was followed by the German withdrawal from the Marne.

This narrative has been written mainly from memory, without notes. It is only a part of what one man saw and knew. Much of human interest, the many acts of bravery, the heroic conduct of the wounded, the tests of physical and mental endurance, are omitted because to write of them would go far beyond the scope of my narrative. They are left for the newspaper correspondents and professional writers. I have tried to show the work of one American division at a critical stage of the war. Whatever of success that may be claimed for it is due to the excellent team work of the whole splendid organization. Where all did so well, none should be praised above another. My own point



A wheat-field on the edge of Belleau Wood.



These photographs loaned by U. S. Marine Corps.

Bourèsches after the battle.

mand the attacking troops, maps showing the position of these houses, for here would be found the Germans, seeking shelter from the artillery bombardment.

The troops selected for this offensive were the 2nd Battalion of the 9th Infantry, under Major Bouton, and the 3rd Battalion of 23rd Infantry, under Major Elliott. Attached to the former were the machine-gun company of the 9th Infantry, and Company A, 2nd Engineers, Company D, 5th Machine Gun Battalion, and Company C, 2nd Engineers, accompanied the battalion of the 23rd Infantry. General Lewis was charged with the general conduct of the attack. During the night of June 30th, these units marched to designated positions behind the 9th Infantry, through whose lines they were to advance on the following day. Vaux was the objective of the battalion of the 9th Infantry; the woods to

directed on Vaux. Lieutenant-Colonel Bradley, of the artillery, had established himself in an observation post from which he could see the effect of this fire, and from there he directed his batteries on the houses under which were the cellars, filled with the Germans seeking shelter. Gas shells in large numbers were fired into the woods north of Vaux to prevent the Germans from sending reinforcements through them. The woods to the northwest of the village, which formed the rest of our objective, were included in the destructive fire of the high-explosive shells. About noon of July 1st, when this fire of preparation had ceased, the infantry advanced, following closely the protecting artillery barrage.

The whole affair was beautifully conducted. Each subordinate commander knew definitely the part that he was to play in the game. There was no hitch. The loca-

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writes: "I learned with as much pleasure as quickly and as easily as if I were reading a novel." H. N. Rowell, a lawyer, writes: "My son of fourteen learned your system so quickly and writes so accurately that I have learned it myself in spare quarter hours and am using it in my practice."

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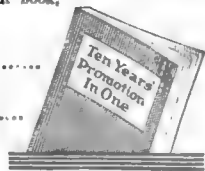
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of view is best expressed in the following order which was issued at the time:

(G. O. 41)

HEADQUARTERS SECOND DIVISION (REGULAR) AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES

France, July 10, 1918

General Orders
No. 41

I. After more than a month of continuous fighting, the division has been withdrawn from the first lines. It is with inexpressible pride and satisfaction that your commander recounts your glorious deeds on the field of battle.

In the early days of June, on a front of twenty kilometers, after night marches, and with only the reserve rations which you carried, you stood like a wall against the enemy advance on Paris. For this timely action you have received the thanks of the French

people whose homes you saved, and the generous praise of your comrades in arms.

Since the organization of our sector, in the face of strong opposition, you have advanced your lines two kilometers on a front of eight kilometers. You have engaged and defeated with great loss three German divisions, and have occupied the important strong points of the Belleau Woods, Bourrèsches, and Vaux. You have taken about fourteen hundred prisoners, many machine guns, and much other material. The complete success of the infantry was made possible by the splendid cooperation of the artillery, by the aid and assistance of the engineer and signal troops, by the diligent, watchful care of the medical and supply services, and by the unceasing work of a well-trained staff. All elements of the division have worked together in perfect harmony as a great machine. Amid the dangers and trials of battle, every officer and every man has done well his part. Let the stirring deeds, the hardships, the sacrifices of the past month remain forever a bright spot in our history. Let the sacred memory of our fallen comrades spur us on to renewed efforts to add to the glory of American arms.

OMAR BUNDY

Major-General, N. A.

(FOR OFFICIAL CIRCULATION ONLY)

(G. O. 112.)

G. H. Q.

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES

General Orders,
No. 112.

France, July 9, 1918.

The Commander-in-Chief desires to record in the General Orders of the American Expeditionary Forces his appreciation of the splendid courage, service and sacrifice of the officers and men of the First and Second Divisions of these Forces during the recent operations in which these divisions participated, and in which the enemy was checked by the resolute defense and counter-offense of the Allied Armies.

These divisions, submitted fully for the first time to all the drastic tests of modern warfare, bore themselves always with fine valor; their cooperation with their brothers-in-arms of the unified command was prompt, and efficient and brought from their Allied comrades many expressions of sincere appreciation. The conduct of these brave men and that of their fallen comrades, who made the supreme sacrifice, has established a standard of service and prestige which every division of the American Expeditionary Forces will strive to emulate and preserve.

This order will be read to all organizations at the first assembly formation after its receipt.

BY COMMAND OF GENERAL PERSHING:

JAMES W. McANDREW,

Official:

ROBERT C. DAVIS,

Adjutant-General.

Chief-of-Staff.

A. G. Printing Dept., G. H. Q., A. E. F., 1918.

The General Order issued by General Pershing in commendation of the First and Second Divisions.



"This wouldn't have happened if—"

"A rainy night. A dark, narrow road. You and your friends had enjoyed the show and were having a good time in spite of the weather.

"Several miles yet to go. Then—a blowout! *But it wouldn't have happened if that tire had been a Hood.*

"Hood Extra Ply Tires are guaranteed to run 6,000 miles. That is minimum, of course—they usually do a lot better.

"A Hood is the most economical tire you can buy, because it costs less per mile guaranteed than any so-called 'standard' tire of equal size. Consider this question of *cost per mile*. Miles are what you really pay for."

Put on a Hood to-day
Forget it for a year



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Ask the Hood Dealer for proof. And write to us for free booklet, "The Why of the Extra Ply." It tells what you want to know about tires.

HOOD TIRE CO., INC.
24 Nichols Avenue
WATERTOWN . MASS.

The UNCONQUERED

(Continued from page 35)

preserved themselves and held the rest together.

Picture it to yourselves, my friends, if you can; this handful of men, cohering, enduring; and all around them, by the hundred thousand, the enemy. Behind every tree, a possible rifle; in every wood, a potential ambush; in every comrade, the danger of a spy.

There were three spies in the regiment during those four years. The first was suspected and killed before he had reached the rendezvous. The second was detected on the third day, when he stiffened at a barked command in German. The third alone was clever; he deceived them, he lived among them, he learned their plans, and when the chance came, he brought down a German force upon the rendezvous when almost the full command was there.

But Jacques Fontaine had never grown careless; he had made it a rule from the beginning to post twenty sentries in a wide circle about the Ravine of the Cold Tooth when the regiment was assembled. And one of these guards escaped the attempt to overcome him, and gave warning just in time. The regiment flung out of the ravine, broke boldly through the jaws of the German trap, left half its strength in German hands.

But the remnant escaped and lived.

In the winter of 1915 this regiment was reduced to twenty-seven men. The next winter, at the time of the great hunt, when the men were tracked through the snow, they were cut down to fifty-four. The fall of 1917 was the time of the spy; and some seventy men went through that winter like the beasts, some of them nursing wounds for months on end. They stirred from their hiding-places only once, and that was when they cut off a German patrol in which the spy rode and took him from his comrades and hanged him to the beams of a barn.

They had been forced to leave the Ravine of the Cold Tooth, since the Germans knew that spot; they hid now under the shoulder of one of the little mountains. And there, that winter and the next spring, their numbers grew again.

They had ninety men in March; and the friendly peasants brought to them by devious ways soldiers of France who were cut off in the great offensive of that year, so that in May they numbered a hundred and fifty men, and in June close to two hundred. And the Germans were too much concerned with other matters to divert so much as a regiment to run them down.

When in due time the hour came for them to fulfill their destiny, my friends, this regiment which Jacques Fontaine had kept alive numbered three hundred and ninety men, with rifles for all and two machine guns and cartridges to feed those clamoring devices. And Jacques prepared to strike his blow for France.

IT IS certain, my friends, that I have failed to give you any comprehensive picture of the life of this poor regiment during the years of its isolation. It is impossible for you, who have always been well fed and comfortable, to imagine the hunger, the cold, the loneliness, the misery. Some of you have faced peril, perhaps for hours

on end. But these men, gentlemen, faced death for years on end. There was never a moment when their lives were secure. They were like the animals in the forest about them; they slept fitfully; they squatted on their haunches while they ate and were alert to spring to their feet at the least alarm. They subsisted on berries, on nuts, on uncooked grain pilfered from the fields which the Germans forced the peasants to cultivate; they snared rabbits, they were able now and then to kill larger game. And when desperation drove them they attacked the Germans and wrested food from them at the price of blood.

This existence was at best an ordeal; and when the Germans found time to try to hunt them down it became torment. Regiments encircled them, beating through the woods, searching every brake and gully and ravine. Dogs tracked them, baying on their trails; their footprints in the snow, bloody and stumbling, led their pursuers through the forest. At due time one of the little German princelings gave great sport to his friends by organizing a hunt for these men, as he would have organized a hunt for the wild boars. When the beaters overcame a Frenchman, they took his weapons and let him go, and then the princeling and his friends charged the unarmed man with leveled lance and ran him through.

THE Frenchmen spoiled this sport by a stubborn refusal to run before the horses. Robbed of their weapons, they stood erect and faced their foe and took the steel in their breasts, so that the princeling was furious, and those with him were shamed, and the sport was broken off.

Of such things as this was existence for these men.

But I have been unjust in failing, before this, to speak of the peasants who helped them. Word of this regiment had gone abroad through the forest and the mountains. And wherever they went they were welcomed and given food and shelter and clothes. And the peasants brought recruits to them and brought them warnings and information. They made endurance possible.

It was the peasants, in the end, who brought the word to Jacques Fontaine that told him his hour had come to strike. They came and they said the great battle to the southward was rolling nearer every day. This was at the time, you understand, when we had begun to push the German back; it was at the time when he was giving way each time a little more easily than the time before. We advanced one mile to-day, two miles to-morrow, three the day after.

And the word of this was abroad among the peasants in that part of France and of Belgium which the Germans still held. They were fermenting, as though these rumors of approaching liberation had been yeast cast among them.

They came and they told Jacques Fontaine. And Jacques Fontaine and wry-necked Lupec cast about them to find a task for their hands.

The Germans were making up their mind at this time to draw back to their shortest defensive line; to that line from the south-

ern point of Holland south through Luxembourg to Metz, and so to Switzerland. They counted on being able to hold us there; and they were withdrawing slowly, a little here, and a little there, and a little yonder, day by day. And behind them they left a ruined country, every house destroyed, every fruit-tree cut off at the roots. But they were going back and back.

There was one line of railroad along which the trains were pounding day by day; and this line ran north and south past the fringe of the forest and the mountains where Jacques Fontaine and his regiment were hiding. The regiment was scattered, groups of four men and five and six dwelt here and there among the ravines. But when Jacques Fontaine and Lupec had considered, and had secretly scouted back and forth, and had decided upon what they wished to do, they sent runners to gather the regiment together.

There was a spot where the railroad line which the Germans were burdening so heavily crossed a little stream. On the north bank of this stream, and overlooking the bridge which spanned it, there rose a rocky hillock; and this hillock was topped by one of those ancient, ruined châteaux which were the chief beauty of France before the war. On three sides sheer precipices fell away from the walls of this old château; on the other side the way of ascent was steep and hard.

A dozen men could hold this spot against an army, so long as cannon were not concerned in the affair. And Jacques Fontaine believed the Germans had other uses for their cannon at this time.

So he gathered his regiment, and drew them near the spot he had chosen, and waited for his time to strike.

There was, you understand, a guard set about this bridge. But the guard was not strong, for a strong guard was not considered necessary. There were soldiers passing constantly, working slowly northward in the great retreat; and the long trains of stores and supplies crossed one after another through every day.

IT WAS like a river of men and of supplies; one of the rivers of war. And on a certain night Jacques Fontaine dammed that river. His men swept down; they overwhelmed the guard upon the bridge. And they fired the petard which the Germans had themselves laid to destroy that bridge when their forces should be across. They fired the petard and the bridge disappeared in a great flame of orange fire; and Jacques Fontaine and his men fell back swiftly into the night. When dawn came, they were all within the wall of the old château, high above the bridge, commanding it. And when the German pioneers swarmed out to repair the bridge, Jacques and his men began to fire.

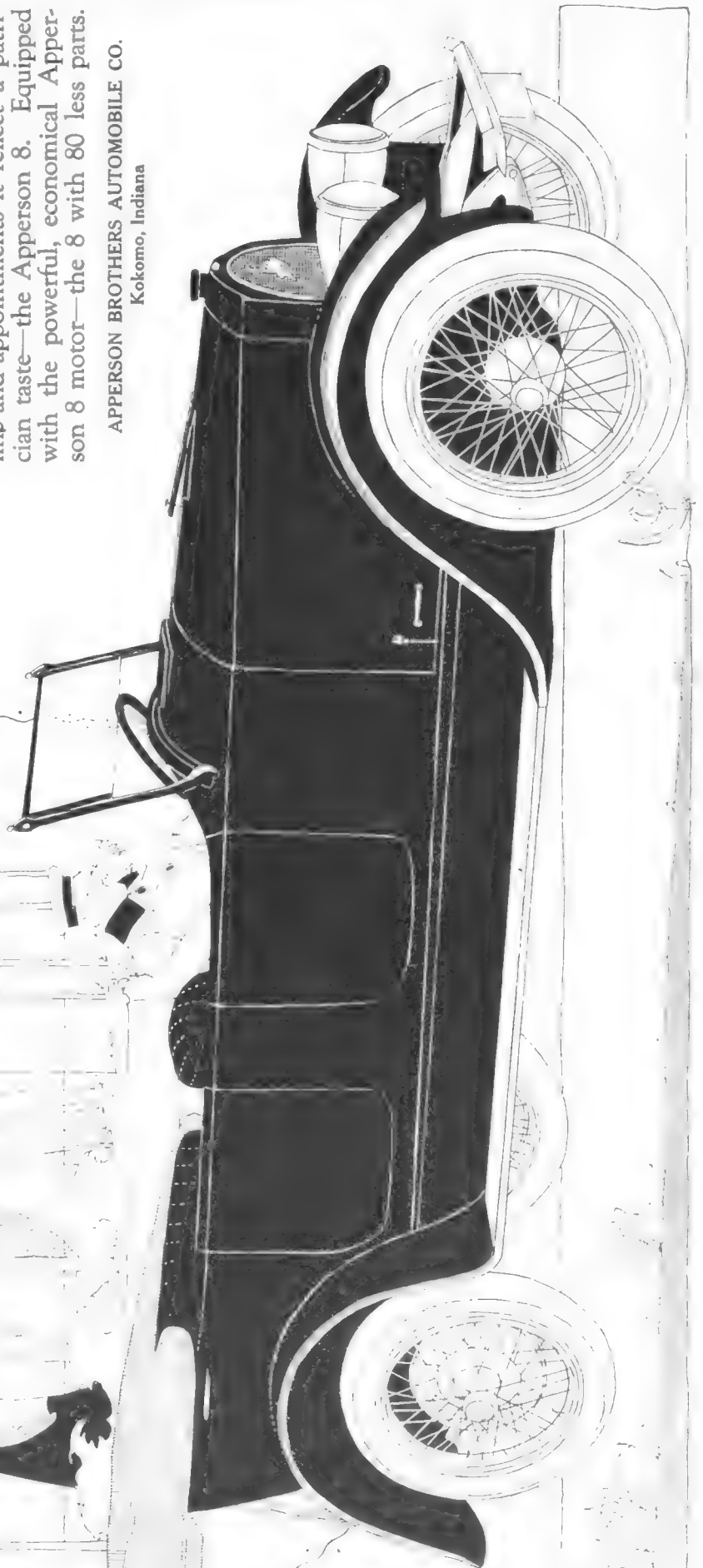
They swept the pioneers away, for they were marksmen, all. They had been trained for four years never to waste a cartridge; that was the thrift of Jacques Fontaine. And they wasted none now. They did not use the two machine guns. Those were reserved to repel the attack that was sure to come. They used their rifles, and they strove to make every bullet take its toll.

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IT is true that four out of five people over forty suffer from gum-shrinkage, or Pyorrhea (Riggs' Disease). But many people even under thirty have Pyorrhea. Women, particularly after the baby comes, are peculiarly subject to Pyorrhea. At such time they cannot be too careful about their teeth.

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A troop-train came north in the morning, and the Germans flung the men against the old château up the steep path. The Frenchmen slaughtered them; they built a barricade of German bodies before the very muzzles of their guns. And more trains came and were held up by the destroyed bridge. The dammed river of men and supplies began to rise and grumble and fret and fume. The pioneers, down by the ruined bridge, strove fruitlessly under the hail of balls.

The second day the Germans brought guns to bear. At first there was only shrapnel, and it spattered harmlessly. But after that came high explosive; and each great shell, detonating amid the ruined walls of the château, turned every stone and pebble into a missile that swept to right and left and all about in a storm of death.

When three hundred men are huddled in a narrow area, a single shell will kill half of them. This happened on that day. An hour after the bombardment began not a hundred men remained alive upon the top of the little peak; an hour after that scarce fifty remained.

But while it was easy to kill the first hundred, and while it was not difficult to kill the second hundred, it was very hard indeed to complete the extermination of the force. A dozen men may live where a hundred would perish; and at noon the riflemen in the ruins of the old château still kept the ruined bridge cleared of men and none could toil there.

By that time the congestion on the southern bank of the river had become so great that the tide overflowed. And Jacques Fontaine, with a scarf bound around his chest to crush back the blood that was leaking from his great body, could see the smoke and hear the roar of French guns, ten miles away, harassing the fleeing enemy.

By mid-afternoon French shells began to fall amid the huddle on the southern bank of the river; and at nightfall the Germans broke there.

They broke; they poured across the stream, wading, swimming, drowning. They broke in flight to escape the merciless guns. And the French planes overhead, till dark was fully fallen, marked their going, and signaled the guns that harassed the fleeing men.

Before that the Frenchmen had been silenced; the Frenchmen of Jacques Fontaine in the old château. There were some few of them still unwounded; there were others who breathed and groaned as they slowly died. There were not enough of them to keep the bridge clear; but that duty no longer was required of them. They had held up a division till the French

armies could come up and rout it. And the Germans, flinging one last mad charge against the old château, drew off to the north and left Jacques Fontaine and those of his men who still lived masters of the field.

I was with the army that came up to that bridge at dawn, my friends. And I was one of those who saw, in the first light above the ruined walls of the old château, a flicker of glorious color. A banner, floating there.

Our skirmishers were flung across, pressing northward. Our engineers swarmed upon the ruined bridge, rebuilding.

And one patrol of men turned aside, by the road that led toward the château. They went to solve this riddle, gentlemen. They went to discover who it was that had set there the banner of France.

They went carefully, one man ahead, others behind. They feared a trap; they did not understand.

I was with them. We came thus to a turn in the road; and we rounded it, and we saw our advance man at the halt, upon his horse, in the road ahead.

Toward this man were marching, down the road from the château, four men.

One of these men was tall and strong and bulky. And there was a scarf about his chest; and the scarf was red. Of the others, two marched proudly—two who had come unscathed through that hell where the château had stood. And the fourth, though there was a smeared bandage about his face and eyes, so that he held to the arm of Jacques Fontaine, this fourth man, my friends, held his head as high as any; and his shoulders were erect and his steps were firm.

It was this fourth man who bore, resting it against his hip and steadying it with his other hand, the flag. They came on, these four, heads high. And though they were haggard and stained and worn, the banner above them was unsullied and unsoiled.

As they came toward us we could hear them singing, in cracked and hoarse voices. Singing those immortal words of Rouget de l'Isle.

When they came near our vidette, where he sat his horse so quietly, they halted. And I saw then that these men still wore the red trousers and the blue coats of their ancient uniforms. And we were all very still as we listened. And we heard the vidette challenge in a ringing voice:

"*Qui vive?*"

There was, for me, something splendidly symbolic in the scene. For to that challenge those battered but unconquerable men gave answer with one voice, one word.

"*Qui vive?*" the vidette challenged.

And the four responded hoarsely: "France!"

EVERYBODY'S office has just received from Mr. Wheeler a cable saying he has posted "a splendid article on Germany by Corey." As our readers know, Mr. Corey has been EVERYBODY'S special "war correspondent," who was with American shock troops at the front when the armistice was signed, and since then he has actually been in Germany. This article, which is on the way and which we hope to print in the April issue, is certain to be of the most extraordinary interest. We are looking for it eagerly, and are sure our readers' anticipations will be as keen as ours.

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OUR "ALIENS"—were they LOYAL or DISLOYAL?

(Continued from page 38)

also splendid inspirations. It was inspiring to see the passion of the immigrant peoples for freedom, their pathetic devotion to the professed ideals of America, their determination to be "real" Americans, and to watch their devotion persist in spite of persecution, neglect, and misunderstanding; it was depressing to discover how little America had done for them, how small a part the alien played in America's love and thought.

Nothing is more true than that people "do not live by bread alone." The great majority live on catch phrases. For years the United States had discharged its duty to the immigrant by glib reference to the melting-pot, and yet it has been years since the melting-pot has done any melting to speak of. These hopeful thousands, coming to the land of promise with their hearts in their hands, have been treated with every indifference, and only in the most haphazard way have they been brought into touch with the bright promise of American life. Cheated by employers, lawyers, loan sharks, and employment agencies; excluded from American social and religious life as "wops," "dagoes," and "hunkies"; given opportunity to learn English only at casual night-schools after brain-deadening days of toil; herded in ghettos and foreign quarters by their poverties and ignorances, and then, after all this, when war brought millions to our attention, we actually wondered why they had not been "Americanized," and cried out against foreign languages, a "foreign press," and a "foreign pulpit" as evidences of disloyalty.

In spite of the past, with all of its cruelties and despairs, the foreign born were loyal, and, what is even more inspiring, they grew in loyalty despite new persecutions initiated by mistaken patriotism. For instance, the Governor of Iowa proclaimed the following rules:

"First—English should and must be the only medium of instruction in public, private, denominational or other similar schools.

"Second—Conversation in public places, on trains or over the telephone should be in the English language.

"Third—All public addresses should be in the English language.

"Fourth—Let those who can not speak or understand the English language conduct their religious worship in their homes."

In other states, similar prohibitions were put into effect, and sudden and fundamental changes were worked not only in the schools, churches, and the press, but in the whole social structure. No effort at distinction was made—the language of allied and neutral countries being put under the ban as well as enemy languages.

There can be no denial of the evil that was attempted to be cured. In our schools, our churches, our press, and in our social life, *English should be the one accepted language*, and this must of necessity be our goal. But it was criminal to let the ideal of to-morrow alter the facts of to-day. We faced the conditions that there were hundreds of thousands of foreigners in the United States who could not speak any language but their own—and through no fault of their own. The drive against

the use of foreign languages, either written or spoken, merely shut off these thousands from contact with American life, with the danger of pushing them further into ignorance and aloofness, and robbing us of the opportunity to win their understanding and cooperation.

The Czecho-Slovaks were the first to come to us with reports of the cruelties and injustices worked by these regulations in the various states. A great people indomitable, devoted! Over sixty thousand fought in the American Army, thousands enlisting voluntarily at the outset of war; there were about thirty thousand in the Czecho-Slovak army in Italy, and about ninety thousand are still fighting in Siberia. It will be news to many to learn that the first real blow against German and American intrigue in the United States was struck by the Bohemian National Alliance. With the assistance of some Czecho-Slovak officials at the Austrian consulates, and through a most remarkable machinery of espionage, the Bohemians defeated plot after plot against America and brought out the evidence that resulted in the recall of Dumba. The Czecho-Slovak societies were the only ones that adopted the rule that every member must own a Liberty Bond.

Even these people, however, whose courage and loyalty have become proverbs, were not spared persecution by provincial ignorance. In one Texas town, virtually all the young men of the Czecho-Slovak colony volunteered, and their departure was made the occasion of a great demonstration. Many old people were there, and the speeches were in the native tongue. Without any attempt to inquire into the nature of the meeting, "native patriots" threw rocks in the window, attacked the audience, and drove them forth from the building as though they had been Huns caught in some atrocity.

In Iowa and Nebraska, meetings held to secure recruits for the Czecho-Slovak army were broken up because English was not used, and from scores of communities we received pathetic letters telling how Bohemian parents, who had given all their sons to the American Army, were hounded as traitors because they could not speak English.

THE Council of Defense for Seward County, Nebraska, requested all the churches in the district to conduct their services in English, except one for old people who could not understand English. The minister of the Danish Lutheran church of Staplehurst, one Hansen, asked the Council's permission to continue preaching in Danish because he was not young when he came to America, also because his bad ears had prevented him from learning English sufficiently well to preach in it. The Council denied his request and also refused him a year's grace while he found other work to support himself and his family.

The Danish Young People's Society of America changed a "loyalty convention" from Iowa because forbidden the use of Danish. Queerly enough many of the members of the society speak and understand Danish but poorly, and, under

ordinary circumstances, always use English among themselves. But as eighty-five per cent. of the members were serving in the United States Army and Navy, the members deeply resented the charge that the use of Danish in any way interfered with their patriotism.

Sheer stubbornness, of course, but exceedingly natural. The Danes, Norse, and Swedes are proud people, and very "set," and it stung them unbearably to be adjudged unpatriotic in any degree and to have their native tongues put under the ban along with German. But while they resented and protested, even working hard to remember a language half-forgotten, they never failed to make themselves understood in every Liberty Loan drive, Red Cross rally or at every recruiting station.

EVEN the Army itself was not without its part in the tragedy of bitterness. Many young men of the various oppressed nationalities of Austria-Hungary rallied to the Stars and Stripes at the very outset, eager to get to France to strike a blow for freedom. These ardent spirits, however, many of whom had not been in this country long enough to learn English, were put into companies of "casuals" and assigned to the most menial duties in the camp. Obviously, they could not be put at once into English-speaking companies; but nevertheless this extreme treatment humiliated and hurt.

And all the while the foreign born, patiently, indomitably, were writing a record of devotion shot through with service and sacrifice. In Milwaukee a group of Polish women evolved an idea that spread all over the United States into every racial group. In order that their husbands might fight, these Polish women clubbed together by sixes and eights, rented a house, selected from among themselves a housekeeper who took care of the house and the children while the other five or seven went to work. In this way, their living expenses were cut down so that they could not only support themselves and relieve their husbands from any anxiety about them, but were even able to buy Liberty Bonds from their savings.

The Italians in the United States are about four per cent. of the whole population, but the list of casualties shows a full ten per cent. of Italian names. More than three hundred thousand Italians figured on the army list, and in defense of the inner lines as well as on the firing-lines they proved their devotion to their adopted country. There was no shipyard, ammunition factory, airplane factory, steel mill, mine, lumber-camp, or docks in which the Italians did not play a large part, and often the most prominent part, in actual and efficient work. In some places, such as mines and docks, the Italians reached fully thirty per cent. of the total number of employees, working at all times with full and affectionate loyalty toward the Government of the United States. For instance, when a strike was threatened in one of the big industrial centers, it was an Italian who jumped on a box and cried: "If you leave work now, you will be as

though you were sneaking back out of a trench, abandoning your comrades at the time of a fight when they need you most." And the strike was averted.

The Lithuanians, of whom there are about one million in the United States, gave thirty thousand soldiers to the colors, fifty per cent. of them volunteers. At the close of the Fourth Liberty Loan, the leaders assured us that there was not a Lithuanian home in the United States in which the family savings had not been invested in bonds or War Savings Stamps.

There are about 15,000 Russians in the United States Army and the total contribution of Russians to the Fourth Liberty Loan was \$40,000,000.

The National Croatian Society, with a membership of 42,000, did these three things: adopted one of the most ringing declarations of loyalty ever penned; decreed expulsion for any member expressing a disloyal sentiment or attempting to evade military service; bought \$300,000 of Liberty Bonds, and donated over \$50,000 to Red Cross work.

In the Army were 60,000 men of Greek birth or descent, and it is estimated that the Greek purchase of Liberty Bonds was well over \$30,000,000 for the four drives, all coming in small amounts that represented sacrifice.

It is a record that could be stretched out into pages, for there is not a foreign-language group in the United States that did not answer America's call with devotion and understanding, pathetically proud of their Liberty Bonds and their Service flags, and feeling every individual instance of indifference or disloyalty as a stain and a shame. But never at any time were we able to fix this record in the consciousness of the American people or to induce the press of the United States to give it prominence or even recognition. It was infinite labor to get noted Americans to address the foreign-language groups, and great loyalty meetings of the foreign born, where thousands pledged lives and money and love, either went unnoticed by the papers or were given an indifferent little note of two or three lines.

AS IF prejudice, indifference, and misguided patriotism were not handicaps enough in the fight for unity, politics also played an ugly part in the drama of confusion. Particularly was this true in the Northwest, where Scandinavians and Germans are in the majority among the farmers. There is no doubt that many of these people were pro-German at the outset, and, even after America's entrance, pro-Germanism persisted by reason of well-established lies and certain fundamental ignorances.

The Committee on Public Information, formed to fight disaffection, attacked the Northwest at once. Our pamphlets and motion-pictures, received somewhat coldly at first, soon began to gain ground, and the next move was to send speakers, for there is nothing like the give and take of a public meeting to burn away misunderstanding; and the one organization that we wanted most particularly to reach was the Non-Partisan League, for it had a membership that covered the Dakotas, Minnesota, Montana and Idaho, and, more than any other, was impregnated with the lie about a "rich man's war."

The leaders of the Non-Partisan League



Offer Them Their Choice

Remember that children nowadays can choose from three Puffed Grains. All of them are bubble grains, flimsy, flaky, flavory—steam-exploded.

Puffed Wheat is whole wheat—shaped like wheat, but eight times normal size. Puffed Rice is whole rice puffed in like way.

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Some like one best, some another. Perhaps Puffed Wheat tastes best in milk. Puffed Rice or Corn Puffs seem more like food confections.

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Wheat**

**Puffed
Rice**

Corn Puffs

All Bubble Grains

**Each 15c Except
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Not Mere Delights

All Puffed Grains are made in this way—by Prof. Anderson's great process:

They are sealed in guns, then revolved for an hour in 550 degrees of heat.

When the inner moisture is changed to steam, the guns are shot. Over 100 million explosions—one for each food cell—occur in every kernel.

Thus every food cell is blasted so digestion can instantly act. And thus every atom of the whole grain feeds.

Such foods should hold a high place daily in your children's diet.

The Quaker Oats Company

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came personally to Washington to ask the Government to commence a campaign of patriotic education, and Minnesota was selected for the initiation of the drive. Our speakers, however, upon arrival in Minnesota, were informed by the State Public Safety Commission that they would not be allowed to address any meeting arranged by the Non-Partisan League or under its auspices. There was no quarrel with the men we sent, for the Commission asked permission to use them in its own speaking campaign.

As we tried to explain to them, however, the main purpose in sending speakers over the United States was not to address those already enthusiastic in the national service, but to reach and convert people out of touch and sympathy with American thought and aims. Even if the Non-Partisan League were disloyal, then the more reason why our speakers should smash at its membership with the truth. But the State Public Safety Commission stood like iron, barred our speakers absolutely, and inaugurated a campaign of terrorism that had its ugly reflex among the farmers and labor-unions in every state.

In summer the proscribed farmers were compelled to hold Liberty Loan rallies or Red Cross meetings out in the fields under the blazing sun, and in winter they huddled in cowsheds and car barns. Parades were stopped by Home Guards or broken up by townsmen. Old men and women were dragged from automobiles, and on one wretched occasion a baby of six months was torn from its mother's arms by the powerful stream from a fire hose. Tar-and-feather "parties" were common, and even deportations took place, men being driven from their homes and from the very state because they had sons belonging to the League.

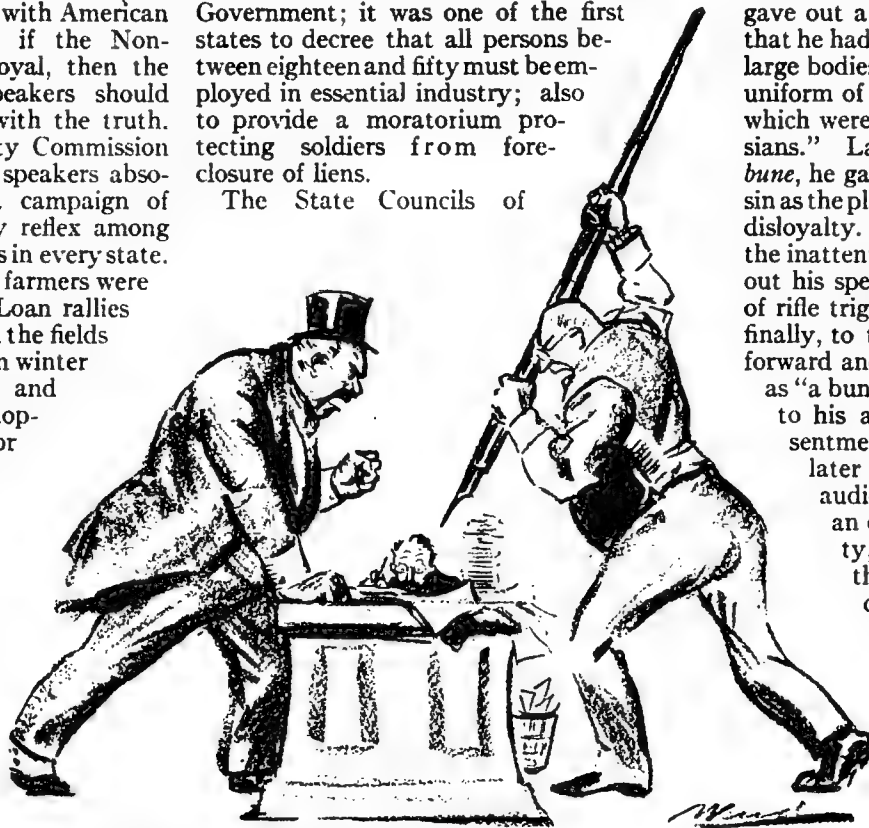
This policy of brutal intolerance spread to other commonwealths, and tarring and feathering took on the appearance of a popular outdoor sport in Washington, Idaho, and Montana. Had it not been for the Praeger lynching, and the President's solemn appeal to the people against mob lawlessness, there is no telling to what extremes of cruel violence this brand of "patriotism" would have been carried.

There is no doubt as to the political nature of the persecution. The Non-Partisan League had carried the state of North Dakota, and was showing such strength in Minnesota, South Dakota, Nebraska, Montana and Idaho as to arouse the alarm of Democratic and Republican politicians. These leaders made no bones about confessing that the disloyalty issue was the means by which they hoped to crush and destroy the Non-Partisan League as a political organization.

Such is the seeming invincibility of the democratic ideal, however, that even campaigns of terrorism could not drive its membership, largely German and Scandinavian, into disloyalty. North Dakota, where the League elected every state officer, has a record of which any state might be proud:

Three successive crop failures, and yet the farmers of that state oversubscribed the first Liberty Loan 140 per cent., the second 70 per cent., and the third 76 per cent. With only one regiment at the outset, North Dakota promptly recruited a second, and 3,887 men entered the service as volunteers. The draft records show that the cost per certified conscript in North Dakota was \$1.83 against an average of \$4.23 for all other states. In the last Red Cross drive, North Dakota's allotment was \$200,000, and it subscribed \$575,000. Its Y. M. C. A. allotment was \$100,000, and it subscribed \$175,000. In 1918, North Dakota increased its wheat acreage over 630,000 acres at the request of the Government; it was one of the first states to decree that all persons between eighteen and fifty must be employed in essential industry; also to provide a moratorium protecting soldiers from foreclosure of liens.

The State Councils of



Officials were arraigned for inefficiency and spinelessness.

Defense did splendid work, as a rule, and the country owes much to them, but there were exceptions that aroused far more anger than loyalty, conducting themselves in a manner that would have been lawless in any other than a "patriotic" body. During Liberty Loan drives, for instance, it became a habit, in certain sections, to compel a regular income return from the foreign born and the poorer classes. Men, claiming authority, would visit these homes, insist upon a statement of earnings, expenditures, savings, etc., and then calmly announce the amount of the contribution that the dazed victims were expected to make. Anything in the nature of resistance was set down as "slacking" and "disloyalty," and some of the penalties visited were expulsion from the community, personal ill-treatment or a pleasant little attention like painting the house yellow. Of all the bitternesses and disaffections reported to us, the majority proceeded from this sort of terrorism, and it had results that will be felt for years to come.

Another handicap in the fight for national unity soon presented itself in the form of those volunteer patriotic societies that sprang up over the land

like mushrooms, all sincere and loyal enough, but demoralizing often by virtue of this very eagerness. These organizations collected their funds by public appeal, and as the most obvious justification of existence was furnished by publicity, their activities inevitably took such form as would earn the largest amount of newspaper space. As a consequence, their patriotism was a thing of screams, violence, and extremes; they outjingoed the worst of the jingoes; and their constant practise of extreme statement left a trail of anger, irritation, and resentment.

One instance may be cited as illustrative. Professor Robert McNutt McElroy, of the National Security League, returning from a three weeks' tour of the West, gave out a statement in which he said that he had known what it was "to face large bodies of young men clad in the uniform of the American Army beneath which were concealed the souls of Prussians." Later, in the *New York Tribune*, he gave the University of Wisconsin as the place where he had encountered disloyalty. The basis of the charge was the inattention of the audience throughout his speech, shuffling feet, snapping of rifle triggers, etc., and he told how, finally, to test the audience, he leaned forward and deliberately insulted them as "a bunch of damned traitors;" how, to his amazement, there was no resentment whatever of this, or of his later reference to "a Prussian audience." "I hesitate to accuse an entire university of disloyalty," he said, "but to my mind that episode stands out as one of the most disgraceful things I have encountered."

Dr. Charles R. Van Hise, President of the University, John Bradley Winslow, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Wisconsin, and E. A. Birge, of the College of Science and Letters, were appointed as a committee of protest, and their report

asserted:

That the address had been long; and that the audience included the cadet regiment—students—who had marched two and a half miles in the rain and were wet and cold; that, being present under orders and unable to withdraw, they merely indicated their desire for an end to the long speech; that Professor McElroy's reflections on their loyalty were made in a tone so low that persons within twenty feet of him did not hear the words at all.

Thus, then, by reason of a speaker who failed to hold an audience of boys throughout an address of two hours, the loyalty of a state was impugned, the patriotism of a great university was besmirched, and a new element of anger and justifiable resentment introduced into the already delicate Wisconsin situation.

And so the story runs on drearily, volumes being necessary for any complete and circumstantial account of the obstacles thrown in the way of the millions of foreign birth or descent as they marched forward from every state in answer to the battle call of their adopted country. The big fact is that they *continued* to march and that they *arrived*.

Not even in the earlier days, when it

meant something more than noise, was there any more inspiring celebration of our Independence Day than Fourth of July last, taken over almost absolutely by the foreign born and made the occasion of loyalty demonstrations that reached from coast to coast—city, town and village—and rang across the seas, carrying messages of devotion to America and belief in the justice of the American cause, the sincerity of American ideals. They built their own floats; they scrimped to buy costumes and paraphernalia, they worked for days over the proper wording of banners, and there was not a community that did not report a new and keener realization of the meaning of the day as a consequence of the high emotions that the millions of foreign born put into its celebration. Representatives of thirty-three great foreign-language groups were sent to Mount Vernon to lay wreaths on the tomb of Washington to dedicate their peoples to the preservation of the freedom that Washington won—and not a one of the lot but knew the Declaration of Independence by heart!

We are even now so close to the trees that we can not see the forest. All that we have known is the underbrush of irritation, the tearing vines of prejudice, and the poison-ivy of politics. But when the day is come that we are on a hill, blessed with vision and perspective, it will be seen that the rallying of America was not sectional nor yet racial, but that it was the tremendous response of a unified whole, with men and women from other lands standing shoulder to shoulder with the native born, serving and sacrificing with the same devotion, and in equal measure pouring their blood on the altar of freedom.



The Robin On the Parapet

By Helen Topping Miller

LOOK here, you nervy little chap,
I've slept through all this blooming
scrap.

Through enfilade and bursting shell
And all the fearful dug-out smell.
And now you, redthroat, come along
And wake me with your reckless song!

I've seen a bird like you before,
Perched in the rose-bush by our door,
I've seen a scarlet necktie glow
Where mother's honeysuckles grow.
(God! How it all comes back again,
The smell of clover through the rain!)

D'you know what Heaven means to me?
A robin in an apple-tree,
And my old dad with snow-white hair
And rapt eyes lifted standing there,
The sunset rainbowed on his face!
(And you can sing in such a place?)

When I go west, I know I'll see
The old chap waiting there for me,
Under some heavenly apple-bough.
God! I can almost hear him now—
"Jack, come and hear this feller sing!
Doggone his boots! He knows it's spring!"

Tarvia

Preserves Roads—Prevents Dust



An actual photograph of a part of the Dixie Highway, Illinois, before Tarvia was used.



The same road showing what the use of "Tarvia-A" has done. Note smooth, dustless surface.

How One Man Carried the Bond Issue—

A WELL-KNOWN county engineer tells this story, and it's the best good-roads story we ever heard.

He says the county was in terrible need of better roads. The mud all through the district was so deep that it was impossible to use wagons, all traveling being done either on foot or horseback.

In spite of the need there was little enthusiasm for good roads when the Board of County Commissioners met. Everyone was afraid of the presumed high cost and increased taxes.

A farmer in the back of the room arose.

"Mr. Chairman," he said, "I ain't fit to address a dignified meeting like this, but that's because I've had to travel for ten miles over the kind of roads you give us.

"I couldn't drive, I had to ride horseback.

"My boots are covered with mud; my trousers are covered with mud; my coat is covered with mud; my hat is covered with mud; and if I hadn't stopped to wash it my face would be covered with mud, too.

"I look as if I had crawled here on my hands and knees, and I'm only half through because I've still got to go back, with five dollars' worth of

groceries that I bought from brother Fletcher

"If there had been a good, hard road that my old horse could climb up and draw in a load of lumber that I've got ready, I would have bought twenty-five dollars' worth of groceries instead of five dollars' worth, and there would have been that much more money in town tonight."

And the mud-covered farmer sat down!

Other speakers took up his case. They pointed out that good roads were an *asset* instead of a *liability*; an *economy* instead of an *expense*; that they brought money into a town and greatly increased the markets.

The result was that the Commissioners enthusiastically passed a resolution to issue bonds enough to give them several miles of good roads.

If you will build and maintain your roads with Tarvia you will have dustless, mudless, frost-proof highways that cost little to construct and maintain.

Tarvia has removed the last obstacle to the Good-Roads Movement because its use insures good roads at low cost.

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					Buffalo
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The BRANDING-IRON

(Continued from page 52)

perspiration and assert that they feel as if chained to the ground,' and here, listen to this, 'bataphobia, the fear that high things will fall; atrophobia, fear of thunder and lightning; pantophobia, the fear of everything and every one.' Well, now, ain't that awful? And you mean folks really get that way?"

Their talk was for some time of nervous diseases, Joan's horror increasing. "Well, sir," said she, "lead me out and shoot me if I get anyways like that! I believe it's caused by all that queer dressin' and what not. I feel like somethin' *real* to-day in this shirt and all, and when I get through some work I'll feel a whole lot better. Don't you say I'm one of those nervous breakdowns again, though, will you?" she pleaded.

"No, I won't, Joan. But don't you make one of me, will you?"

"How's that?"

"By wearing those clothes all day and half the night. If you expect me to teach you, you'll have to do something for me, to make up for running away. You might put on pretty things for dinner, don't you think? Your nervous system could stand that?"

"My nervous system," drawled Joan and added startingly, for she did not often swear, "God!" It was an oath of scorn and again Prosper laughed.

BUT he heard with a sort of terror the sound of her "man's work" to which she energetically applied herself. It meant the return of her strength, of her independence. It meant the shortening of her captivity. Before long spring would rush up the cañon in a wave of melting snow, crested with dazzling green, and the valley would lie open to Joan. She would go, unless—had he really failed so utterly to touch her heart? Was she without passion, this woman with the deep savage eyes, the lips so sensuous and pure, the body so magnificently made for living? She was not defended by any training; she had no moral standards, no prejudices, none of the "ideals." She was completely open to approach, a savage. If he failed, it was a personal failure. Perhaps he had been too subtle, too restrained. She did not yet know, perhaps, what he desired of her. But he was afraid of rousing her hatred, which would be fully as simple and as savage as her love. That evening, after she had dressed to please him, and sat in her chair, tired, but with the beautiful clean look of outdoor weariness on her face, and tried, battling with drowsiness, to give her mind to his reading and his talk, he was overmastered by his longing and came to her and knelt down, drawing down her hands to him, pressing his forehead on them. For a moment she was stiff and still, then, "What is it, Mr. Gael?" she asked in a frightened half-voice.

He felt, through her body, the slight recoil of spirit, and drew away, and arose to his feet.

"You're angry?"

He laughed. "Oh, no, I'm not angry, why should I be? I'm a super-man. I'm made—let's say—of alabaster. Women with great eyes and wonderful voices and the beauty of broad-browed nymphs

walking gravely down under forest arches, such women give me only a great, great longing to read aloud very slowly and carefully a child's 'History of the English Race'!" He took the book, tossed it across the room and then stood, ashamed and defiant, laughing a little, a boy in disgrace. Joan looked at him in profound bewilderment and dawning distress.

"Now," she said, "you *are* angry with me. You always are when you talk that queer way. Won't you please explain it to me, Mr. Gael?"

"No—" said he sharply. "I won't." And he added after a moment: "You'd better go to bed. You're sleepy and as stupid as an owl."

"Oh!"

"Yes. And you've destroyed what little superstitious belief I had left concerning something they tell little ignorant boys about a woman's intuition. You haven't got a bit. You're stupid and I'm tired of you—No, Joan I'm not. Don't mind me. I'm only in fun. Please! Damn! I've hurt your feelings."

Her lips were quivering, her eyes full. "I try so awful hard," she said. It was a lovely broken trail of music.

He bent over her and patted her shoulder. "Dear child! Joan, I won't be so disagreeable again. Only, don't you ever think of me?"

"Yes, yes, all the while I'm thinking of you. I wisht I could do more for you. Why do I make you so angry? I know I'm awful—awfully stupid and ignorant. I—I must drive you most crazy, but truly—" here she turned quickly in his arm and put her hands about his neck and laid her cheek against his shoulder, "truly, Mr. Gael, I'm awful fond of you." Then she drew quickly away, quivered back into the other corner of her great chair, put her face to her hands. "Only—I can't help seein'—Pierre!"

Just her tone showed him that still, ghastly youth and again he saw the brown hand that moved. He had stood between her and that sight. The man ought to have died. He did not deserve his life nor this love of hers. Even though he had failed to kill the man, he would not fail to kill her love for him, sooner or later, Prosper thought. He must move her from her memory. She had put her hands about his neck, she had laid her head against his shoulder, and, if it had been the action of a child, then she would not have started from him with that sharp memory of Pierre.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

The Tall Child

THERE were times, even now, when Prosper tried to argue himself back into sardonic self-possession. "Pooh!" said his brain, "you were beside yourself over a loss and then you were shut in for months of winter alone with this mountain girl, so naturally you are off your balance." He would school himself while Joan shoveled outdoors. He would try to see her with critical eyes when she strode in. But one look at her and he was bemused again. For now she was at a great height of beauty, vivid with growing strength and pur-

pose, her lips calm and scarlet, her eyes bright and hopeful.

In fact, Joan had made her plans. She would wait till spring, partly to get back her full strength, partly to make further progress in her studies, but mostly in order not to hurt this hospitable Prosper Gael. The naïveté of her gratitude, of her delicate consideration for his feelings, which continually triumphed over an instinctive fear, would have filled him with amusement, perhaps with compunction, had he been capable of understanding them. She was truly sorry that she had hurt him by running away. She told herself she would not do that again. In the spring she would make him a speech of thankfulness and of farewell, and then she would tramp back to Pierre's homestead and win and hold Pierre's land.

As yet, you see, Prosper entered very little into her conscious life. Somewhere, far down in her, there was a disturbance, a growing doubt, a something vague and troubling. Joan had not learned to probe her own heart. A sensation was not, or it was. She was puzzled by the feeling Prosper was beginning to cause her, a feeling of miserable complexity; but she was not yet mentally equipped for the confronting of complexity. It was necessary for an emotion to rush at Joan and throw down, as it were, her heart, before she recognized it; even then she might not give it a name.

She would act, however, and with violence.

She now planned and worked and grew beautiful with work and planning, while Prosper curbed his passion and worked, too, and his instruments were delicate and deadly and his plans made no account of hers. Every word he read to her, every note he played for her, had its calculated effect. He worked on her subconsciousness, undermining her path, and at nights in her sleep she grew aware of him.

But even now, in his cool and passionate heart there were moments of reaction, one at last that came near to wrecking his purpose.

"Your clothes are about done for, Joan," Prosper laughed one morning, watching her belt in her tattered skirt; "you'll soon look like Cophetua's beggar-maid."

"I'm not quite barefoot yet," she held up a cracked boot.

"Joan—" he hesitated an instant, then got up from his desk, walked to a window and looked out at the bright morning. The lake was ruffled with wind, the firs tossed, there were patches of brown needled earth under his window, his eyes were startled by a strip of green where tiny yellow flowers trod on the very edge of the melting drift. The window was open to soft tingling air that smelled of snow and of sun, of pines, of growing grass, of sap, of little leaf-buds. The birds were in loud chorus. For several minutes Prosper stared and listened.

"What is it, Mr. Gael?" asked Joan patiently.

He started. "Oh," he said without looking at her again, "I was going to tell you that there are a skirt and a sort of coat in—a closet in the hall. Do you want to use them?"

She went out to look. In five minutes—he had gone back to his work at the desk—he heard her laugh, and, still laughing, she opened the door again.

"Oh, Mr. Gael, were you really thinking that I could wear these? Look."

He turned and looked at her. She had crowded her strong, lithe frame into a brown tweed suit a world too narrow for her, and she was laughing heartily at herself and had come in to show him the misfit.

"These things, Mr. Gael," she said, "they must have been made for a tall child."

Prosper had too far tempted his pain and in her vivid phrase it came to life before him. She had painted a startling picture and he had seen that suit, so small and trim, before.

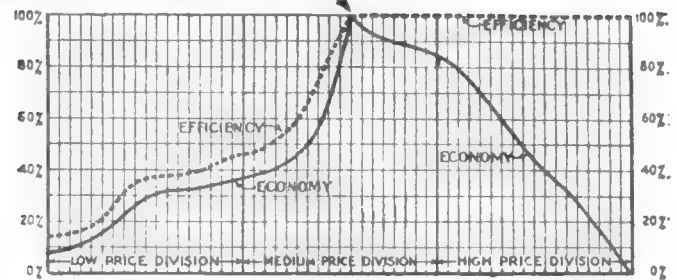
Joan saw his face grow white, his eyes stared through her. He drew a quick breath and winced away from her, hiding his face in his hands. A moment later he was weeping convulsively, with violence, his head down between his hands. Joan started toward him, but he made a wicked and repellent gesture. She fled into her room and sat, bewildered, on her bed.

All at once the question came to her: for whom had the delicate fabrics been bought? For whom had this suit been made? "It was his wife, and she is dead," thought Joan, and very pitifully she took off the suit, laid it and the other things away, and sitting by her window rested her chin in her hands and stared out through the blue pines. Tears ran down her face because she was so sorry for Prosper's pain. And again, thought Joan, she had caused it, she who owed him everything. Yes, she was deeply sorry for Prosper, deeply—her whole heart was stirred. For the first time she had a longing to comfort him with her hands.

For all that day Prosper fled the house and went across the country, now fording a flood of melted snow, now floundering through a drift, now walking on springy sod, unaware of the soft spring, conscious only of a sort of fire in his breast. He suffered and he resented his suffering and he would have killed his heart if, by so doing, he could have given it peace. And all day he did not think of Joan but only of the "tall child" for whom the gay cañon refuge had been built, but who had never set her slim foot upon its threshold. Sunset found him miles away in the foothills of a low, many-folded range across the plain. He was dog tired so that for very exhaustion his brain had stopped its tormenting work.

He lit a fire and sat by it, huddled in his coat, smoking, dozing, not able really to sleep for cold and hunger. The bright stars, flung all about the sky, mildly regarded him. Coyotes mourned their loneliness and hunger near and far, and once, in the broken woods above him, a mountain lion gave its blood-curdling scream. Prosper hated the night and its beautiful desolation, he hated the God that had made this land. He cursed the dawn when it came delicately, spreading a green arc of radiance across the east. And then, as he rose stiffly, stamped out his fire, and started slowly on his way back, he was conscious of a passionate homesickness, not for the old life he had lost, but for his cabin, his bright hearth, his shut-in solitude, his Joan. Very dear and real and human she was, and her laughter had been

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sweet. He had shocked it to silence, he had repulsed her comforting hands. She had been so innocent of any desire to hurt him. He could not imagine her ever hurting any one, this broad-browed Joan. She was so kind. And now she must be anxious about him. She would have sat up by the fire all night. His eagerness for her slighted comfort gave his lagging steps a certain vigor. The long walk back seemed very long indeed. Noon was hot, but he found water and by sundown he came to the cañon trail. He wanted Joan as badly now as a hurt child wants its mother. He came, haggard and breathless, to the door, called "Joan," came into the warm little room and found it empty. Wen Ho, to be sure, pattered to meet him.

"Mister Gael been gone a long time, velly long, all night. Wen Ho, he fix bed, fix breakfast— Oh, the lady? She gone out yestiddy, not come back. She leave a letter for him, there on the table."

Prosper took it, waved Wen Ho out, and, dropping into the big chair, opened the paper. There was Joan's big handwriting, that he himself had taught her. Before, she could only sign her name.

MISTER GAEL:

You have been too good to me and it has been too hard for you to keep me when you were all the while amissin her and it hurts me to think of how it must have been terrible hard for you all winter to see me where you had been ust to seein her an me wearin her pretty things all the while. Now dere friend this must not be no more. I will not stay to trouble you. You have been awful free-hearted. When you come back from your wanderin and tryin to get over your bein so unhappy you will find your house quiet and peaceful and you will not be hurt by me no more. I am not able to say all I am feelin about your goodness and I hev not always ben as kind to you in my thoughts and axions but that has been my own fault not yours. I want you to believe this, Mister Gael. I am goin back to Pierre's ranch to work on his land and some day I will be hopin to see you come ridin in and I will keep on learnin as well as I can and mebbe you will not be ashamed of me. I feel awful bad to go but I would feel more bad to stay when it must hurt you so.

Respectably,

JOAN.

THERE were blistered spots above that pathetic mistaken signature. The poor girl had meant to sign herself "Respectfully" and somehow that half broke his heart.

He drank the strong coffee Wen Ho brought for him, two great cups of it, and he ate a piece of broiled elk-meat. Then he went out again and walked rapidly down the trail. It was not yet dark, the world was in a soft glow of rose and violet opalescent lights. The birds were singing in a hundred charmes. And there, through the firs, a sight to stop his heart, Joan came walking toward him, graceful, free, a swinging figure, bareheaded, her rags girded beautifully about her. And up and up to him she came soundlessly over the pine needles and through the wet snow-patches, looking at him steadfastly and tenderly, without a smile. She came and stood before him, without dropping her sad, grave look.

"Mr. Gael," she said, "I hev come back.

I got out yonder and—" her breast heaved and a sort of terror came into her eyes, "and the world was awful lonely. There ain't a creature out yonder to care fer me, fer me to care for. It seemed like as if it was all dead. I couldn't abear it."

She put out her hand, wistfully, asking for pity, but he fell upon his knees and wrapped his hungry arms about her. "Joan," he sobbed, "Joan. Don't leave me. Don't—I couldn't bear it." He looked up at her, his worn face wet with tears. "Don't leave me, Joan. I want you. Don't you understand?"

Her deep gray eyes filled slowly with light, she put a hand on either side and bent her lips to his. "I never thought you'd be wantin' me," she said.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

Concerning Marriage

AND it was springtime; these prisoners of frost were beautifully sensitive. They, too, with the lake and the aspens and the earth, the seeds and the beasts, had suffered the season of internment. In such fashion nature makes possible the fresh undertakings of last summer's reckless prodigals, she drives them into her mock tomb and freezes their hearts—it is a little rest of death—so that they wake like turbulent bacchantes drunk with sleep and with forgetfulness. Love, spring says, is an eternal fact, welcome its new manifestations! Remating bluebirds built their nests, near Joan's window; they were not troubled by sad recollections of last year's nests nor the young birds that flew away. It was another life, a resurrection. If they remembered at all, they remembered only the impulse of pleasure; they had somewhere before learned how to love, how to build; the past summers had given practise to their singing little throats and to their rapid wings. No ghosts forbade happiness, and no God, man-voiced, saying—because he knew the ugly human aftermath—hard sayings of "Be ye perfect."

What counsel was theirs for Joan, and what had her human mentor taught her? He had taught her, in one form or another, the beauty of passion and its eternal sinlessness, for that was his sincere belief. By music he had taught her, by musical speech, by the preaching of heathen sage and the wit of modern arguers. He had given her all the moral schooling she had ever had, and its golden rule was: "Be ye beautiful and generous." Joan was both beautiful and made for giving, "free-hearted," as she might herself have said. "Loving and giving," Friday's child, as the old rime has it, and to cry out to her with love, saying, "I want you, Joan," was just, sooner or later, to see her turn and bend her head and hold out her arms. Prosper had the reward of patience, his wild leopardess was tamed to his hand and her sweetness made him tender and very merciful.

Their gay little house stood open all day while they explored the mountains and plunged into the lake, choosing the hot hour of noon. Joan made herself mistress of the house, and did her woman's work at last of tidying and beautifying and decking corners with gorgeous branches of blossoms, while Prosper worked at his desk. He was happy, the reality of Joan's presence had laid his ghost just as the reality of his had laid hers. His work went on

magically and added the glow of successful creation to the glow of satisfied desire. And his sin of deceit troubled him very little, for he had worked out that problem and had decided that Pierre, dead or alive, was unworthy of this mate.

But sometimes in her sleep Joan would start and moan, feeling the touch of the white hot iron on her shoulder. Her hatred of Pierre's cruelty, her resolution to be done with him forever must have vividly renewed itself in those dreams, for she would cling to Prosper like a frightened child and wake, trembling, happy to find herself safe in his arms.

So they lived their spring. Wen Ho, the silent and inscrutable, went out of the valley for provisions, and during his absence Joan queened it in the kitchen. She was learning to laugh, to see the absurd delightful twists of daily living, to mock Prosper's oddities as he mocked hers. She was learning to be a comrade, and she was learning better speech and more exquisite ways. It was inevitable that she should learn. Prosper, in these days, spent his whole soul upon her, fed her with music and delight, and he trained her to sing her sagas so that every day her voice gained in power and flexible sweetness. She would sing, since he told her to, and he was lost in wonder of her, in a passionate admiration for his own handiwork. He was making, here in this God-forsaken solitude, a thing of marvel; what he was making surely justified the means. Joan's laughable simplicity and directness were the same, they were part of her essence, no civilizing could confuse or disturb them; but she changed, her brain grew, it absorbed material, it attempted adventures. Nowadays Joan sometimes argued, and this filled Prosper with delight, so quaint and logical she was and so skilful.

THEY were reading out under the firs by the green lip of the lake, when Wen Ho led his pack-horse up the trail. He had been gone a month, for Prosper had sent him out of the valley to a distant town for his supplies. He didn't want the little frontier place to prick up its ears. Wen Ho had ridden by a secret trail back over the range, he had not passed even the ranger station on the way. He called out, and in the midst of a sentence Joan was reading, Prosper started up. Joan looked at him smiling, "You're as easily turned away from learning as a boy," she began, and faltered when she saw his face. It was turned eagerly toward the climbing horses, toward the pack, and it was sharp and keen with detached interest, an excitement that had nothing, nothing in the world to do with her.

It was the great bundle of Prosper's mail that first brought home to Joan the awareness of an outside world. She knew that Prosper was a widely traveled and experienced man, but she had not fancied him held to this world by human attachments. Concerning the tall child she had not put a question, and she still believed her to have been Prosper's wife. But when, leaving her place under the tree, she came into the house and found Prosper feverishly slitting open envelope after envelope, with a pile of papers and magazines knee-high beside him on the floor, she stood aghast.

"What a lot of people must have been writing to you, Prosper!"

He did not hear her. He was greedy of eye and finger-tips, searching written sheet after sheet. He was flushed along the cheek-bones and a little pale about the lips. Joan stood there, her hands hanging, her head bent, staring up and out at him from under her brows. She looked, in this attitude, rather dangerous.

Prosper sped through his mail, made an odd gesture of desperation, sat still a moment staring, his brilliant green-gray eyes gone dull and blank, then he gave himself a shuddery shake, pulled a small parcel from under the papers and held it out to Joan. He smiled.

"Something for you, leopardess," he said—he had told her his first impression of her.

She took the box haughtily and walked with it over to her chair. But he came and kissed her.

"Jealous of my mail? You foolish child. What a girl-thing you are! It doesn't matter, does it, how we train you or leave you untrained, you're all alike, you women, under your skin. Open your box and thank me prettily, and leave matters you don't understand alone. That's the way to talk, isn't it?"

She flushed and smiled rather doubtfully but, at sight of his gift, she forgot everything else for a moment. It was a collar of topaz and emerald set in heavy silver. She was awestruck by its beauty and went, after he had fastened it for her, to stand a long while before the glass looking at it. She wore her yellow dress cut into a V at the neck, and the jewels rested beautifully at the base of her long round throat, faintly brown, like her face, up to the brow. The yellow and the green brought out all the value of her grave scarlet lips, the soft even tints of her skin, the dark lights and the shadows of her hair and eyes.

"It's beautiful," she said. "It's wonderful. I love it."

All the time very grave and still, she took it off, put it in its box and laid it on the mantel. Then she went out-of-doors.

The next instalment of "The Branding-Iron" will appear in the April number.

○ Send Me Singing On the Way

By Oscar C. Williams

○ SEND me singing on the way—
A touch, a kiss, and I shall know,
However fringed with clouds the day,
It will be sun-edged where I go.

○ send me singing on the way—
A look of heart-born tenderness
Can change a form of marching clay
To an undying godliness.

○ send me singing on the way
To where the gold-tongued camp-fire
gleams,
And memory shall come to play
And dance with all these flame-clad
dreams.

○ send me singing on the way
To where the shrapnel terrors fly,
And I shall never fear death's fray
Knowing I can not die!



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WHAT SHOULD THE NEW CONGRESS DO?

(Continued from page 31)

Representative Frederick H. Gillett, of Massachusetts

Republican

Acting Minority Leader, Sixty-fifth Congress

"WHAT should the next Congress do?" you ask. Its transcendent task expressed in general terms is, of course, to turn back into the channels of peace all the innumerable currents of war. First and foremost is the endeavor to make provision for the absorption of our returning armies into our business life. The gratitude we all feel to those who have offered and risked their lives for us will impel a generous provision for their peaceful retirement. Whether the gregarious life they have led in Europe will make them hanker for the cities, I do not know, but the war has brought home to us all that agricultural products are the basic necessities for the world's life, and I hope it will stimulate the back-to-the-farm sentiment, and that many of the soldiers will be glad to turn their swords into pruning-hooks and reclaim and develop the tracts of land which can readily be prepared for their reception.

The national Government ought to reclaim and make ready our resources for this purpose. I do not believe it will be difficult to find satisfactory employment, either for the returning soldiers or for the great force of mechanics who have been diverted into war industries. There is now a universal demand for labor, and this demand will grow as the suspended industries resume operation and the emergency war workers retire, so that I do not apprehend much difficulty from the labor problem, though the prices of both labor and commodities will probably slowly fall.

Next in importance, and probably first in difficulty, come the railroads. I think that government operation of any industry is generally undesirable. It is apt to be extravagant and inefficient, with a constant tendency to stagnate and to stifle enterprise and initiative. Our railroads in the past seventy years have offered scope and been largely responsible for the development of that enterprise, spirit and broad vision which we are proud to call American. It has often been accompanied by unscrupulousness and disregard of public rights.

But that phase is past, for in the last analysis it is public opinion that determines business morals. But the solution of the problem affects not only the investors, the railway managers, the shippers and passengers, but it interests every citizen because of its effect on American enterprise and initiative. I think the roads must be returned to private operation, but with a greater Federal control, and a greater freedom from state regulation, and it may be necessary, as a corollary, to carry this Federal control so far that some Federal responsibility and guarantee shall accompany it. In the short time the railroads have been under government control I think we have experienced that the service has gone down and the prices have gone up, while the deficit has been enormous. But there are inherent advantages in a continental

direction, which it would be a pity to lose, and there would be insurmountable difficulties in attempting to return the roads to their former competitive independence. The problem is the most momentous one before us, and Congress should solve it with the cooperation of the most broad-minded and far-sighted experts.

How best to utilize our great fleet of merchant ships which will soon be in commission is another vital problem. Here again I do not believe in government operation. Still, I fear that without government aid they can not compete with the lower wages and standard of living of our rivals, and I think no matter what it costs we can not afford to throw away this golden opportunity to establish direct communication with South America and other countries, and thus open up for our merchants the means of establishing permanent trade on equal terms with the maritime nations.

Such a prize is worth a large initial expenditure, and while probably no Congress would ever have bought the ships for that purpose, yet now that we have them it would be a sin not to avail ourselves of them to the utmost.

A system of leasing, with perhaps a guaranty, seems to me now the most obvious way to utilize them, but I am not so much concerned with the method as with the determined purpose to have them kept and operated primarily for the commerce of this country.

The telegraph and telephone lines I would return at once to their owners. The manner in which they were taken by the Government was discreditable. Congress granted the power to be used as a war emergency, and under the circumstance I favor giving them back at once. I presume in the six months of government control the admirable private organization has been much demoralized, though I hope not intentionally.

A protective tariff I wish to see re-established. The European war had the effect of a protective tariff, and has protected us from our trade rivals by taking millions of men out of productive industry and by crippling ocean carriage. But with the return of peace the old competition will gradually revive.

The war has given us an object lesson in the importance to a nation of producing within its own borders everything necessary for its existence and comfort, and we ought to preserve sedulously all the industries which we have and at the same time not allow our standards of living to drop to the scale of some of our competitors. That can be assured only by a protective tariff.

These are the cardinal projects of legislation which I expect from the next Congress. There are innumerable others of varying importance, but if I should attempt to enumerate them I might by accidental omission misrepresent myself. There is, however, one matter, more of system than of law, which I deem of great importance—some steps toward a reasonable budget system. For fifteen years I have served on the Appropriations Committee, so the extravagance inherent in our present methods has been forced on my attention. But I recognize the diffi-

culty of the problem. For eight years the Appropriations Committee has had at its head two very able men, Mr. Fitzgerald of New York, and Mr. Sherley of Kentucky, both of them fully aware of our defects, and sincerely eager to remedy them. They have had an administration ostensibly sympathetic with their purpose, they caused it to be endorsed by their national party platform, and yet they have not been able to take a single step forward. That ought to prove that the reform will not be easy to accomplish. Against it is not only the force of inertia, which is nowhere greater than in Congress, but the influence of tradition and habit, of firmly imbedded hostile interest, and, above all, the conflicting doubts as to the best method.

Moreover, to be efficacious, the Senate and House should come to a complete agreement, and while there is a vague public sentiment in its favor, yet the subject is so intricate and complex that it can never be made so clear that its opponents can not press plausible arguments against any particular scheme. So I fear it will never succeed until some political party resolutely puts itself behind a definite plan. I hope, however, some progress will now be made, and that at least the bill advocated by Mr. Magee of New York for a General Expenditures Committee, such as has proved so useful in the English Parliament, may be established at once.

Senator Robert L. Owen, of Oklahoma

Democrat

Chairman of Committee on Banking and Currency

THE legislation which is immediately required on the declaration of peace, and anticipating an early peace, involves those statutes necessary, first, to restore to good health our young men who have been injured by the war; to find employment for them; to provide special machinery adapted to men who have lost arms or legs, or have been otherwise injured; to give special vocational instruction to those young men who desire it and who are not qualified at present to enter such vocations advantageously. This legislation should be concrete and definite in form and carried out with system.

The next great legislation required is the adoption of policies which will provide employment along productive and, as far as possible, noncompetitive lines, and here is opened a vast field of public works: The organized systematic building of concrete asphalt roadways, national in character, in conjunction with intra-state and county roads; the authorization and actual construction and operation of cement-mills with which to furnish the raw material for the building of roads; the organization of a high-class engineering service to supervise and maintain the roads; schools of instruction in which road-building engineers should be specially trained, and a preference should be given to our soldiers and engineers who have seen the beautiful roads of France and the destruction of the roads in northern France.

Original from

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The internal development of waterways should be promptly pushed so as to absorb through these two avenues every unemployed man unable to otherwise locate himself advantageously.

There should be legislation of an auxiliary character, by which to salvage the warehouses and other materials taken to Europe for war purposes, and utilize such materials in America. For example, if the steel-constructed warehouses in France were put end to end, they would make a warehouse approximately four hundred miles long.

These warehouses should be, immediately that the present need expires in France, brought to America and placed at the various terminals under government control, where they might warehouse commodities and promote an economical distribution and handling of American products; where warehouse receipts might be issued as a basis of credit, and commodity banking might be promoted in America as in Europe.

Tens of thousands of trucks in Europe can be used in developing the parcels-post and rural routes.

Machine-shops and machines on a gigantic scale are available to take care of these trucks, and to care for them and to improve the railway service of the United States, which I assume will never cease to be under government control even if not actually owned by the Government.

It requires both legislation and executive management to economically and judiciously salvage the materials of war, and men should not be allowed to profiteer by selling such materials as junk.

Legislation is required to promote transportation both on land and sea under government control.

THE United States should own the merchant marine and furnish cheap freight to American commerce to the ends of the earth; should furnish direct freight routes; should furnish storage and lighterage, through bills of lading, and marine insurance on the goods taken by the government boats.

Every one must have observed that the International Mercantile Marine, embracing seven hundred and fifty thousand tons of shipping owned by American citizens but flying the British flag, was recently offered for sale to a British syndicate, the sale only being prevented by government interference.

These boats are absolutely necessary to bring our men and our materials back home from across seas, but of far more importance is the principle that, when the boats upon which American commerce must rely are owned by private citizens, the inducement of profit may easily persuade them to sell these boats to citizens of other nations, who will then be in a position to dictate the price of freight on the ocean and the terms upon which American commerce can move upon the sea.

The banking law should be improved to cover international exchange and international banking. The Federal Reserve Bank Act should be improved by the establishment of a Federal Reserve Foreign Bank to function in foreign banking just as the Federal Reserve banks do in domestic banking.

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three per cent. on acceptances in connection with the movement of international commodities, while New York is charged from six to six and one-half per cent. for commercial bills. London merchants are given money at approximately one-half what American merchants are paying for money, or, I should rather say, for credits, for after all it is a question of credits and not merely of money.

The American dollar should be kept at par throughout the world by the Government, just as the Government keeps the American dollar at par in the United States, and the reason is the same. The dollar measures contracts in our domestic business. It also measures international contracts and it must be stabilized if America is to be made a great international clearing-house, as London is with its stable pound sterling. American gold dollars sold for sixty-seven cents in Spain during the last year because of our neglect and, perhaps, our ignorance.

There should be organized in the United States a bureau that would function in the capacity of manufacturing and commercial adviser. In Germany these advisers make successful manufacturing enterprises of those that were unsuccessful or languishing. We can learn much from Europe and should not be too stiff-necked, or self-confident, to take the lessons based on the experience of other men.

We should have legislation immediately to authorize the Bureau of Standards to give a certificate to goods which are made on a standard basis so that manufacturers could give a government guaranty of standard quality, especially to the goods sold abroad, and any man abusing this certificate should be penalized severely.

American-made goods should stand in the markets of the world on a basis of absolute integrity, so that the most distant purchaser at the ends of the earth would know when he ordered goods of a standard quality that he would actually receive the goods as sold to him.

The lands of the United States should be made more productive, and fertilizers should be prepared by standardized plants in the United States that would compel fair and just treatment to the farmers of the country who find it necessary to use fertilizers in feeding and clothing the American people. The Government should make nitrogen and potash, or have it done on a standard basis.

The returning soldiers who desire to cultivate the land should be given systematic assistance in acquiring the use of land put in cultivation and furnished with suitable improvements, leased to the soldier or sailor with the right to acquire the improvements and sell the improvements when acquired.

The granting of land as a gratuity, with the right to sell it, simply develops speculation in land, a necessary of life, and turns the benevolent purposes of the Government to no use.

Our waterways ought to be developed, and the falling waters converted into light, heat and power by the Government.

Through these various channels every productive capacity and energy of the American people can be kept constantly employed on a comfortable basis, and American prosperity can in this way be absolutely assured.

The American people can produce

enough to give every man, woman and child all the necessities of life, including a reasonable leisure to enjoy the sunshine and providence of God. Involuntary poverty can be abolished by intelligent public direction of human activity.

The policy of the Government should be to encourage industry, thrift and acquisition of property. It is of the highest importance to protect property rights, and the acquisition of property should only be discouraged when it becomes an obvious vice and a menace to society, which sometimes happens in our country through control of private monopoly and the clever manipulation of special privileges.

The healthy human being is an asset and not a liability. We should have organized a highly perfected Department of Health to safeguard the health of the people and teach them the true lessons of the conservation of life. Such a bill I have introduced (Sen. 3).

The educated human being is a still better asset, and we should have a Department of Education (see Sen. Bill 18, which I introduced) systematically teaching the people and encouraging the education of the people, especially vocational education. I should like to see established a circulating library of moving-pictures—educational pictures, entertaining pictures, amusing pictures, and pictures which would throw upon the screen the words of familiar songs, where the audiences might sing in unison—and have this system extended to reach every schoolhouse.

Why do not some of the great benevolent multimillionaires see the opportunity of making themselves happy, of making the world happy, through these simple means? But in any event the Government should act and lead the way.

Representative Julius Kahn, of California

Republican

THE issues which will confront the Sixty-sixth Congress are many and far-reaching. The war has brought serious problems in its train. We can't go backward; onward and forward will be our motto, as it will also be the motto of the other belligerent nations.

As a member of the Committee on Military Affairs for the House, naturally the question of the future action of Congress on military subjects would challenge my attention before any other matters.

It is contended by many well-meaning individuals that this war which has just been concluded will be the last war. I wish I could bring myself to believe that such will be the case. I am not a pessimist and have always been accused of being somewhat too optimistic, but so long as human nature is constituted as it is, so long as individuals are ambitious and greedy, so long will we have war. After all, a nation is only an aggregation of individuals.

No nation is the sole arbiter of its own destinies. This war has proved that unhappy fact. We may not want to fight. In fact, the American people tried to keep out of the present war. Ultimately we were forced into the war and every citizen of this republic who wanted to maintain our rights and our prestige as

a nation, who believed that to have accepted Germany's demands submitted to us on the night of January 31, 1917, would have been an abject surrender of our sovereignty, felt that we had to go to war in order to maintain the ideals that Americans cherish.

We have an example in Holland and Switzerland. They were not the arbiters of their destiny. They kept out of the struggle but they were forced to halt their peaceful pursuits and at enormous cost maintain their full military strength at their borders.

We will still have to maintain an army and a navy. Personally I believe in universal training. If we can put into effect such a system, we can cut down our standing army to a comparatively small number of officers and men. Of course, we will have to keep regular troops in the Philippines, in Hawaii, in the Panama Canal Zone, in Alaska and on the Mexican border, but the majority of our Army officers, both commissioned and non-commissioned, should be used in training our youths when they attain the age of eighteen years.

If I could write the legislation myself I would have the period of training from April to October. In other words, I would employ that season of the year when the weather is most propitious and when the young men could best be spared, having a due regard to their education and articulation with the industries of the country.

The cantonments which were constructed for the training of Selective Draft men should be utilized for the work of training, therefore there would be no expense in that direction. We have artillery schools, equitation schools, small-arms rifle-practise schools and other instrumentalities for giving the desired instruction to our young men. We have large quantities of supplies, of clothing, rifles, cannon, ammunition and other military equipment, so that there would be comparatively little expenditure for these accessories. The cost would be for subsistence, transportation and pay.

I have not made an estimate of the amount of money that would be required for this purpose, but I feel confident that it would be infinitely cheaper than the cost of war. I understand that in those countries that have adopted universal training the statistics show that there is less crime than in other countries. Think of the saving that would be made to the country in the prosecution of criminals and the cost and maintenance of prisons.

One of the great problems that will confront us is the labor problem. The day has gone by, in my opinion, when the employer of labor can exact the last bit of effort on the part of his employees and refuse to pay them adequate compensation for their labor. Capital will have to deal with labor in a friendlier spirit than it has been accustomed to heretofore. On the other hand, the extreme labor agitator who will want to strike on the least provocation will also have to be put into the discard. In the future there will have to be more of the spirit of bear and forbear in disputes between capital and labor than there has been heretofore.

The I. W. W. extremists have no place
Original from

in our country. They must be gotten rid of as speedily as possible. Happily, the Bolsheviks of the I. W. W. type are not numerous in this country. Our working people all over the Union have bought their little homes and are taxpayers. They know what it would mean to destroy property in order to carry out the visionary schemes of the ultraradical leaders of such organizations as the I. W. W.

How to reach this situation by appropriate legislation is a serious problem. But serious problems have never yet scared the American people. We have always been able to solve the problems that have confronted us. I have no doubt that the wisdom of our legislators will be able to find a proper solution for this very important situation in the next Congress. The Interstate Commerce clause of the Constitution has enabled Congress in the past to prevent and correct many abuses. That is particularly true on the question of prohibition, and it was also used effectively in what is known as the Mann White Slave Law.

I think that it is very probable that a provision can be enacted under the Interstate Commerce Law that will prevent the leaders of the I. W. W. from going from one state to another to carry on their work of destruction. This is one of the most serious problems that confronts the country to-day.

It is as true in peace as it was in war—the man who does not love America and its institutions, with all that they mean in freedom and opportunity, as well as protection for body and soul, is a menace to the republic. This is not his country.

There is no time to be lost in handling this situation. Legislators and the people behind them must give serious and immediate attention to it.

Representative Joseph W. Fordney, of Michigan

Republican

ONE of the most important pieces of legislation to be undertaken by the Congress of the United States will be the laws affecting public utilities. The railroads must be returned to their owners before long. No country or state ever tried government ownership and made a success of it. It has never proved to be anywhere as successful as when in the hands of private corporations.

While this country is not prepared for government ownership of railroads, there will probably be some changes in existing laws before they are turned back to their owners. The Interstate Commerce Commission fixes rates, another body designates the wages to be paid. Both of these functions should be under the same direction. I can not fix a man's income and you fix a fair rate upon which he can base his expenditures. The real meat in the coconut in the railroad problem lies in an intelligent, just settlement of rates and wages.

The Republican Congress will undoubtedly pass new tariff laws. The question of raising a revenue is before us. We have no existing sinking-fund to take care of the public debt. Increased taxation over former years does not meet the government expenditures. The tax system will have to be reorganized.

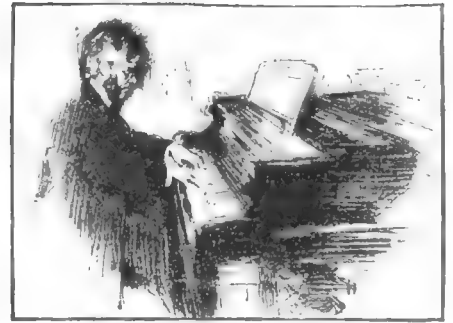
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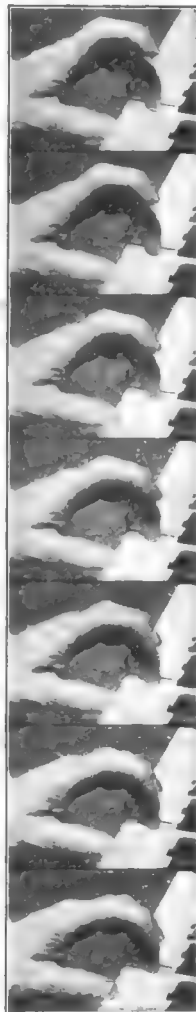
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Dr. Quinn at His Piano, from the famous sketch by Schneider, exhibited at the St. Louis Exposition.



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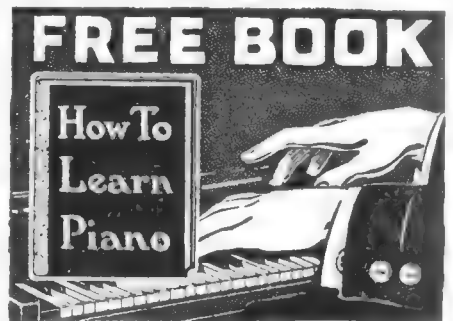
Occasionally I still encounter a man or woman who is hesitant about learning by mail and feels that the methods of fifty years ago are "safer." This feeling is, perhaps, natural enough, but it is due to a misunderstanding as to what are the real problems in learning piano. You will learn much more rapidly by my scientific written method than by the old-fashioned "spoken" or oral method, which cannot be made really systematic. My free booklet will fully satisfy your mind in this regard and explain exactly how and why my method produces such truly surprising results.

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My system is entirely different from all others. In my third lesson, I teach you to play an interesting piece, not only in the original key, but also in all other keys. This is made possible by my patented invention, the Colorotone, and enables you to learn at once the famous Liszt system of playing every piece in every key with exactly the same fingering—which is usually taught only after three years of study.

The Colorotone saves you from learning a second-best method at first, and then throwing it away three years later for the correct method. With my fifth lesson I introduce another important and exclusive invention, Quinn-dex. Quinn-dex is a simple, hand-operated moving picture device, which enables you to see, right before your eyes, every movement of my hands at the keyboard. You actually see the fingers move. Instead of having to reproduce your teacher's finger movements, from MEMORY—which cannot be always accurate—you have the correct models before you during every minute of practice. The Colorotone and Quinn-dex save you months and years of wasted effort. They can be obtained only from me, and there is nothing else, anywhere, even remotely like them.

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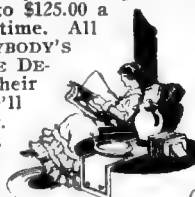
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from customs or tariff laws than any other country in the war, more money from taxation in proportion to the total expenditures than any country in the world, and borrowing less in proportion to our total expenditures than any country in the world. The inheritance tax will not solve the problem, there must be a graduated income tax.

For forty years Congress has failed to solve the problem of a merchant marine. We went into the war without a merchant marine; we have come out of it with ships, but without a solution of the problem. It would be to our advantage to have a merchant marine so that we might have our own vessels to carry goods to other countries. We are under a great disadvantage as regards the whole world.

The root of the problem lies here—it costs more to build ships in the United States than in any other country in the world. Nine-tenths of the cost of construction of ships is for labor.

Before the war, under normal conditions, wages in our shipyards were double those of Great Britain and Great Britain's were greater than those of any other country in Europe. Our skilled labor averaged eighteen dollars a week, the same class of labor in Great Britain was paid nine dollars a week and in Japan two dollars and seventeen cents a week, or thirty-five cents a day.

In other words, if you or I were building a ship in this country nine hundred thousand dollars of the million dollars would be for labor, the same ship in Great Britain would cost four hundred and fifty thousand dollars for labor, and in Japan two hundred thousand dollars or less, or about one-tenth of the cost of building in this country.

All officers of our ships must be American citizens, and under the Seamen's Union regulations, officers will not work with foreigners unless they get the American scale of wages. America is the only country

in the world where such a law obtains. In the operation of ships, labor cost is the major portion of operation and ours is two, three, four and as high as ten times that of other countries that have a power on the seas.

Furthermore, European and Asiatic countries, especially Japan, France, Germany, Belgium and England, all pay a ship subsidy. France, a republic, pays the highest in the world. Our Government pays none. Keep this in mind, our ship costs more than our competitors' to construct, more to maintain, while our competitors receive a ship subsidy and we do not. Under these conditions it is a financial impossibility for us to compete with any other country in the world.

There isn't an industry nor an interest in this country which was not affected by our shortage of ships when Europe went to war. We, who have been the mistress of the seas and who take our place among nations as a great republic by the power of our merchant marine, find ourselves at the mercy of other nations when international differences upset the normal work of trade.

We are completing a merchant marine now at great cost, but everybody forgets the cost. When we settle down to real business and competition, our people will soon complain of heavy taxes, which will have to be high in order to maintain ships. The answer is government subsidy or a complete overturning of marine laws. I would not lower wages and this is not likely to happen. We can not have a successful merchant marine under existing laws, and they will have to be changed. La Follette's bill is a grave menace to shipbuilding.

With regard to our military policy, there may be an international agreement by which we can abolish Army and Navy, but in my opinion the Army and Navy will be very much increased. There has been

spent in peace two hundred and fifty million dollars a year for Army and Navy combined, including some appropriations for construction. This will be doubled. I have doubts about the wisdom of universal military training, but many people are in favor of it, in schools. If we can give our boys military training in our schools without military servitude to the country, it would be a splendid thing physically and mentally.

I am for increased protective tariff. After the war we will have to meet business conditions that require most careful legislation, more important than ever before. We must fully protect labor and manufactures.

I think the immigration laws are pretty strict, and quite adequate. The educational test, however, does not bar the Bolsheviki, because they are very well educated in a great many instances and those that are educated are the most dangerous. This country is no place for the red flag. It is a serious thing, which we must meet squarely in the face. There should be legislation that can meet the situation. If I were Commander-in-Chief of the Army I would sustain the Army in preventing the red flag from flying anywhere in this country. It ought to be possible to enact legislation to make it a criminal offense to fly any other flag than the Stars and Stripes anywhere in the United States. Now is the psychological moment for such legislation. It will come, I am sure. We will stand just so much and then we will turn and fight.

I haven't studied reconstruction sufficiently to make an intelligent statement, but I have visited the Walter Reid Hospital and seen the true, sweet faces of boys, some minus legs and arms. I want the Government to educate these boys to be self-supporting, and adequately provide for those that are too severely maimed to help themselves.

Other contributions by Senators and Representatives will appear in EVERYBODY'S open forum on problems of reconstruction, "After Peace—?" in later numbers.

WHEN WILSON CAME TO PARIS

(Continued from page 60).

It may be that this statement is more definite than the idea was in 1913; but President Wilson had the idea and it has steadily grown clearer and clearer, like that other vision of his: the freedom of the seas. Anyhow, he acted upon it. The President decided, before the war, upon two steps which were the beginnings of his doctrine of world freedom and of a foreign policy of the United States.

He decided, first, to act toward Mexico as we would have all the great powers act toward all the weaker nations; to let Mexico work out her own salvation in her own way and in her own good time.

Second, he decided that Colonel House should go to Europe, see the governments there and try to get them to deal rationally and scientifically with the unsolved problems which were the reasons for their burdensome armaments, and which might at any time become causes of war.

That, indeed, was adventure. It looked "impossible." But the spirit of the new era was in the two men. In 1914, Colonel

House went to Europe, prepared. He saw the Kaiser and his advisers—the real powers in Germany. He saw the actual rulers of England and France. He failed. He did not succeed in getting the conflicting interests together, then, to deal honestly and effectively with the "questions" which were asking for settlement or war. And he hasn't yet, either. He heard a saying then which he is hearing now, here in Paris. The Kaiser defended his standing army and his rising navy in the very same terms that certain other potentates are offering now in defense of theirs. The German might, the Kaiser pleaded in 1914, his army and his navy, were not to be used for offense, but for defense only. They were a power, not to be abused for the good of Germany, but were for the common good. Other powers, the Kaiser admitted, had misused their strength. He pointed out that England, France, Russia, Italy, Japan and the United States had all taken advantage of their might to add to their territory in recent years. Only Germany

had not. And Germany would not. The German army and navy had kept the peace in Europe for fifty years. "Preparedness for war was the best insurance against war," the Kaiser argued, etc., etc. We know the rest, now.

But Colonel House's adventure was not a complete failure. He made progress enough to feel and report that the project was not impossible. He was late, that was all. He got the statesmen of Europe to listen, to see the American point of view and our concern, and to consider the President's suggestions.

What he asked of them was hard to do. The President was learning this in the matter of Mexico while House was abroad. The pressure upon Wilson, a non-interventionist, to intervene in Mexico and contradict all he was preaching at home and abroad, was well-nigh irresistible. And in the cases of Santo Domingo and the Danish Islands, he, the anti-imperialist, did indeed find that the forces which make for empire were irresistible. These

experiences were not discouraging to the President. They did prove his point; they illustrated the necessity of a world-wide dealing with a world problem. They emphasized the fact that no one country can meet the problem alone.

The war Colonel House was plotting against broke before he got back from Europe. The forces and the interests and the false ideals which were making for the war worked out as the President had foreseen, only sooner than he expected. And there you can put your finger on the reason why the President and his closest advisers were less personal, less hateful of men and peoples than we, the people, were and are. They had their eyes on *what* rather than *who* caused the war. They kept their eyes on the what and the wherefore right through those four years. What is more, they kept right on reminding the statesmen of Europe, as they are reminding them to-day, of those same unsolved problems, of those same forces, ideas, desires, and of our American ideals.

The President determined, when the war broke, first, to try to keep us out of it; and second, to continue to work for a peace which would deal with the causes of war. Colonel House came to Europe every year and he talked, as he had opportunity, in his quiet, unargumentative way. He stuck to fundamentals. This was not always understood by us at home. He was always, not for an end to this war, but for the end of wars. And Wilson's famous Fourteen Points were worked out, not all by himself, nor by him and Colonel House, but by these two in their conversations and correspondence with the statesmen of Europe. They stand to-day as not only what the President thinks are necessary and right, but as what the European governments have said or acknowledged, formally or informally, to be necessary and right. And it is upon that basis that America will enter the Peace Conference.

The Big Fight Ahead

There is struggle ahead; an extraordinary, epoch-making struggle, titanic in its proportions; a struggle between mighty forces such as the world has never seen and may never see again. We here in Paris, of whatever blood, or creed, or party, with our varying ideas and ideals, faiths, hopes, prejudices and passions—we are all agreed as to that.

There are powers and influences consolidating for this struggle which will see and make use of any and every opportunity to divert or by sheer weight to force America from the straight line of her declarations—and even at the risk of plunging the world into another war. There is proof of this; abundant proof.

How are they working? What are their chances?

They are proceeding on that old assumption and spreading the doctrine that Wilson and America are—bluffers. They have a long row ahead. Also they have some cards to play. They have already shown a couple of them.

A long row ahead, yes. Our soldiers did not bluff. Our sailors did not bluff. Our Marines did not bluff. We Americans over here don't have to say a word about the United States Army and Navy, nor our support of them at home. The Europeans say more than we can; and the reason they can out-praise us is, partly, because they

measure our performance by what they expected of us. They didn't really think we would send an army; or if we did, they looked for a small force—"enough to show our flag at the front," to bluff the Germans. And when our boys poured in by hundreds of thousands, it was doubted whether those raw boys would fight.

Well, they fought. Oh, they fought! It will be long before the full story of it will be told. The allied commanders were slow to lose their doubts. They wouldn't put our troops in alone. Pershing was patient, diplomatic, soldierly. He obeyed orders, waiting. His troops made good here and there, as they were tried. And they were needed. At last came the Great Emergency.

The American lads not only stood. They smashed the German line.

American boys saved Paris and won the war! That fact, in great detail, is what Europeans know and what some European military men have said and said openly. In those days the American Army won a victory not only over the Germans but over all Europe. The American soldier began the conquest of that great damnable conviction that the United States is one great big bluff.

But Europeans make a distinction between soldiers and people; between an organized army, officered, drilled and led, and the people. It is this fact that offers an opportunity to the influences aligned against Wilson—not a very large opportunity, but they are making the most of it, already. One or two things have played into their hands. One of them is the result of the elections at home. They are making much of that, everywhere. They are telling the common folk of Europe that the common people of America refused to vote for Wilson and his ideal peace policy at our last election. They are saying that our League of Nations talk is nothing but bluff; that at heart we are greedy, avaricious, ready, if opportunity offers, to reach out as Germany tried to, to take all the earth's surface we can grab; ready even, to subscribe to the doctrine of Might makes Right—if there are enough American dollars in it.

They are clever and sly, some of these propagandists, witty and cynical. America's vote, they say, and they say it with a wink, was a vote for the spread not of Kultur, but Culture—Dollar Culture. They are saying, laughing, that the American liberties are ideal, not real; that all our big humanity talk is sham; that Wilson's high call for self-sacrifice by individuals and by nations for the common good is not the voice of America.

Regardless of affiliations, political convictions, preferences or prejudices, no observing person here could regard those elections at home as anything but a tragedy, an international tragedy. It is almost impossible to combat this wicked propaganda with explanations of the reasons outside the peace issue that lay behind the results. Who could expect the plain people of Europe in these tremendous days, with the miracle of victory but as yet half-comprehended, to interest themselves in the intricacies of American politics?

The pity of it is that the common folk want us and our President to make good. They are afraid we are bluffers. They hope we are not. From their hearts they want it. There has always been a certain

fatality about war, to them. They never wanted war. They have always feared war, hated war. Yet they have always been getting ready for war, or hurrying into war. There had been an inevitability about it that had deadened hope of ever being rid of it, or the threat of it.

Then there came the stories of this strange man Wilson. "Never again" was their simple summary of his message. The voice of this foreigner stirred a new hope—and prayer. Why, a peasant woman of Lorraine asked us eagerly if it was true that Wilson could really stop wars!

If!

No writer can tell how those called "the little people" by the French, in all the European countries, have suffered and sacrificed during the last four years. But many of them will tell how they hoped, too. And that hope, again, and again, and again, has been given strength by a voice—a quiet, sure voice that came to them from across the ocean, a voice which they heard even above the dreadful clamor of a frightful war. That voice was the voice of Wilson, saying things that they understood, things that stirred longings that had lain deep in their hearts—always. I have talked with many of them, and I know. And many times, and in many places, I have heard the cry "*Vive Wilson!*" "*Vive l'Amérique!*" And I have looked into the faces of those who cried it.

Wilson was, and is to-day, the leader of the peoples of Europe, literally. The doubt, deliberately created, as to whether we, his own people, are with him, is tragic enough, dangerous enough. But it is not crystallized. And it will not crystallize rapidly. For the faith these people have put in Wilson has grown strong on the belief that back of him stand, and beside him march, the great, free people of that land across the seas.

We Americans here in Paris are saying to each other every day that we must not fail these people; that Wilson can not. He is a new leader, a stranger to them, but a leader of a free people who chose him themselves freely. He is a democratic leader. He may be true. The French hope. The Italians are sure. A reporter who has come in from Italy has told me that Wilson is almost a saint there. His pictures have been seen with lighted candles before them—and kneeling, weeping women. The same word, or similar word, comes from the Balkans, from England.

We have been saying to each other that American ideals can win at Versailles—if Wilson can keep the eyes of the peoples of the world on the goal.

If! The very suddenness and completeness of the German defeat is a handicap at the start. The very people who are acclaiming Wilson have been the chief sufferers of the war. They have met German brutality face to face. They have heard the Prussian command in the heat of battle—to loot, to burn, to rape. They have seen what the German did, in cold blood—in France, Belgium, Serbia. They have seen utter, ruthless destruction of homes, cities, villages, the soil. The good surface soil of great rich regions they have seen polluted, destroyed. Farms, orchards, vineyards have been made desert for no purpose save a fiendish one, and they have seen it. The soldiers and the people who have lived through these things want

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redress, compensation, revenge. And no human heart can fail to understand. I myself have been in that ravaged country. I know something of what it means—a heart bursting with desire to pay back. No man or woman who has seen even a little of it can deny a passionate impulse to let all peace, adjustment, reconstruction wait on punishment, swift and terrible.

And this man who is sailing to France—they are going to take him "out there," too. And he will feel those things. And he has got to find his own way through—for himself, for us common people who have only seen it, for those "little people" who have lived it—the way through to the Great Thing which he has seen: the League of Nations, the Congress of the World, the Parliament of Man, that will stand as the world's barrier against another day of horror.

A great adventurer, truly, this Wilson, embarked on his own, America's, the world's highest Adventure with—the Impossible.

* * * * *

WELL, he came. And the plain people of France found voice. An English paper lying on my table this minute declares that there was never anything like it in the history of the world. The English paper is right. It was not alone the crowds; dense, tense crowds packed fifty deep. It was not alone the cheers, the tears. It was something bigger, overpoweringly bigger—the same great something that we felt in Metz and Strasbourg and Mulhouse.

The President himself felt it. He himself partially defined it when he said, later: "I understood it because as I looked into the eyes of the crowd I saw just the feeling that I had for them. It moved me very much because it meant more than mere generous cordiality. It meant there was a thoughtful background to the thing. To come into that sort of feeling in this wonderfully beautiful city made a combination of emotions that one would not have more than once in a lifetime."

Nor was the President the only one who saw something in the eyes of the crowds that day. There were men in newspaper offices; men in hotel corridors; men in offices of bureaus, commissions, committees; yes, men in the government offices.

We who had been here right along, we reporters who had worked as hard as we could, who had watched as closely as we could in as many places as we could; some of us who, like myself, had come all the way from our first outspoken belief that the President's trip was a pitiful blunder to a conviction that his coming brought the one big chance for a real peace—we reporters saw plans, laid with sinister cunning scattered like jackstraws. We heard a new note coming from the presses, and from those offices and other places. We learned of influences aligning themselves with this Wilson, in astonishing places and in tremendous force. And how little we know, yet! But this is sure:

Those wise ones, those experts who have been telling us that the plain people do not count in peace negotiations were wrong. The plain people are going to count at Versailles.

How much? Enough? The answer is far ahead. Between to-day and the answer there are to be bitter, splendid, terrific days.

Original from

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

TAM o' the SCOOTS

(Continued from page 57)

small. Tam dropped the machine lower still. He was not fifty feet above the last visible portion of the U-boat when the bomb dropped true.

The roar of the explosion sounded even above the noise of the engine. The airplane was flung up into the air like a piece of paper. Tam made a desperate effort to right her, but the wings were under water before he could pancake.

His first thought was of the submarine. Her bow had risen out of the water, so that it stood on end. The sea was covered with a yellow oily film.

"On behalf of Henry Burton," said Tam, as he watched the hull drop out of sight.

His own position was a perilous one. The sea, however, was calm, and the machine floated, though her engines were now under water.

"Can ye swim fifty miles?" asked Tam.

"A fifty-mile swim is one of my hobbies," said Billy.

He took from his pocket a large stick of candy, broke it exactly in half, and handed Tam his portion.

Tam took it in silence. "'Tis a horrible thought," he said.

"What's a horrible thought?" asked the other.

"That two flyin' men, or one and a half flyin' men," he corrected, "should be drowned eatin' toffee."

"Would you rather be drowned smoking a cigar? Because I've got two."

"A'll reserve that for the last agony," said Tam, and tested it conventionally. "I could have wished that it were a Havana or an El Dorado, or one of the expensive brands that the lower-class millionaires smoke."

Presently Billy asked again: "How far do you think we are from land, Tam? Quit fooling."

"A verra long way, A think," said Tam seriously; "that U-boat wouldn't have been close in."

"It's very foggy," suggested Billy.

Tam nodded. "There's that chance," he said.

It was after sunset when rescue came. Out of the thin mist grew a big black ship, steaming slowly. Tam took his signal pistol from his pocket, fitted a cartridge and shot a Verrey light into the air. They were near enough to see thousands of figures crowding the deck.

"It's a transport," cried Billy; "she's stopping."

"Oh, aye," said Tam.

He had nearly reached the end of his cigar, but what was more important, the airplane was exhausting her last units of buoyancy. They saw the boat lowered away and the cream of foam as her engines went astern.

"Gee, Tam, it's been a great day," said Billy; "bombing von Tirpitz in the morning and his old murder boat in the afternoon—and by jiminy!" he stood up at some risk and his fresh young voice rose in one joyous yell, "A transport, Tam; and look at the flag! It's Old Glory, Tam! It's the greatest flag in the world, boy! Whoop! Do you see the flag, Tam? The flag that stands for God's own country!"

"Mon, ye're light-headed," said Tam, "that's the American flag!"



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FOR BETTER



CITIZENSHIP

The R. O. T. C. Comes Back

WITH the end of the war, the Students' Army Training Corps in the colleges and universities of the country is demobilized, and Secretary Baker has announced that the regulations providing for Federal assistance for military training in colleges, universities and secondary schools, according to the National Defense Act of 1916, will be restored.

This means that units of the Reserve Officers' Training Corps may again be established in colleges and high schools as before the war. It will be recalled that the purpose of the R. O. T. C. was to qualify students in civil educational institutions to be reserve officers in the United States Army by systematic and standard methods of training. The Government assigns not more than three hundred officers of the Army as instructors to them, and supplies all necessary equipment, maintains camps, and makes regulations governing the work nationally. Members of the corps are permitted to wear distinctive insignia and uniforms, and are regarded as part of the reserve military forces of the country.

A senior division of the R. O. T. C. is formed in colleges or universities, and a junior division in high schools and institutions of the same grade. To comply with the requirements of the latter not less than one hundred physically fit students over fourteen years of age must be enrolled for the work, and the school authorities must agree to devote to military training at least three hours per week for a course of two

years, the credit for such training to count toward graduation. This training may be elective or prescribed. Details of the plan are covered in General Orders forty-eight and forty-nine of the War Department. Any school desiring to take up the work should write to the War Department for application blanks and full information.

We had hoped that the R. O. T. C. plan might be the basis upon which the Government would build a great national movement for citizenship training, such as the High-School Volunteer idea looks forward to. But we are apparently drifting back to the narrow point of view in this matter which we had before the war, and we can only work to get the utmost possible out of what the R. O. T. C. plan offers. Though the R. O. T. C. has a purely military purpose, and includes none of the elements of civic and community training of the National High-School Volunteer Plan, it is at least a starting point for a national movement which may still unite the high schools of the country for a common educational purpose. It at least provides a way whereby the high schools may obtain the necessary equipment and expert instruction, and there is nothing in it to prevent any school from developing the citizenship side of its cadet work, if it appreciates and is willing to work for the larger significance of the High-School Volunteer movement. We can urge, therefore, all high schools who can comply with the requirements to associate themselves with the R. O. T. C. as a temporary measure and a basis for their broader work of developing a better American citizenship.

THE High-School Volunteers of the United States is a national organization of boys and girls in high schools and other institutions, and in communities, aiming to promote better citizenship by a uniform national plan of specific training, competitions, games, and in other ways.

A High-School-Volunteer Corps may be organized by any group of boys or girls of fourteen to eighteen, in any school, institution or community where the necessary equipment and an instructor or leader can be obtained. The equipment needed, the method of organizing the corps, its regulations, and plan of military activities for the first year are given in detail in the Official Handbook and Cadet Manual of the H. S. V. U. S., by Majors E. Z. Steever and J. L. Frink, published as a regular text-book by the J. B. Lippincott Company of Philadelphia. The Constitution of the H. S. V. U. S., membership applications, and additional instructions may be obtained from Headquarters gratis. Literature covering the community and civic activities of the corps is in preparation.

Individual members of independent corps may be enrolled as unattached members of the H. S. V. U. S. Application for unattached members may be obtained from Headquarters. Entire independent corps may become regularly associated with the H. S. V. U. S. when sixty per cent. of their members join the H. S. V. U. S.

Headquarters furnishes each individual member, regular and unattached, a certificate of membership and button insignia, and each associated corps is given a regimental designation.

For full information, write Headquarters, High-School Volunteers of the United States, Butterick Building, New York City.

Original from

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The Home-Marching Spirit

By Amelia S. Reynolds

Chairman of the Westchester County Home-Service Section of the American National Red Cross.

THEY considered Severance a man of extraordinary promise in the medical school. He not only used his imagination, but he was always ready to see a thing through. He had no fear of death for himself or any one else; and later, as he did his hospital work, he took long chances with what he did with his knife in order to make another's life move smoothly. And in addition to his aptitude and his skill, he had character and charm.

He was made surgeon of one of those wonderful hospitals not very far from the firing-line that sprouted like mushrooms in the later years of war. We are told it was plainly marked with a Red Cross, and that it could not be mistaken for anything but what it was, a refuge for desperately wounded men. The night that it was bombed, Severance was working with the same enthusiasm with which he had started his day's work twelve hours before.

They thought that he would not live. A nurse had been killed at his side, and an orderly near by. But he did not get the worst of it, as it seemed, for he lived. They patched him up to make the appearance of a perfectly good man, but the sight of his eyes was gone.

I can see him now, as he lay there in Base Hospital No. —, and I think I can see his very soul. I know there was a time, for he told me so, when he waited for a decent opportunity to get himself out of life. The black moment passed, however, and he was sent home with an honorable discharge, and a medal or two.

All his life he had longed to be a surgeon; all his life he had worked to that end. During four years at St. Paul's, eight years at Harvard and at the medical school, and through three long years in a hospital, he had fitted himself for nothing else.

He is now lecturing to the students in a lesser medical school than his own. He was a great surgeon, but he will never be a great teacher.

I don't know whether he ever marched while on duty—but he is marching now!

ABBOTT was one of the boys who passed from private school to private school. He hated his lessons, and frankly refused to do them. He was restless, high-spirited, and forever in difficulties other than those which come from being unable to construe a Latin sentence. It was only his determination some time to play tackle on the Yale team that got him through his examinations. Examinations are the gate to desirable football fields.

When we went into the war he was a tall fine-looking fellow of sixteen. His father and mother were wise, and when he turned up in the middle of a term and said very

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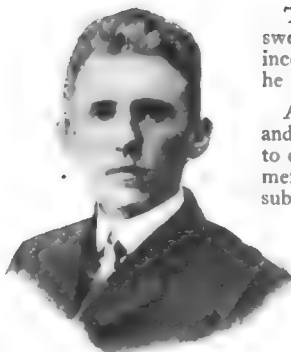
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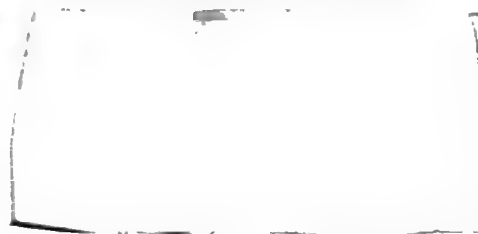


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These Club Feet Made Straight in Four Months

Annabell Williams was born with Club Feet. After other treatment had failed, her mother brought her to the McLain Sanitarium, January 17, 1916, at 11 years of age. Four months later they returned home—happy. Read the mother's letter.

"I took Annabell home, on May 19, 1916, with two straight and useful feet. Today she runs and plays at any child. We can't say enough for the

868 Aubert Ave. St. Louis, Mo.

simply that he had to get into it all, they didn't even try to hold him. There seemed no special place for him in our army, but they took him gladly in the Royal Flying Corps; he had no nerves, and a splendid body. In what seemed like an incredibly short time to his mother, he had passed through his training and stopped for a night with her on his way to France. I am sure she never expected to see him again. He was the stuff of which heroes are made in war, and anything less gallant than a gallant death in the air seemed incredible to her, but she sent him away with a gay "Good Luck," and whatever he may have been feeling, he left her as gaily.

I don't know what it was he did, but something, that got him one of the coveted British medals. They are hard to get, and have to be really earned, but he earned it, I'm told, superbly. In the process of this earning he was pretty thoroughly smashed up, and a little later, in the field-hospital where he was sent, he was gassed before he could be protected or got out. Of course there was nothing for it but to send him home. One leg was shorter than the other and he would never be able to lie down again. The gas which mercifully kills so many of its victims had only made his breathing difficult in any position but an upright one.

He had long weary weeks of idleness, and then still harder weeks when a certain measure of returning health left him time to see his life as it looked to others. He was seventeen. He would probably never get himself through college now. What you can get out of books had grown too unimportant, too far away for him. Of course, he could never fly again; there was no branch of the service that would take him. He was far too bad a risk. When he was on his feet, he turned up at 4, Place de la Concorde, the Paris office of the Red Cross. It is a good many miles to see, but I can see him plainly. He was grinning as impudently as he ever grinned in a classroom or at home.

"I thought, sir," he said to the head of the department that he was interviewing, "that they would let me run an ambulance, but they won't. You see I can't lift a weight, and if anything happened I might not be able to take care of the wounded; but I thought, sir—" and he flushed very red—"that perhaps I was good enough to drive things. I will take a load of dominoes through any shell-hole in Europe; and if they should get us, the loss wouldn't be great."

The boy who conquered the air, now drives a supply truck. If his heart should give out at a crucial moment the loss, he says, will be small. His truck carries perhaps a thousand dollars' worth of stuff.

We have heard a great deal about the "spirit of America," and we have meant the outgoing spirit. But now, think of the spirit that comes marching home from France! If I close my eyes I can see them in a great civilian regiment. Among the foremost, the great surgeon who can not operate. Somewhere in line, the boy who will never make his touch-down in the Yale Bowl. You want to know the "spirit of America?" Look out of the window of any Home-Service Section.

There was an old fellow in the Bible who, when he was low in his mind, opened his windows and looked out toward Jerusalem. I open my eyes toward France.



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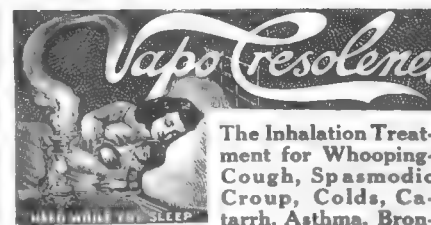
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IF EVER A SORROW TAKES YE

(Continued from page 45)

stranger beside him with his loosened tongue was scraping at his sorrow as a knife scrapes a malignant wound.

"An' why should I stop?" the sailor was eying him accusingly. "If it eases my heart a bit to talk, why shouldn't ye listen? Doesn't the raisin' o' that statue give a man leave to loosen his tongue? Happenin's stay best buried that have no monuments raised to them." He thrust his face close to his companion's and studied him narrowly. "Ye're a poor cut of a man to be scroochin' afeared of another man's sorrow. What would ye do with one of your own, now? Thrash it—or let it gnaw the soul out o' ye?"

The man had no answer, and the two sat on, silence between them, each gazing into the encompassing dusk and finding there the shadows of their thoughts. At last the sailor spoke again, almost as if he was alone and spoke for his own comfort and satisfaction.

"We shipped in May. I bought her second-class passage, dear as it was, so she could travel easy; an' when I was off duty I'd hunt her out on the deck an' find her sewin', her face toward Ireland. We were often talkin' together o' God's goodness to us—an' how full the world was o' happiness an' lovin' folks. Talkin' like that, an' hell not a day's length from us! I mind once she said: 'Jamie, I was thinkin' 'twould be terrible to die an' leave ye lonesome, an' then I remembered ye'd not be alone. 'Tisn't as if it was fever or the likes o' that, that took me an' left nothin'. There'll be the wee one—a bit of my very own self to comfort ye. So if I'm taken, ye'll not be grievin'."

"Whist, darl n'," I says, 'sure what put the talk o' death in your bonnie head? Ye'll live to rear a parcel o' childher.'

"Aye," she laughs, 'I'm knowin' it. But I like to be thinkin' all the same that whatever happens ye'll not be alone.'

"God! Them were her words!"

The sailor's lips went whiter than his face and the muscles underneath worked convulsively. The man on the bench beside him sat as rigid as if he had been hypnotized. She had said the same thing in almost the same words. Did all women feel that way? He wondered dully and peered closer through the dusk at the speaker.

"I WAS there on the aft deck with her when hell struck. I knew at the once what it meant; but there was only puzzlement in her face an' afore I could pick out the right words to tell her carefullike, we spilled over like a cargo o' rocks—an' were gone. Afterward I swam round an' round, holdin' to one bit o' wreckage an' another. I held up one poor creathure till the boats came—an' another I put on a raft—but my own lass—"

He stopped and shook a fist across the hedge of japonica bushes. 'What can that white stone angel do for her an' me?

Mother o' God! If it could bring her back to die in childbirth, warm, in a dthry bed, wi' me beside her a-holdin' her hand an' prayin' her over the bordther; if it could be bringin' me a last smile o' those dear lips an' the memory o' me layin' her quiet to rest undther a bit of her own sod an' me spreadin' the green quilt over her—then—then afore God, I could be wearin' my knee to the bone a-prayin' to it same as if it was the Blessed Virgin!"

"Did you curse God—and the Virgin?" The man on the bench saw no blasphemy in the question, he was merely curious to know how this other man had felt.

THE sailor's answer was accompanied with a pitying shake of the head. "Cursin' would do naught. And do ye think, now, they could be helpin' all the devilment that creeps into human minds—an' the hells men turn loose in the world? Who knows—maybe God an' the Virgin were as helpless to save her as myself, swimmin' there in the wreckage lookin' for her."

His head dropped wearily, his shoulders sagged, even his tongue lagged as if with the unburdening of his mind he was spent with the effort. "'Tis all beyond a plain man's reasonin'—why such things happen. 'Tis enough for me—the pain an' the loneliness an' the learnin' to do without her. There be's times when it's most too much for me an' I can feel it suckin' me undther; an' then I mind how it must be grievin' her somewhere—not to be havin' her wish and leavin' the wee one behind for comfort. So I strikes out again like a man—an' keeps goin'. But, God! I get to thinkin' often what it would ha' been like to ha' had that—a girl maybe—wi' her mother's looks—bearin' her mother's name."

He rose, flung his arms above his head, then let them drop limply to his side. It might have been a gesture of impotent defiance—or one of helpless submission. It told the man on the bench better than words the depth of the other's misery, and he wondered just what it had done for him.

"What do you do—what have you done about living?" he asked tensely.

The sailor turned and crouched close to him, the better to see his face, and he barked out another hoarse laugh. "Do? Meanin' what happens the twenty-four hours—or, betther, the eighteen I'm not sleepin' an' forgettin'?" He waited, not for the other's nod, but to put the thing right. "'Tis this way—I couldn't go back to the sea, lookin' at it all the day an' thinkin' what was lyin' undther it; an' I couldn't be takin' up another trade, for I wasn't knowin' any. So I took work in a factory that turns out thousands o' pounds o' ammunition a day. They don't give no safe bill o' health with them that registers for employment, so they ben't particular where they come from an' what they don't know. An' never a day I goes in that I'm

not prayin' furninst the threshold that should anything be happenin' accidental-like, the Lord will be choosin' me to be blown up in place of a man wi' a family. That's all!"

In another moment he was rolling back into the dusk from whence he had come. On the edge of the by-path he stopped however, and his voice came back to the man on the bench, each word he spoke reaching him with the distinct precision of a telegraphic message: "See here, man! If ever a sorrow takes ye—an' ye get to thinkin' it's a bit too heavy to shoulder—just ye walk over to yondther statue, raised to the memory o' them that went down wi' the *Lusitania*, an' mind my lass lyin' undther the deep wather—wi' her child still unborn."

Dusk had changed to dark and the park was deserted before the man rose from the bench and retraced his way to the house that had been theirs. He walked without shambling, his head erect, his eyes full of an unflinching sorrow. The world was alive again—he was alive; and in that short time on a park bench with a strange companion he had learned to bear the anguish of life. It was late when he pushed open the door of an upper room in the house and looked cautiously in. A fire burned on the hearth; beside it sat a nurse with a blanket-wrapped bundle across her knee. In a far corner, out of the way, stood a mahogany cradle with a quaintly fashioned hood and hand-carved rockers. The man strode over to the nurse and picked up the bundle. For an instant he looked at it doubtfully.

"YOU said—I believe you said it was a girl," he asked eagerly. And reading affirmation in the nurse's look he nodded significantly toward the door. "You might go—for a while. If I needed you I could call."

He waited for the sound of the closing door, then he walked carefully over to the cradle and drew it close to the hearth and the chair there. With surprising skill he laid the baby in it, arranged the pillow under her head and the blanket about her. Stooping, he studied the small pink face for some sign of her mother, some telltale marks of the life that had been given in exchange; but he saw only a sleeping baby. What the future might mark there, was the future's to unfold.

He sat down and gingerly placed one foot on the rocker as he had seen her do it in the antiquary's shop so many times. Unmindful of the opening door and the faces that peered through at him from time to time, he sat swaying the cradle gently back and forth while he crooned a name over and over to himself and the baby. For, inasmuch as he had learned the shouldering of sorrow, he had found that she who was dead was still with him, and the past held live memories, the future live hopes.

"All the Brothers Were Valiant"

A short serial by Ben Ames Williams, begins in the April number. It is a vivid story of the sea—big and fine and thrilling.

The I. I. I.

(Continued from page 26)

coat, stanching his brow, and triumphed over his collar by a final effort.

"Yes, teacher," he assented in a qualmish stage-whisper and (to his credit be it set down) winked a damaged eye-lid at young Borland, thereby inaugurating an honorable peace. He closed the door after him as he entered.

Meantime the Little Boss having seated herself at her desk and sent her assistant out, was trying to look severe and succeeding only in looking quite distractingly pretty. The difficulty of knowing where to begin was solved when he said a bit breathlessly, "Would you mind. Might I have some water?"

"Right there." He got up with a slight effort. "Are you ill?" she demanded.

"No, no," he said hastily. "Just a catch in my breathing." He stood before her. "I'm awfully sorry I made a goat of myself," he said with genuine contrition. "I throw myself on the mercy of the court."

"I don't understand your attitude toward the shop at all, Mr. Hickman."

"Will you give me a chance to explain?" he cried eagerly. "Oh, a real chance. Not here," he added as she regarded him doubtfully. "Let me state my argument. I'm a problem in shop morale. You're a judge, sitting on my case. Well, no judge can determine a case rightly with a tired, fagged-out mind. And you're fagged out—don't say you aren't. You haven't had a day off for five weeks."

"How do you know that?"

"From Conley, the night-watchman."

"You've been questioning Conley?"

"It was presumption, I know. And here's more of it—unless you take it as it's meant. I want you to close your desk and climb into that long, low rakish car out there and let me play chauffeur for you until every nerve in your system is cooled and rested. And then, if you'll be so good to an humble employee, we'll go over to Catonsville and dine. It'll do you good to revert to your old habits for a few hours."

"HOW do you know they're my old habits?"

"It sticks out all over you," he smiled.

The girl glanced at her desk with dispirited eyes. "Motor trips and country clubs—they're not war-stuff. I'm a working woman, remember."

"Well, Heaven will protect the honest working girl," he pointed out. "Anyway, this isn't a movie, and if it were, I'm not the villain of it. But if you really want to go back to the old status of formalities and things, I'll get a chaperon for dinner—Mrs. Matt Ellers, for instance. She's a good scout."

"No, don't!" returned the girl hastily. "I don't think I could go, anyway."

"But I need your help," he said, with so much of honest appeal in his voice that she wavered. And, wavering, she began to doubt whether she had not misread Mr. Hickman. And, doubting, she began to wish to read further.

"Thank you very much," she said; "will you come back for me at three?"

Play chauffeur Mr. Hickman did in a definite sense. Leila found herself ensconced in the big rear seat—"where you're

not to talk or think or do anything but feel the sun and the air, and rest," directed her host—for nearly four hours. At the end of which they brought up at a table on the terrace of the Country Club. Mr. Hickman, whatever his limitations as a toiler, proved himself a delightful dinner companion. All the cynicism and rather contemptuous tolerance which he had exhibited toward everything in the Aero plant (including himself) had fallen away from him, and he talked with charm and sincerity, albeit with a certain indefinable reserve, to a fresh and reinvigorated Leila, a little silent and more than a little puzzled. Over the coffee he abruptly forsook the impersonal note of the talk:

"About that row to-day! Why should three juvenile apes, only just fresh from college, call me Three-I'd Hicky? And with a simian grin?"

"Three-I'd Hicky?" she repeated. Suddenly she blushed a deep pink. "Oh, that's the I. I. I.," she exclaimed unguardedly.

"Now that you mention it, I recall those mystic vowels also. What do they represent? Who's responsible for them?"

"I am."

"You!"

"I'm afraid so. Do you wish," she inquired meekly, "to bang my head on the table? Or knock me off my perch? Or—er—soak me in the jaw?"

"Decision reserved! What does it mean?"

"I. I. I.? Irrelevant, incompetent, and immaterial."

"And you pinned that on me?"

"It was just a silly phrase I never meant to be overheard."

"That doesn't matter. What matters is that you think it of me."

"How could I think otherwise?" She raised her eyes to his and leaned forward a little. "Make me think otherwise," she said almost pleadingly.

"I've tried," he said. "I've honestly tried since I found you. I hoped perhaps it would be up to you to find me a job I could really fill. And you made an errand boy of me. Well I—liked it. I took it for a test. I liked it when you bullied me, because it was you. And you did bully me, you know."

"Not too successfully," murmured the girl.

"Yet I was a good errand boy. I defy you to deny that I was a good errand boy."

"You made a joke and a farce of it."

"Of course I did. I've made a joke of the whole infernal thing. How else did you expect a man to go through with it?"

She looked up, startled at the swift and bitter change in his tone.

"Do you think I don't know how the shop regards me?" he said quietly. "Do you think a man like me enjoys being laughed at and despised by—well, by you!"

In spite of herself she made a little gesture of protest and pity.

"Irrelevant, incompetent, and immaterial!" he repeated. "That's the final judgment on me, is it? And I understand I'm a detriment to morale."

"You are," she said steadily.

"What would you have me do?" he challenged. "This is your problem."

She pondered for a moment while he watched the play of thought on her face.

"Mr. Hickman," she said, "will you believe that I want to be your friend?"

"That's part of the formula of shop morale, isn't it?" he said coldly.

"What do you think?" she retorted, and gave him her eyes direct.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Bruce," said Carter Hickman.

"You ought not to be in the shop at all. You ought to be—"

"In the Service," he supplied, with an effort.

"Yes."

"And as I'm not, you assume that I'm a coward and a slacker!"

"I do not."

The tension of his features softened. "No? But what else can you think? Here I am, in a slacker's job. Why don't I resign?"

"Well—why don't you?"

"I'll tell you, Little Boss. I can't. It's a promise. And a tough one to keep," he almost groaned.

"Get released from it."

He shook his head. "Impossible."

"Would you—" she hesitated, "would you let me try for you?"

"You'd do that for me?" he said, and his voice shook a little. "But it would be no use," he added. "There's a Shylock on the other end of the bargain. Oh, I needn't have come in the first place. I could have got a commission and taken a soft snap of military desk-job. But that's where I balk. If I'm not to fight, at least I won't skulk in a uniform. So I'm a 'necessary' part of an essential industry. I wish to God I'd never heard that formula."

"Do you want to get out?"

"Do I?" he said fiercely. "Would you want to stay in a place where you were irrelevant?"

"Please! If you really want to leave, I can arrange it."

"How?"

"By discharging you. You're listed on the office force now, and when Mr. Brayton goes to New York next week, I'll be in charge."

"And you'll fire me?"

"I will."

He looked at her curiously. "Don't blame me if it doesn't stick," he said. "But I'll promise you this: even if it doesn't you'll not be bothered with me any more."

"Do you think that's quite kind?" said the Little Boss gently.

"I think it's the best I can do," said Carter Hickman. "And the hardest," he added under his breath.

That is how Miss Leila Bruce, the adored Little Boss of the Aero, came to set down on her desk-calendar, between "Arrange furniture payment for Miss Durbin," and "Poison-ivy lotion for Tommy McVay," the entry written with a smile which its object ought to have been there to see—"Fire Hickman."

III

THUS ordained it was so fulfilled. Mr. Carter Hickman, expunged from the rolls, accepted his dismissal with smiling equanimity. But the three irrepressibles

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of the outer office, summoning a Lodge of Grief and Lamentation for the lost head of the I. I. I., found that the anticipated mirth had inexplicably oozed out of the proceedings. They recalled sundry unobtrusive kindnesses attributed to the departed one: loans made and forgotten to those of small wages and large needs; fagged-out office girls picked up and taken home in the purring Ferox ("And generally the scrubbiest, homeliest, freckledest one in the bunch, by Heck!" declared Eaves); a huge crock of icy lemonade which was wont to make its unauthorized appearance in the worst of the workrooms on insufferable days; the masterly strategy wherewith Buster Tripp's hang-over jag had been made to appear in the light of incipient heat-prostration, and he thereby saved from overt disgrace; the ugly job of telling old Mrs. Stevens that her boy had been fatally hurt at camp, and the picture of that grubby crone being half carried out by the dainty Hickman as tenderly as if she had been his own mother; also the highly edifying if brief scrap that he had put up in response to the I. I. I. salute. Further, they decided that his languid and ornamental presence furnished a cheery contrast to the prevailing haste and dullness of the office, and that they would miss him. The same effect was being reproduced in the inner office, where the Little Boss likewise came to a realization of the fact that she was going to miss Mr. Hickman, and in a way which caused her to wonder and to become quite indignant at herself. Or was it at him?

AS IF he had been the protective influence of the Aero, things began to happen immediately upon its repudiation of Mr. Hickman. Girls began to develop snuffles and drop out with "hard colds." An access of "bronchitis" halved the working force of one important section; and "sore throat" threatened to close another. Then Conley, the night watchman, died of a three-days' pneumonia, and the Aero woke to the grim fact of a pestilence masquerading as a joke—the grippe. But for the Little Boss there might have followed panic and collapse. But she was here, there and everywhere, with encouragement, resource, sympathy, advice, and all that subtle quality of thinking and feeling in terms of the organization as a whole which is the true soldier spirit. At the height of the onset the Big Boss tottered into the office hollow-eyed, white, but grimly declaring himself convalescent, and plunged into a mass of mail. Some minutes later he looked over at his assistant with a puzzled frown:

"What's this, Miss Bruce? Where is Hickman?"

"Discharged."

"Against my orders?"

"No, Mr. Brayton. You simply said that you couldn't discharge him. I could, and I did."

"He'll have to be put back on again."

"It isn't fair, Mr. Brayton. It isn't fair to the shop. It isn't fair to me. It isn't fair to him."

"That isn't the question. He can't be fired, as I told you."

Leila rose, a spot of pink in each cheek. Her lips trembled a little, but her eyes were steady on the worried face of the Big Boss. "My resignation goes in to-day."

"Miss Bruce!" There was dismay in

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Brayton's voice. "You wouldn't do that!"

Suddenly the girl's gray eyes softened and brightened with tears: "I'd hate to go," she said. "But it's his job or mine now."

"Oh, *damni!*" said Brayton fervently. "All right. He's fired to stay. God knows what Ellers'll say. Yes? Yes! Hello!"

This last to the telephone which had been vainly striving to interrupt their dialogue. For a moment he listened, grunting non-committally in reply, then motioned frantically for Leila to take her receiver which was on a forked wire from his.

"Yes," she heard in a high, slow, smooth utterance. "This is Senator Hickman. I've been trying to get you for some days, Mr. Brayton."

THE listener-in almost dropped her receiver. Senator Hickman! "Chairman of the Special Committee on Military Supplies," Brayton whispered across to her. Leila nodded, and reached for her note-book, guessing why she had been put on the wire.

"I understand," said the even voice, "that there has been some trouble about my boy, Carter."

"No. No trouble, Senator. He just doesn't fit in," said Brayton.

"Shift him then," suggested the voice easily.

"I'm afraid not, Senator. He's out."

"Now see here, Mr. Brayton," piped the voice at the other end plausibly, "be reasonable about this. Find a place for him. I'll—er—be quite willing to pay his salary over to you. But he must be left on your rolls."

"I'm sorry, Senator, but it can't be done."

"Don't tell me what can't be done." There was a sharp edge to the voice now; a suggestion of senile and tremulous anger. "It's got to be done. I want it done. Why, see here, Brayton," the tone abruptly changed to a wheedling and confidential note, "if he isn't kept on he'll be caught in this draft."

"Oh!" gasped Leila with a burning face of shame.

"If he is," returned Brayton, "he won't be the only one."

"It isn't to be thought of. My boy a private? He couldn't stand the life. He isn't used to it. His—his health is bad."

"Then the doctors will turn him back."

"They have."

"In that case, why keep him on here?"

"None of your business! You do as I tell you, Brayton," cried the voice, almost squalling with fury; "if you know what's best for you and your concern."

The Big Boss slammed the receiver up. "Blackmail," he said. "Got it?"

"Every word. It's—it's horrible."

"It's criminal. But I daren't fight him. Not yet. Miss Bruce, we've got to carry him until Ellers gets back anyway, and I can find where I stand. It'll be only a few weeks. Will you stand for it?"

"Very well," the girl acquiesced reluctantly.

So Carter Hickman, the I. I. I., came back on the rolls. And on Saturday he stood, as of yore, in the outer office, as debonnaire as ever, impeccably dressed, with the freshest of gardenias in his coat, but with the hard smile gone from his lips

and an expression of wonderment in his pleasant eyes.

"I meant to keep out of your way," he said, as Leila entered. "Where's Eaves?"

"In the hospital."

"And Tracy?"

"Reported ill yesterday."

"And Borland?"

"Helping get out the trucks, probably, just now."

"It's as bad as that!" The revenant whistled softly, and walking to the inner door gazed in upon a scene of piled-up confusion. "Old husky Dan, the clean-up man, off the job too?"

"Dan was buried Sunday."

"Good God! Poor old boy! Little Boss, you're not getting it?" he said, examining her face anxiously. "You look done up."

"Tired. That's all."

"Well—Here I am. Any use for a bad penny—soon returned?"

"Mr. Hickman, your father called up."

"The old man? That's why I'm back."

"Exactly. For a month."

"On probation?"

"On sufferance." She faced him, flushing splendidly. "I understand now why you're being kept here. Oh, it's shameful!"

He turned a little white. "That's the way you feel about it?"

"How else could you expect any woman to feel?"

"Any woman? Ah, but, you see, you're not 'any woman' to me," he answered quietly. "I thought—I expect—it probably doesn't matter, anyway." With the words the old smile came back to his face. But Leila found it hateful now.

SOME days thereafter a large blonde, breezy, superb, and wholly invigorating person appeared in the doorway of the office and addressed the two bosses impartially.

"I'm Mrs. Matthew Ellers. Mat has been deluging me with telegrams about a pet cousin who has lost his job or something here."

"Me also," said Brayton, rising.

"So I've come to fix it up." At this point Leila turned in her chair. "Whooping Jehoshaphat!" ejaculated Mrs. Ellers, who was a lady of unbridled speech. "Lee Bruce! Where do you come in? Let's give the class yell." And she rushed upon the girl.

"How do you do, Louise?" said Leila, demurely. "I come in as—well, general factotum."

"Good business! Then you can help me about Carty Hickman. They've fired him."

"I know. I did it," said Leila, as the Big Boss with the gesture of one who pusillanimously but happily shuffles off unpleasant responsibilities glided from the room. "But he's back for a time."

"What did you fire him for?"

"General inutility, for one thing."

"Whoever expected Carty Hickman to be utile? But he's the dearest of dears, and I love him madly—not to mention being so sorry for him that I could blubber."

"Sorry for him! Why?"

"Because he's out of it. And aching to be in it."

"Then why isn't he? Instead of in this slacker's job?"

"Carty a slacker? That's a joke! He's

the gamest little sport that ever played the game. And now that the biggest game of all is on he's disqualified. Heart all gone. May fluff out any minute. Rotten luck—what?"

"Why didn't he tell me?" almost whispered Leila turning pale.

"Hello!" said Mrs. Ellers, impressed by the tone. "Why should he? Carty been making love to you? He doesn't go in for that sort of thing much. More of a man's man."

"Of course not!" said Leila indignantly. "There's really no reason why he should have told me if he didn't want to."

"Well, he didn't want to, all right. He doesn't tell any one; and here I am, giving him away."

"But why; why?" insisted Leila.

"He's morbid about it. Carty's been a husky brute of an athlete, for all he looks so slim and lazy; and to be told he isn't fit even to go to a camp almost killed him. He dreads being pitied especially. 'If people know about this and take to coddling and pitying me,' he said to me, 'I'll just go and drink myself to death; and the sooner the better.' So he swore his father to secrecy, and in return he promised to take an exempt industry job. The old man wanted that for political effect, because if Carty stayed out wholly people would say it was the Senator's pull. Old weasel! I believe he's glad in his heart. He's wrapped up in Carty and was about crazy when he tried to get into the Army. Dig him out, will you, and both of you come home and dine with me?"

Nowhere was Mr. Hickman to be exhumed, however, either on that day nor on days following, until on one of her tours of inspection and census-taking of the sadly depleted Aero forces the Little Boss beheld a familiar figure, in ill-fitting overalls, crawl from beneath a deranged trolley in the cellar.

"Mr. Hickman!" she cried. "What are you doing down here?"

"Bookkeeping," he replied gravely. "At thirty per."

Tim Dooner, the foreman, hurried up. "Plaze, Miss Boss, don't di-vert um. He's wort' two min to me. He's a husky, he is!"

"But your heart," protested Leila, very low.

Hickman's grimy face blazed, "Who told you?" he demanded.

She shook her head, sorrowful and puzzled. "You should have. You might have trusted me that far."

His face did not lighten or change. "Is there anything else, Miss Bruce?"

"Yes. My office is cleaned and swept when I get here—for the last few days. When do you do it?"

"In the morning."

"But I'm here at seven o'clock."

"There's a lot of morning before seven," he returned in his uncompromising voice.

"He *slapes* here," put in Tim Dooner. "On a sofa in the rest room, whin he slapes at all."

"You mustn't do it," declared the girl. "You can't stand it." Then seeing unaltered obstinacy in his attitude, she added more officially: "Report at the office at ten o'clock to-morrow, please, Mr. Hickman."

Ten o'clock came, but no Hickman nor any word from him. Inquiry in the far



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nooks and corners of the plant—all of which now knew and had a good word for him—developed nothing but the disturbing news that he had been coughing badly the afternoon before. For three days Leila endured a racking uncertainty. Then she called up Mrs. Mat Ellers and the pair traced him from his luxurious hotel to the bare, hushed, terrifying cleanliness of the hospital pneumonia ward.

"Delirious," said the worn-out doctor, stopping by the cot for a moment. "He's got some lawsuit on his mind. Keeps repeating that something is irrelevant, incompetent, and immaterial. Queer kink, isn't it?" And he wondered why the beautiful girl in the plain dress put her hand sharply to her throat.

It came down quickly to meet the hot clutching hand of the figure on the cot. The face grew instantly calm. Carter Hickman opened his eyes.

"Leila!" he said.

She put her other cool little hand on his forehead and bent over him.

"You're here!" he said in tones of wonder. "Have I been calling for you? I tried so hard not to."

"I'm glad you did," she said simply.

"Tried to report—that morning—as per order," he whispered.

"Never mind. Go to sleep."

"All right, Little Boss," acquiesced Carter Hickman, and obeyed.

Leila turned to the physician who answered her unspoken query. "He'll do, if his heart holds up."

Leila's own heart sank within her. "But can it? Weakened as it is already?"

The doctor made an astounding response. "It isn't. It's as sound a heart as you'll find in a day's work. His constitution is all that's saved him."

"I've seen him quite breathless after exercise," said Leila anxiously.

"He's an athlete out of condition. That often simulates heart trouble when there's nothing serious at all. It might fool him into thinking himself badly off."

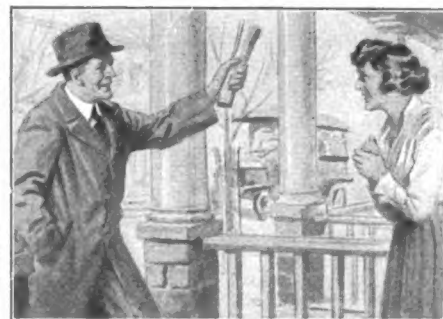
"But," put in Mrs. Ellers, "the medical examining board reported—"

"Yes, I know. We found the papers on him. Not an atom of basis for their findings."

"Phony!" exclaimed Mrs. Ellers, and added with her customary vigor, to the bewilderment of the physician: "That mangy old fox! It's his work!" She turned to Leila. "We're going to be the little 'tects that sleuth this out."

STRAIGHT to a very busy, hurried, briefspoken man of power they went, and he listened and frowned and nodded, and presently telegraph wires began to click and long-distance telephones to buzz, and out of the home city of the potent Senator Hickman there was dragged most reluctantly, like a frightened toad, an ugly little scandal involving a corruptible doctor, an over trustful and too-obliging examining board, and unlimited political pull, from which combination had been produced a medical certificate too convincing for question.

"And because the Senator is a coward and a liar and a slink," observed Mrs. Ellers, "he's made Carty believe himself a poor useless wreck, and made every one else believe that he's a sneaking slacker. He'd ruin Carty's chance in life without a quiver just to keep him out of the war."



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"You must tell Mr. Hickman right away. Won't you?" said Leila eagerly.

Mrs. Ellers communed with herself. "No; I don't guess I will," she answered at length. "I guess that's up to you to do."

"Do you think so?" said Leila; and there was no reason, inherent in the words themselves, why Mrs. Mat Ellers should have caught the girl in a quick little hug.

After all, it was Mrs. Ellers who told him in the good time of his convalescence. For on the morning after the truth had developed, the Little Boss was shaken with a sudden chill; and, thereafter, for days there was an anxious stream of inquirers from the Aero, and a marvelous supply of millionairish-looking flowers from an unnamed source at the little flat in the unfashionable but convenient locality, and, eventually, something like a triumph when their Little Boss came back to the plant, pale, frail, but lovelier, more radiant and gay and spirited than ever—to make up lost time. Deep inside of her, where there was an unacknowledged longing, she was very, very tired. And sometimes she looked out of the window at the spot where the ramping Ferox used to purr and settle down and wait for its lord and master to guide it on its menial rounds, and wondered where he was. But Carter Hickman had vanished from the hospital and the places that aforesaid knew him, leaving neither trace nor trail.

Rain, dreary, obstinate and disheartening was falling on that particular November day when everything elected to go wrong for the Little Boss. Important mail had been lost. The most reliable stenographer had written "a" for "the," with a probable lawsuit as a result. Mr. Brayton had rushed for a train, leaving several immediate matters unsettled. Work had somehow piled up before Leila herself to a point where it threatened to cave in and crush her; and as she contemplated it dispiritedly, jiggly black specks danced before her eyes and made her dizzy, and life wasn't much use anyway! And why were those unlicked subs in the outer office making such a racket? It seemed the crowning insult that Eaves should be saying in a husky envious voice: "Oh, you lucky devil! How do you get that way?"

WAS there any such thing as luck in the world? How *did* people get that way—lucky? Then she became dully aware of a figure standing in the doorway, and a hard military voice saying something about the men reporting for guard duty, and she tried to make her poor tired brain recall what Mr. Brayton had told her about a special guard for the factory. The figure stepped inside and closed the door and the voice, now neither hard nor military, said: "Little Boss!"

The Little Boss stood up, shaking. Before her dizzy vision she beheld two fairly authentic figures of Carter Hickman in uniform, and a third which appeared hazy, tremulous, and improbable. She selected the middle one and walked straight into its arms.

"Why didn't you come back to me before?" she wailed softly.

"I waited—until I'd made good."

It seemed so perfectly natural and reasonable that he should be kissing her, that she did not allow it to interfere with her thirst for information.



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"And you've got in!" she said. She drew away a little to examine his uniform. "It doesn't fit a bit. And I love it! You're a private of infantry, aren't you?"

"No, indeed!" he returned with enormous pride. "Didn't I tell you I'd made good? I'm a corporal. A relevant, competent and material non-com. Do you think I'd have come back to ask you to marry a common private, dearest?" he added loftily.

She put both little hands on his breast and gave him her eyes, dewy, deep-lighted and sweetly defiant.

"You couldn't have helped yourself," she declared. "I'd have found you out and made you." And a moment later, when the medium of speech had been restored between them, "I owed that to you."

IV

DOWN the broad avenue, between parallel lines of strained, exultant, exalted, tear-stained, bravely smiling faces, moved the rhythmical line of khaki.

The girls of France are fond and free,
And Flemish lips are willing,

shrilled the triumphant fife.

In the reviewing stand sat an old, withering man near a radiant, flowering girl. Neither had ever seen the other; though, but for one brief, pregnant conversation over a telephone wherein both had borne part, they would not have been there. Nor would Corporal Hickman have been marching down the avenue on the right of his file, chin up, shoulders square, looking straight to the front with the eyes of a man who has found his place in the world and filled it.

The old man leaned out toward him. His fingers were writhing and kneading among themselves. His face was a thing to avert one's glance from in charity. There was terror in it, and revolt, and a helpless fury.

"My boy!" he gasped, sobbingly.

And my heart falls back to Erin's isle,
To the girl I left behind me,

sang the faithful, thrilling fife.

The girl rose and stood straight and splendid. Her eyes were dry; there was no room for tears, so filled were they with love and courage and pride. For one briefest moment Corporal Hickman shot a glance to the right, and the color flew up like a flag to the staff-head, in the girl's face.

"My man!" she said.

The steady, impassive columns marched on, with faces set to the war.

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